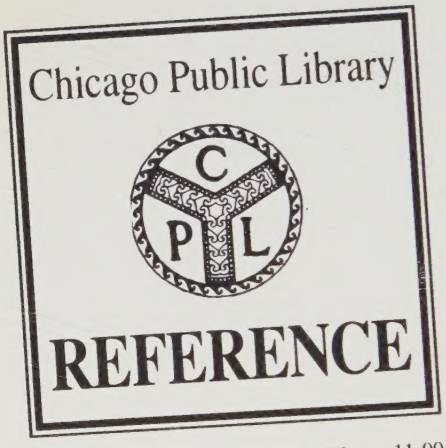
Men's Bible Class Songs

John R. Thomas and Harry L. Slack



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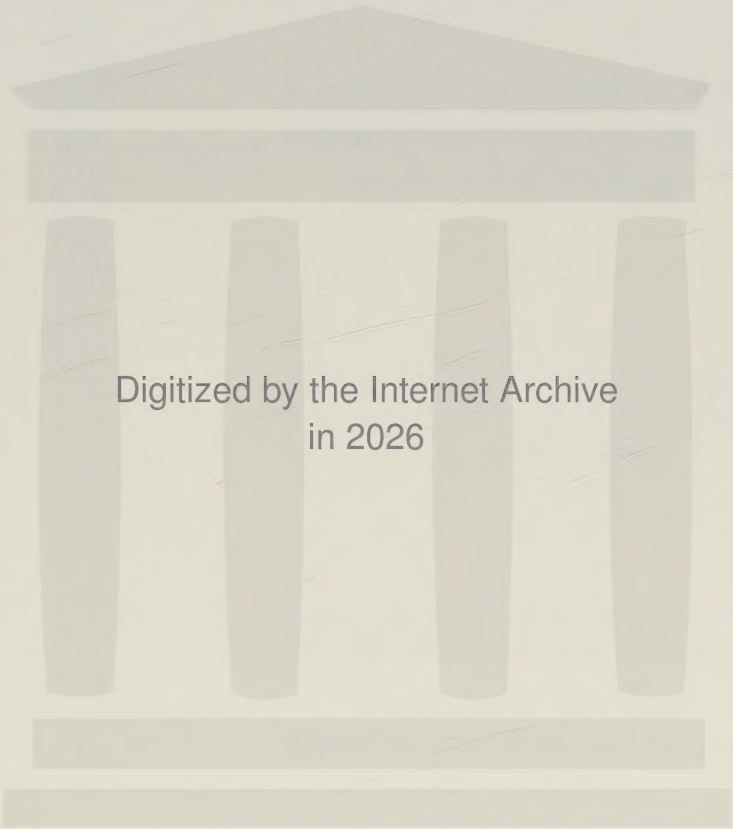
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Men's Bible Class Songs

VISUAL & PERFORMING ARTS
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A superior collection of song material in the proper key for Male Voice Singing.

■

Compiled by

JOHN R. THOMAS HARRY L. SLACK
E. K. EARNEST C. H. N. WILSON
JOS. B. MONTGOMERY

■

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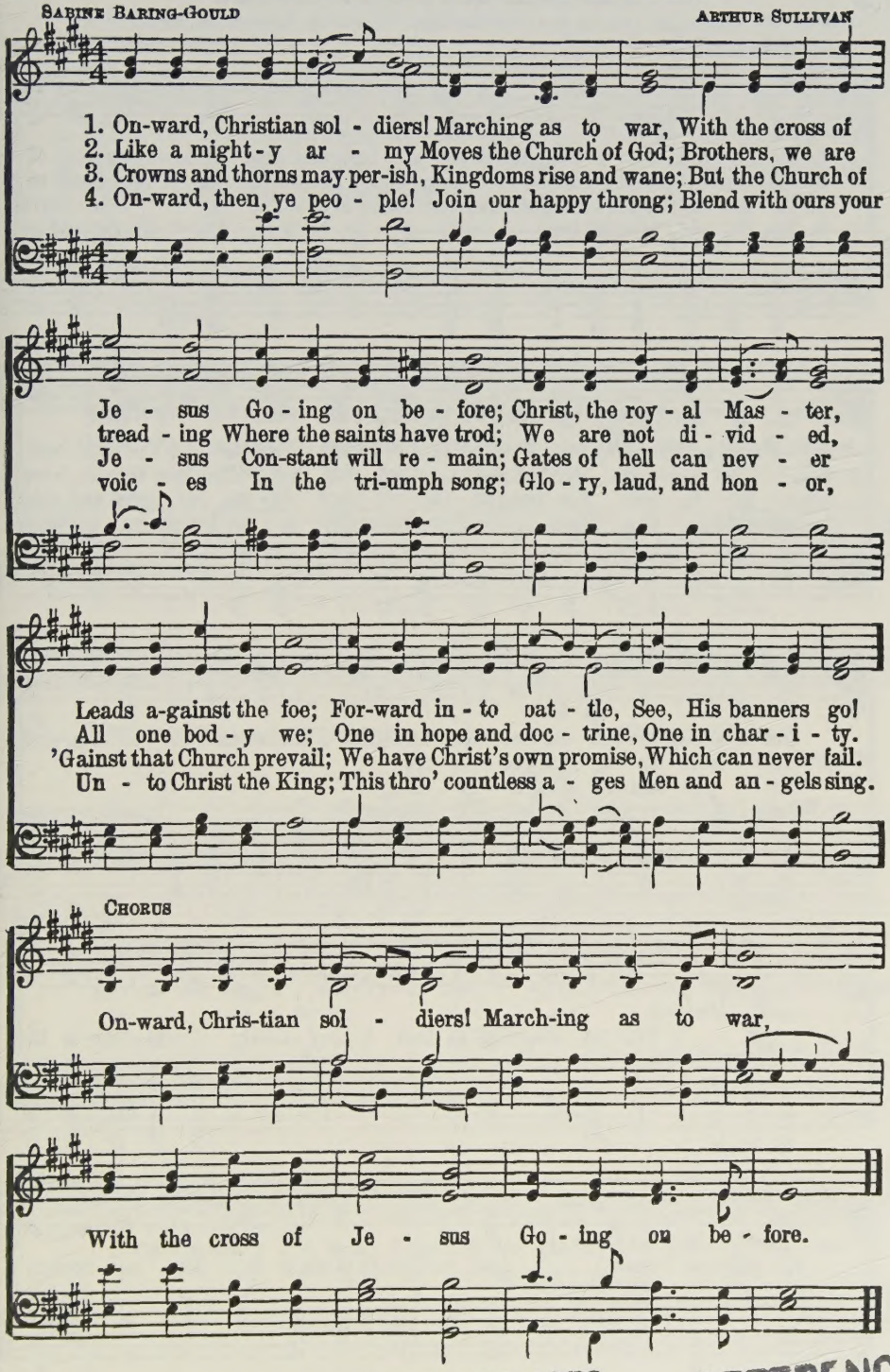
1 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

SABINE BARING-GOULD — ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS
On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

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THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

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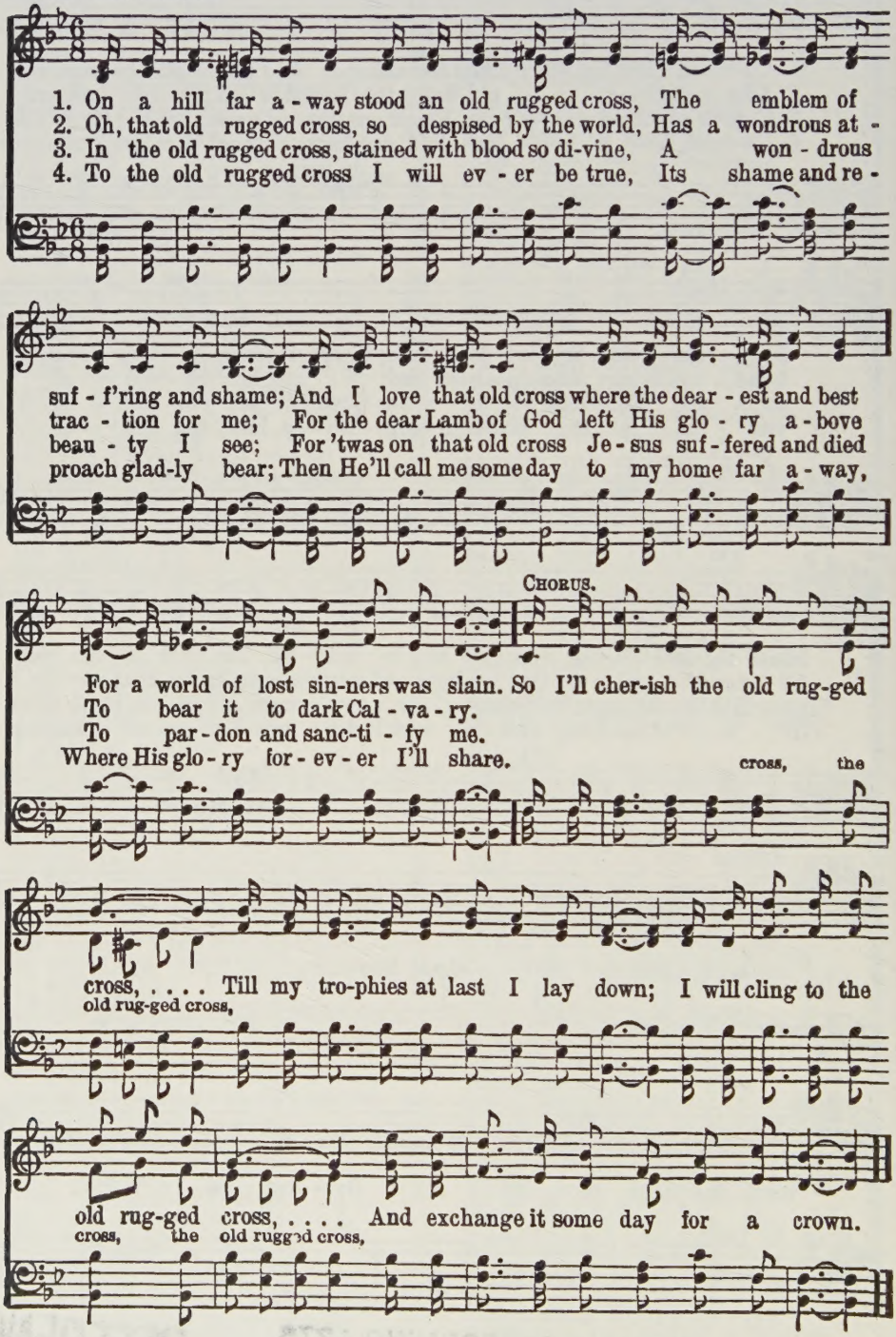
REV. GEO. BENNARD REV. GEO. BENNARD

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at -
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rugged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re -
suf - f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove
beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died
proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc-ti - fy me.
Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.
cross, the
cross, ... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,
old rug-ged cross, ... And exchange it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rugged cross,

O THAT WILL BE GLORY

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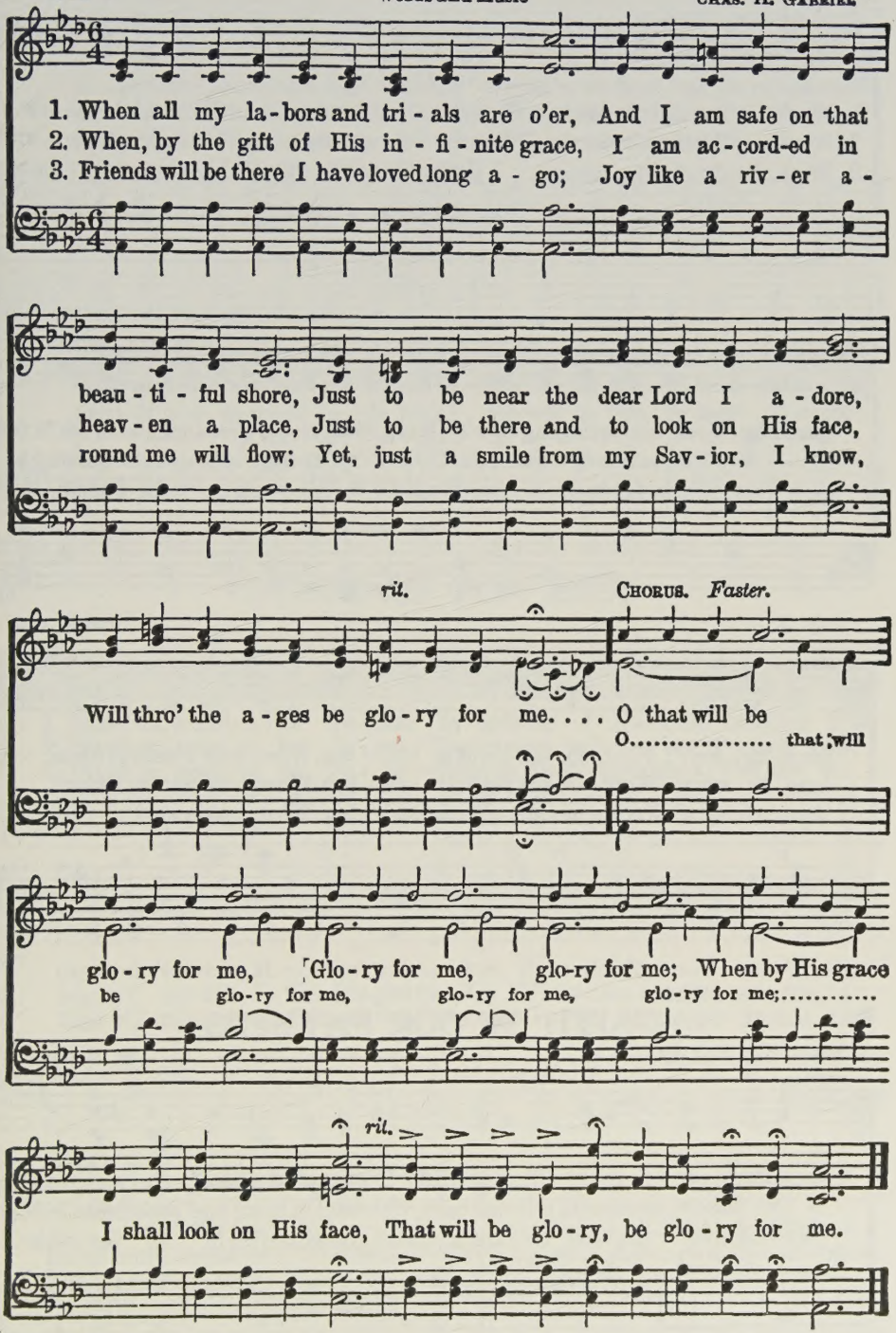
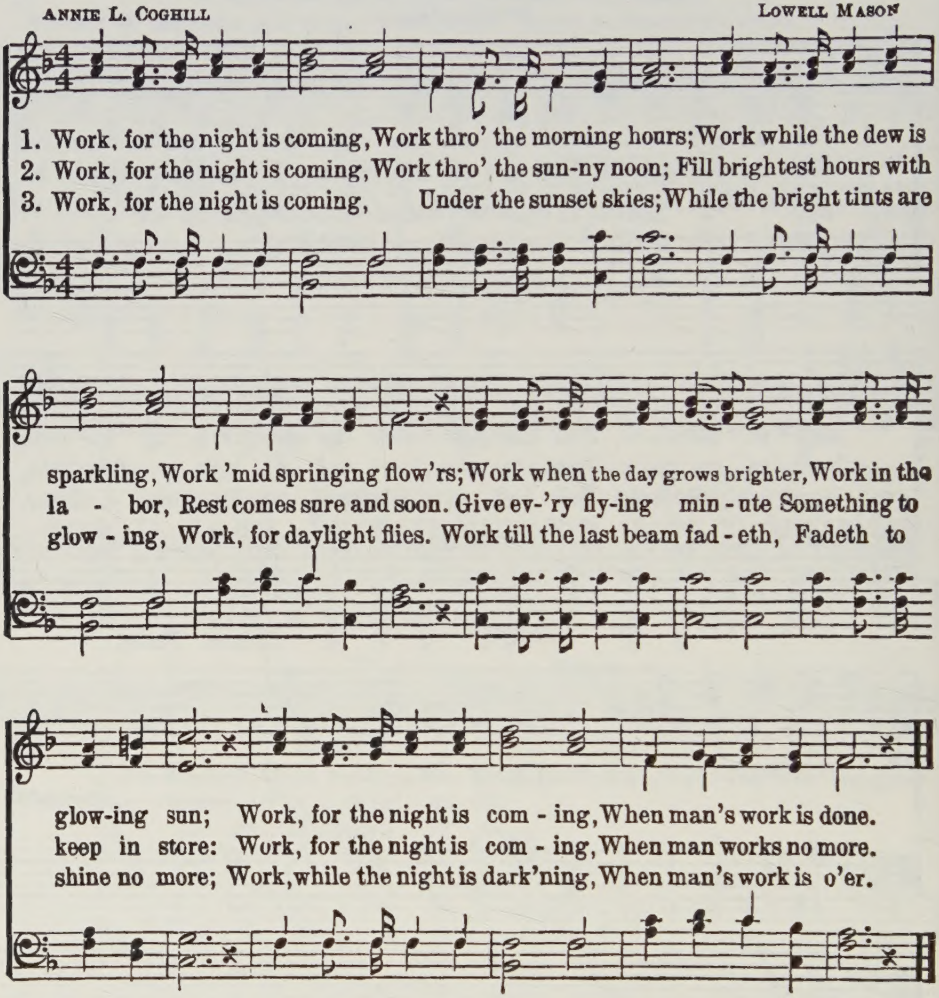
C. H. G. Words and music CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,
rit.
CHORUS. Faster.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O..... that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;.....
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

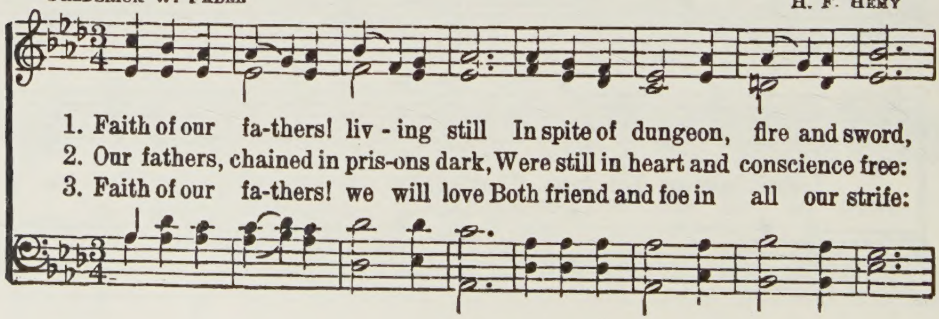
4 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

ANNIE L. COGHILL — LOWELL MASON

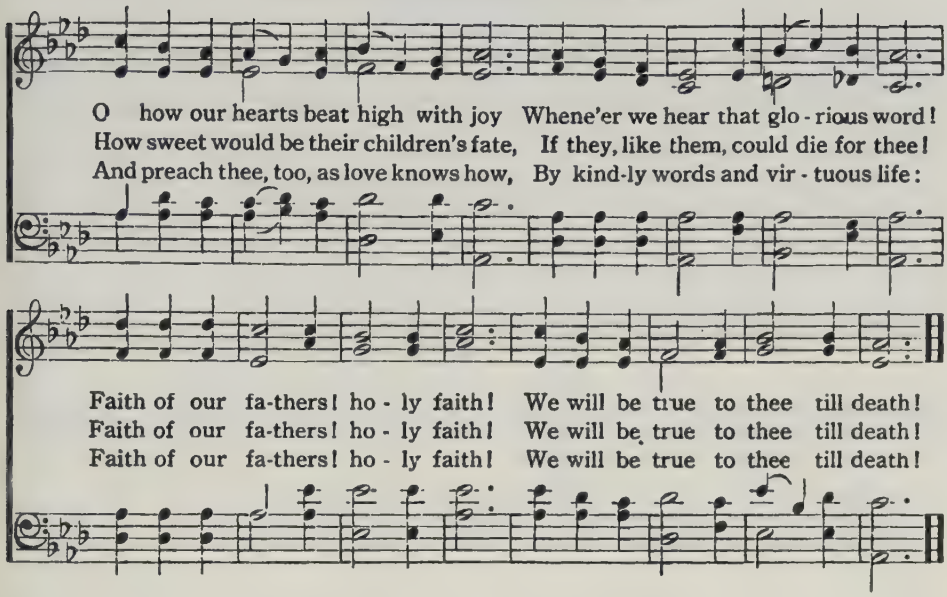

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While the bright tints are
sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing min - ute Something to
glow - ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fadeth to
glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

5 FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

FREDERICK W. FABER — H. F. HEMY


1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

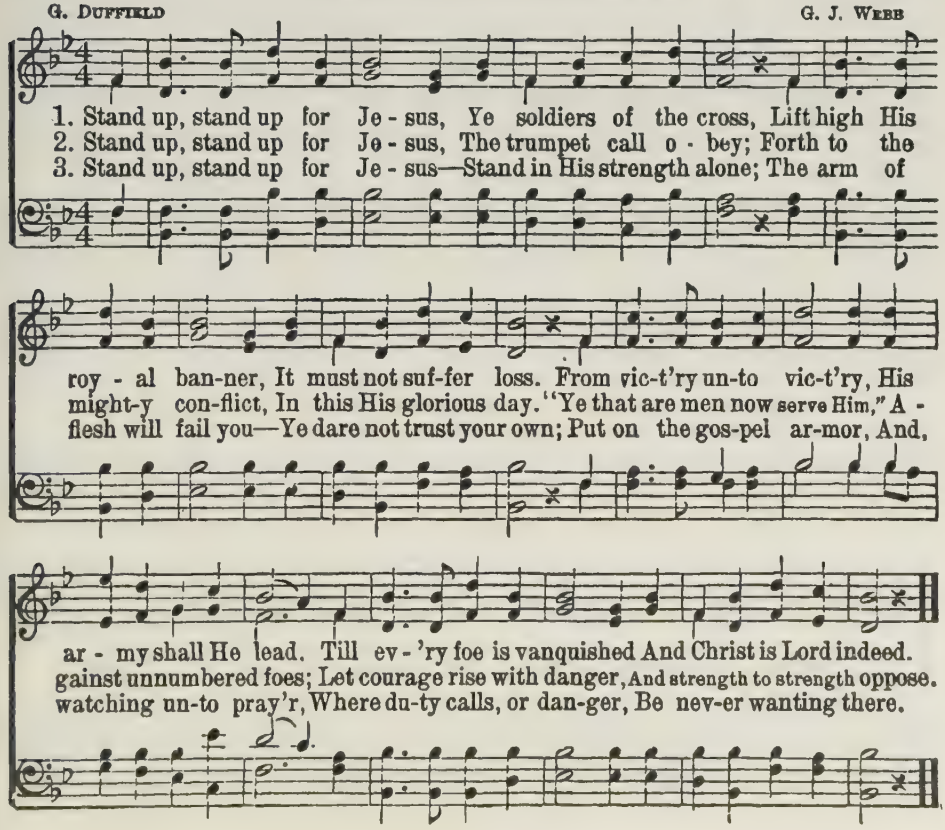
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS


O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

6

STAND UP FOR JESUS

G. DUFFIELD G. J. WEBB


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of
roy - al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss. From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His
might-y con-flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A -
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And,
ar - my shall He lead. Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un-to pray'r, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er wanting there.

SUNRISE

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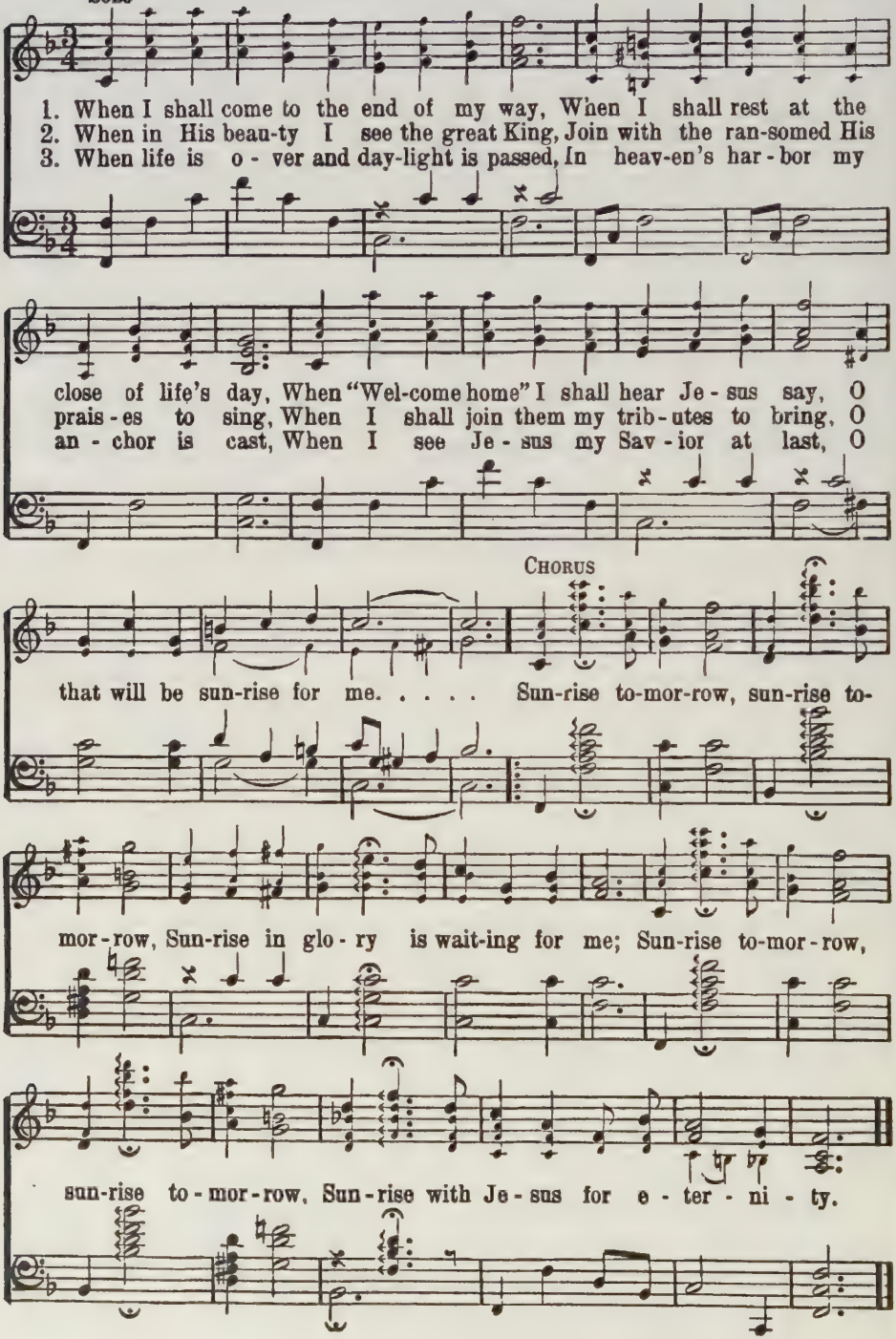
W. C. Poole

B. D. Ackley

SOLO

1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall rest at the
2. When in His beau-ty I see the great King, Join with the ran-somed His
3. When life is o - ver and day-light is passed, In heav-en's har - bor my
close of life's day, When "Wel-come home" I shall hear Je - sus say, O
prais - es to sing, When I shall join them my trib - utes to bring, O
an - chor is cast, When I see Je - sus my Sav - ior at last, O
CHORUS
that will be sun-rise for me. . . . . Sun-rise to-mor-row, sun-rise to-
mor - row, Sun-rise in glo - ry is wait-ing for me; Sun-rise to-mor - row,
sun-rise to - mor - row, Sun - rise with Je - sus for e - ter - ni - ty.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

A. H. Ackley

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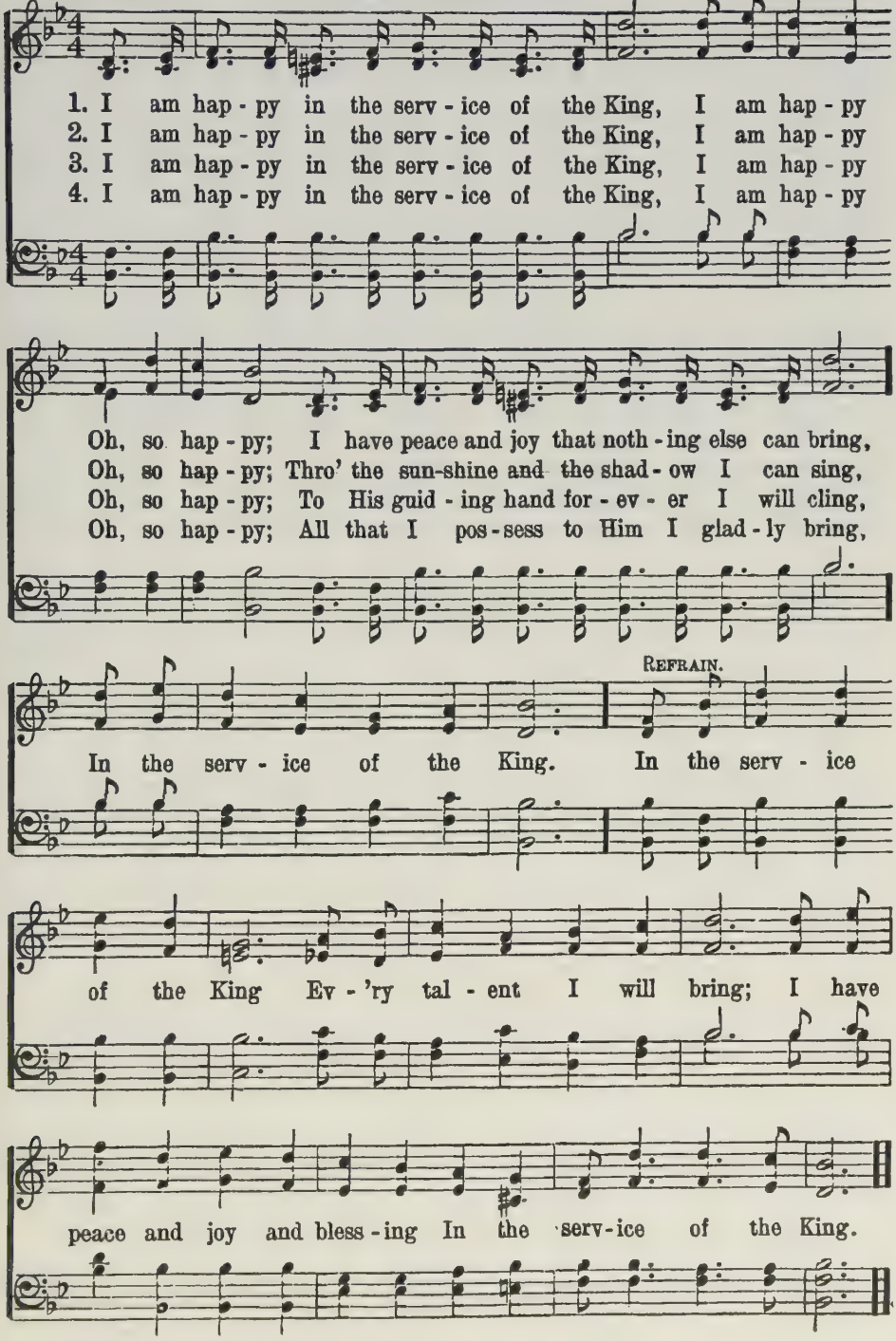
B. D. Ackley


1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py
2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py
3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py
4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py
Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth - ing else can bring,
Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad - ow I can sing,
Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos - sess to Him I glad - ly bring,
REFRAIN.
In the serv - ice of the King. In the serv - ice
of the King Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have
peace and joy and bless - ing In the serv - ice of the King.

I NEED JESUS

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GEORGE O. WEBSTER CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in
2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when
3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him—He

times of deep dis - tress; I need Je - sus, the need I glad - ly
paths of life are dim; I need Je - sus when foes my soul as -
is the sin - ners' Friend; I need Je - sus, no oth - er friend will

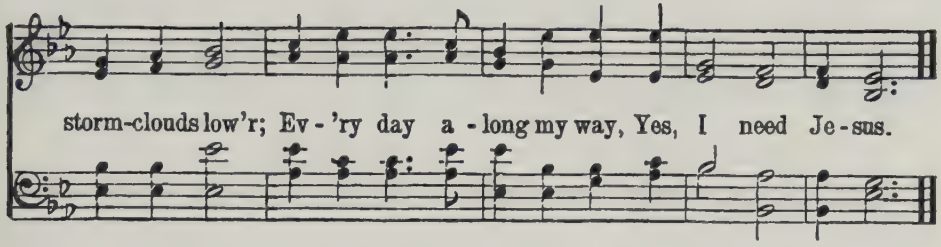
own; Tho' some may bear their load a - lone, Yet I need Je - sus.
sail; A - lone I know I can but fail,—So I need Je - sus,
do; So con-stant, kind, so strong, and true,—Yes, I need Je - sus,

CHORUS

I need Je - sus, I need Je - sus, I need Je-sus ev-'ry
I need Je - sus with me I need Je - sus al - ways,

day; . . . . . Need Him in the sunshine hour, need Him when the
ev-'ry day;

I NEED JESUS



10 LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

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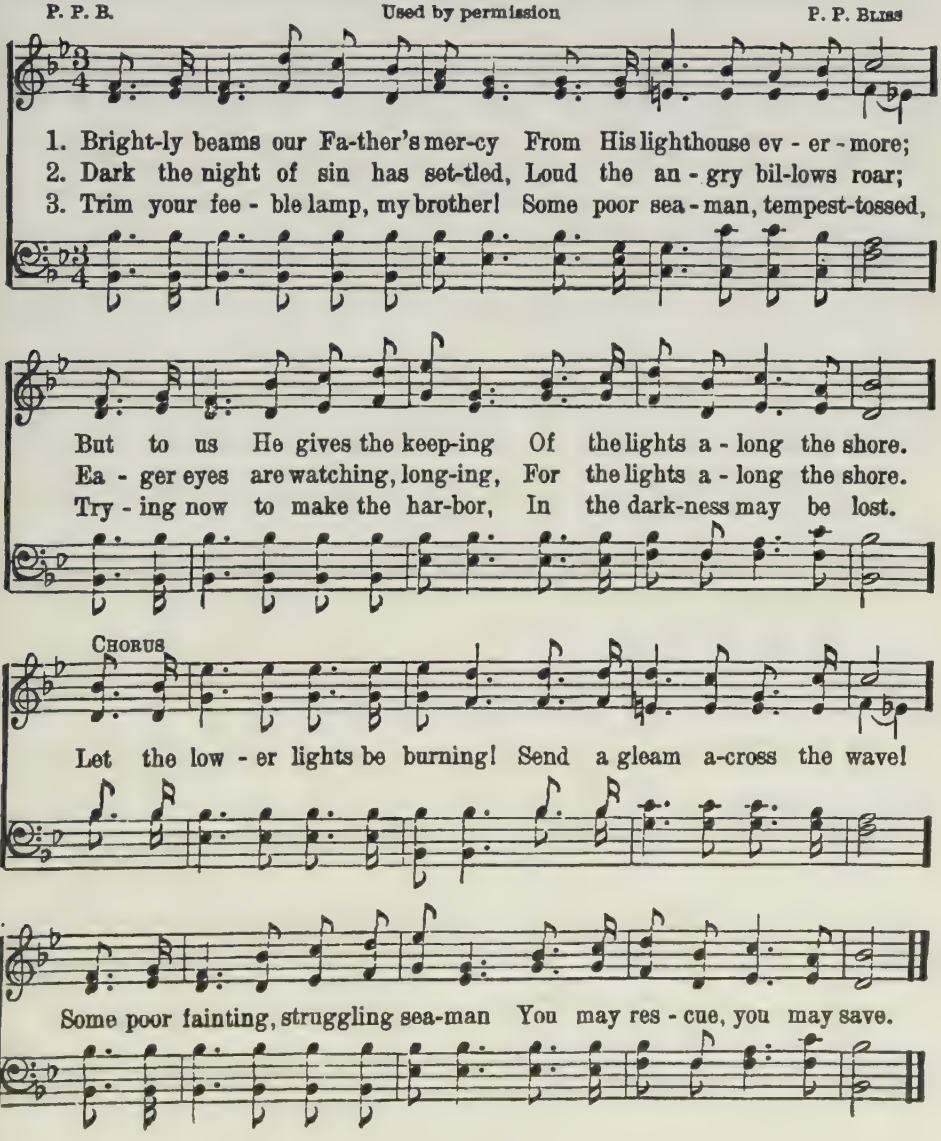
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His lighthouse ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother! Some poor sea - man, tempest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
Chorus
Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

I WALK WITH THE KING

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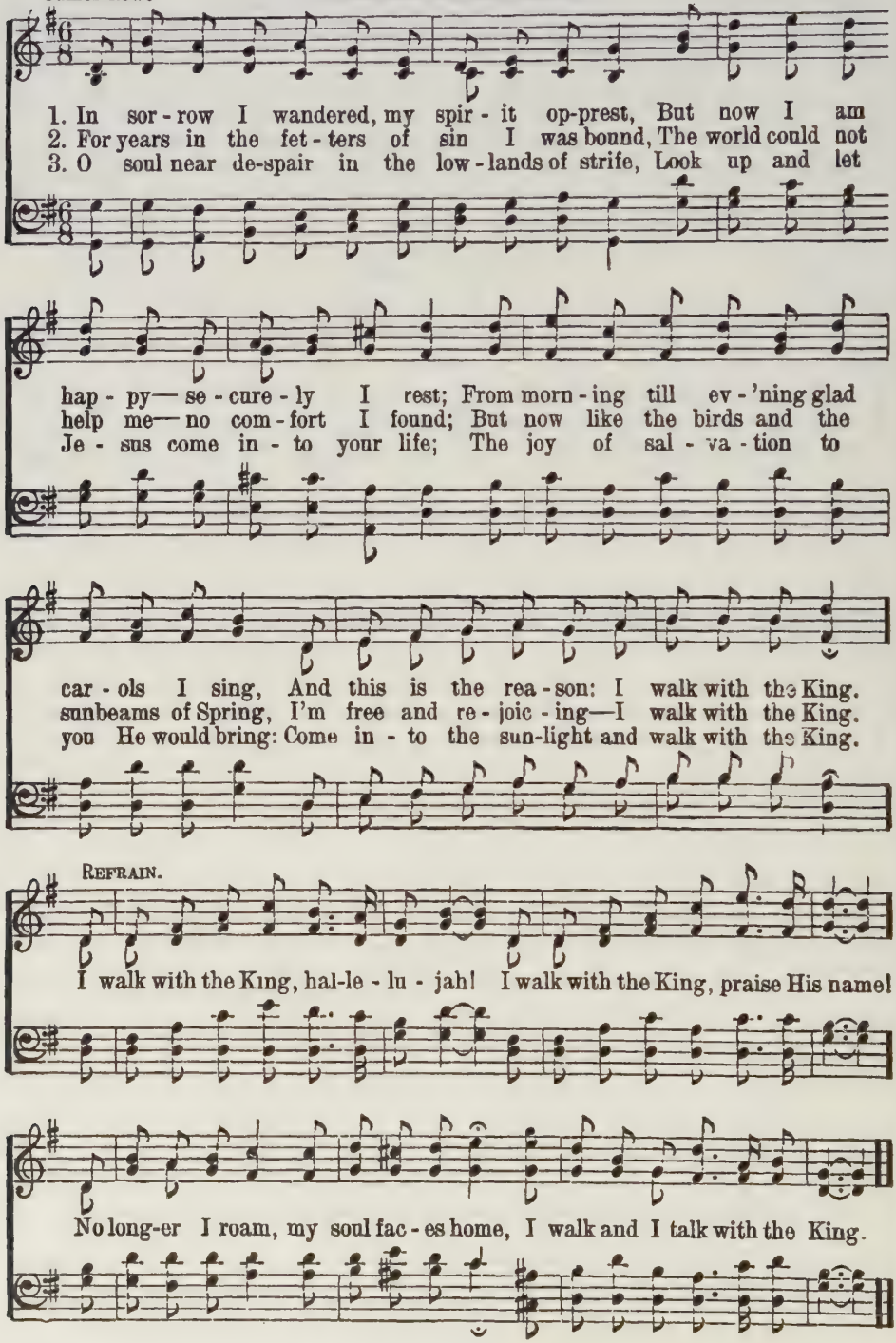
James Rowe — B. D. Ackley

1. In sor - row I wandered, my spir - it op-prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de-spair in the low - lands of strife, Look up and let
hap - py— se - cure - ly I rest; From morn - ing till ev - 'ning glad
help me— no com - fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to
car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son: I walk with the King.
sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring: Come in - to the sun-light and walk with the King.
REFRAIN.
I walk with the King, hal-le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No long-er I roam, my soul fac - es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

GOD'S TOMORROW.

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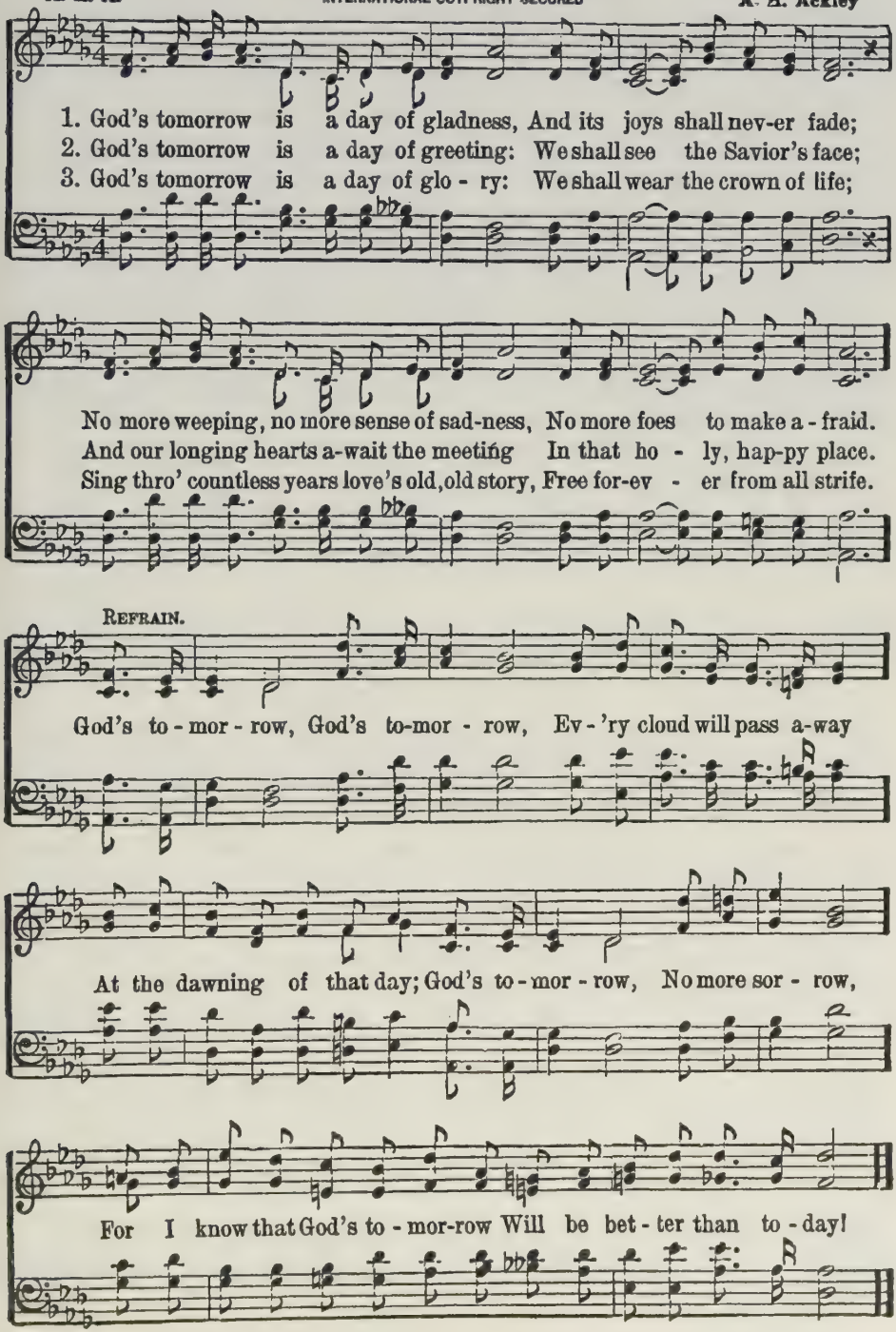
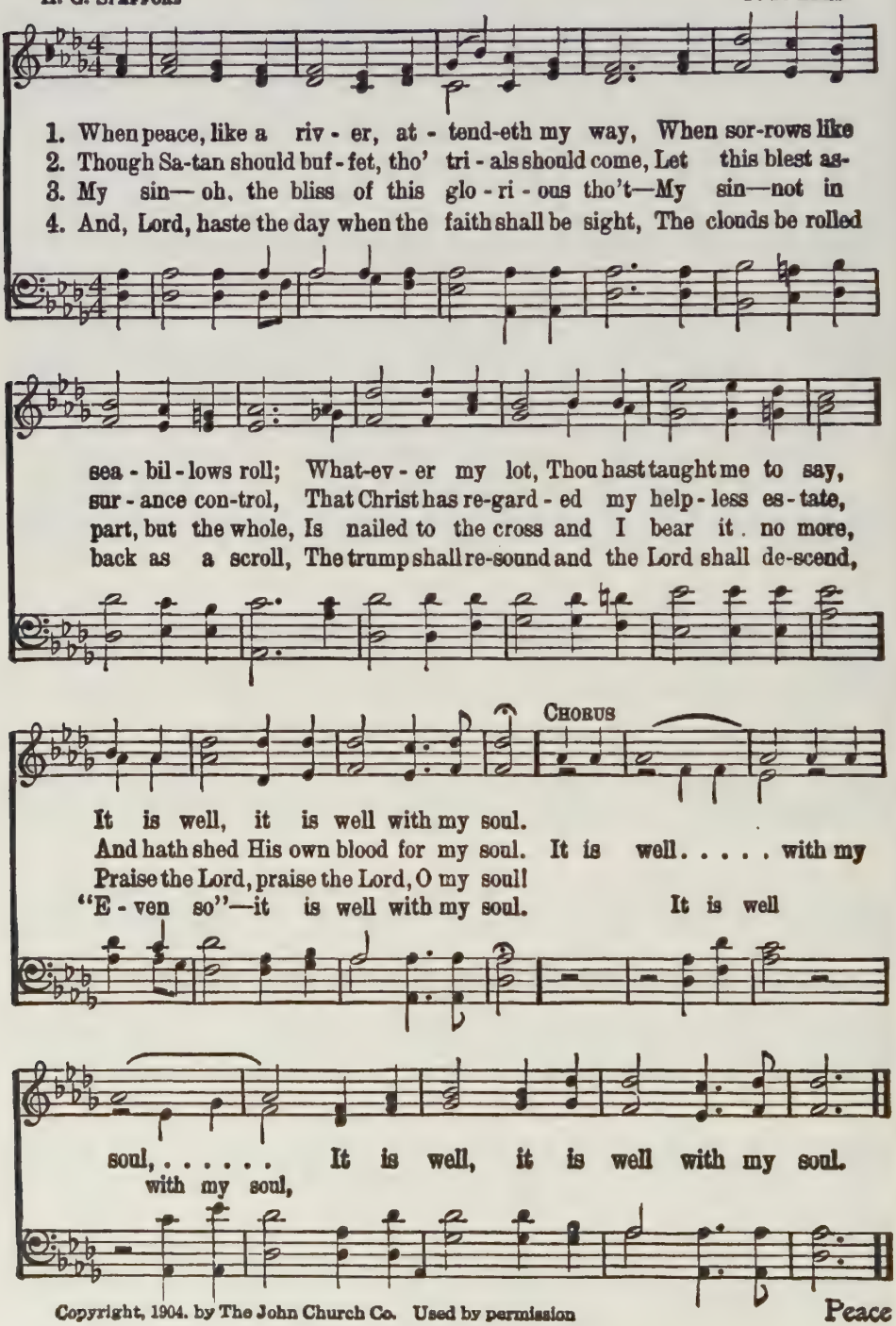
A. H. A. A. H. Ackley


1. God's tomorrow is a day of gladness, And its joys shall nev-er fade;
2. God's tomorrow is a day of greeting: We shall see the Savior's face;
3. God's tomorrow is a day of glo - ry: We shall wear the crown of life;
No more weeping, no more sense of sad-ness, No more foes to make a - fraid.
And our longing hearts a-wait the meeting In that ho - ly, hap-py place.
Sing thro' countless years love's old, old story, Free for-ev - er from all strife.
REFRAIN.
God's to - mor - row, God's to-mor - row, Ev - 'ry cloud will pass a-way
At the dawning of that day; God's to - mor - row, No more sor - row,
For I know that God's to - mor-row Will be bet - ter than to - day!

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

H. G. SPAFFORD — P. P. BLISS


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,
CHORUS
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

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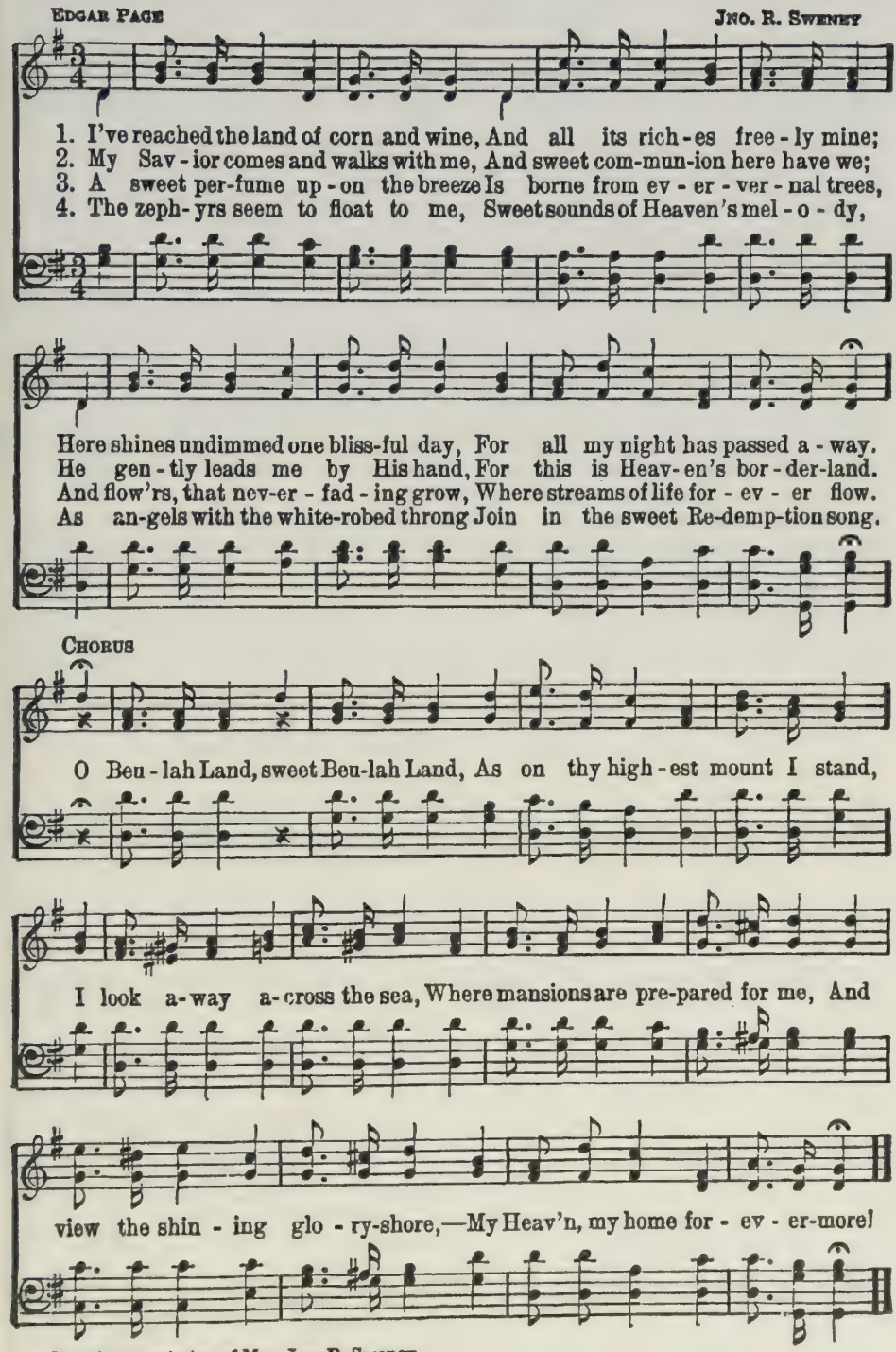
O BEULAH LAND

EDGAR PAGE JNO. R. SWENEY


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel-o-dy,
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen-tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav-en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er-fad-ing grow, Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet Re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me, And
view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore,—My Heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more!

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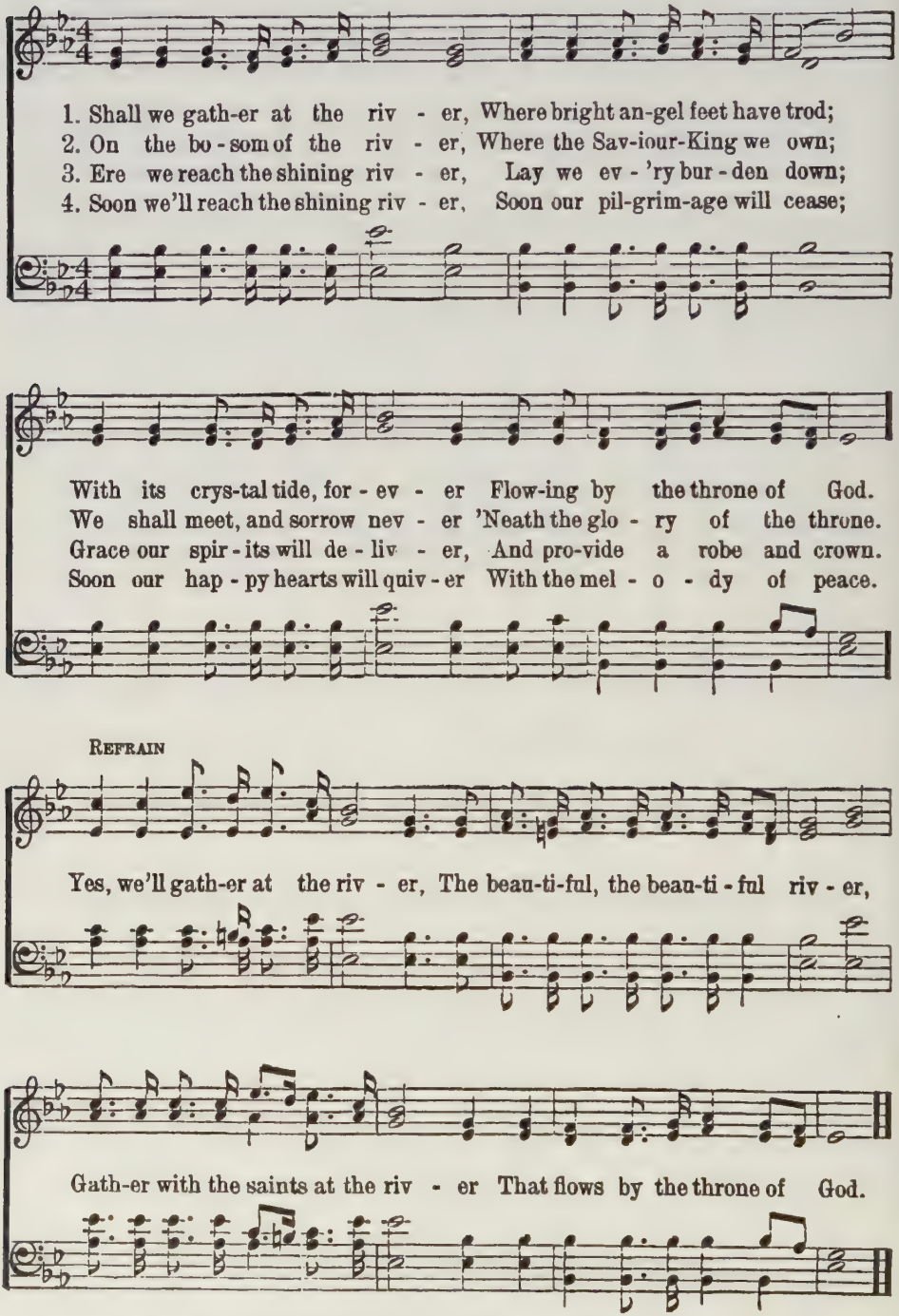
15 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

Robert Lowry Robert Lowry


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav-iour-King we own;
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys-tal tide, for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God.
We shall meet, and sorrow nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
REFRAIN
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

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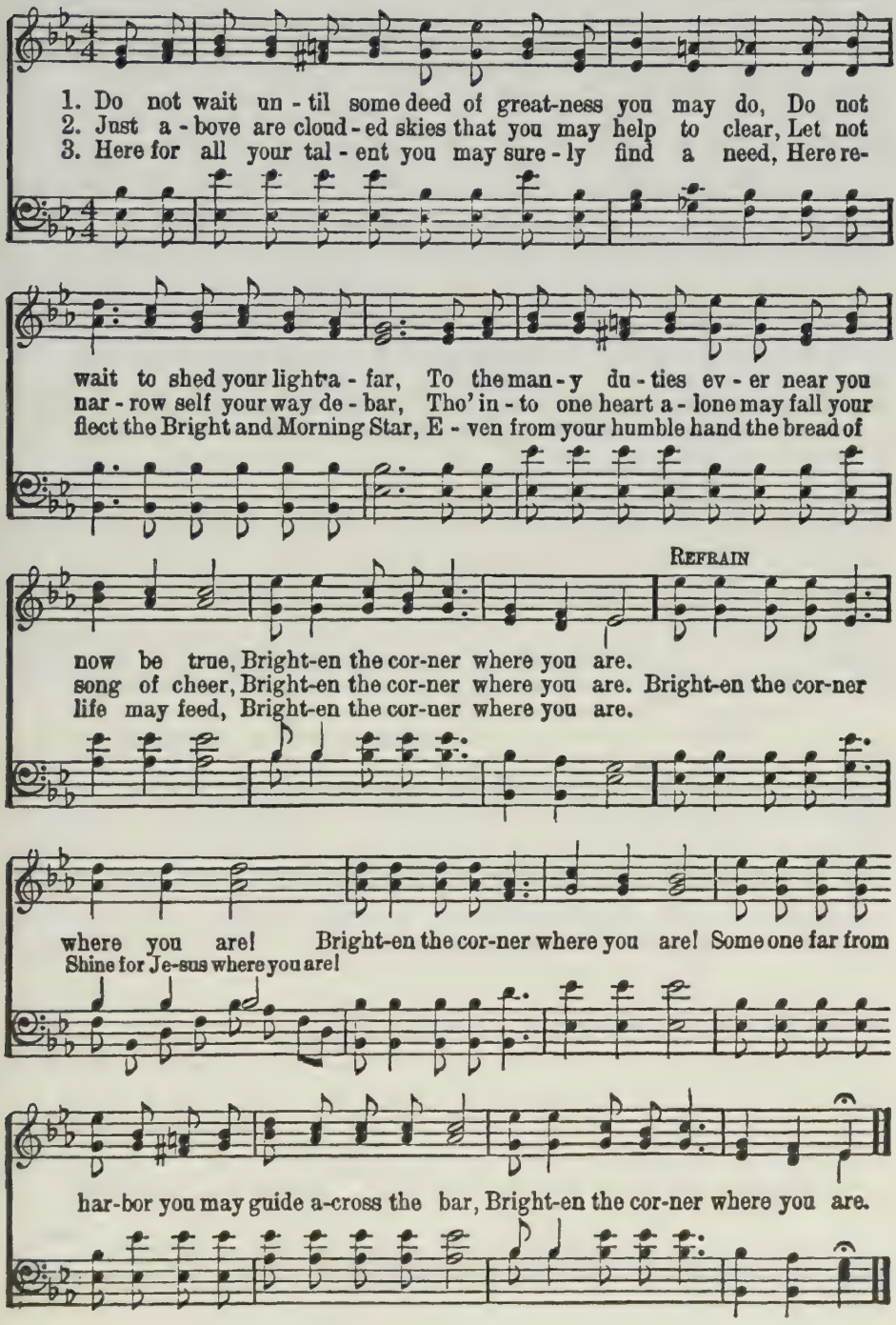
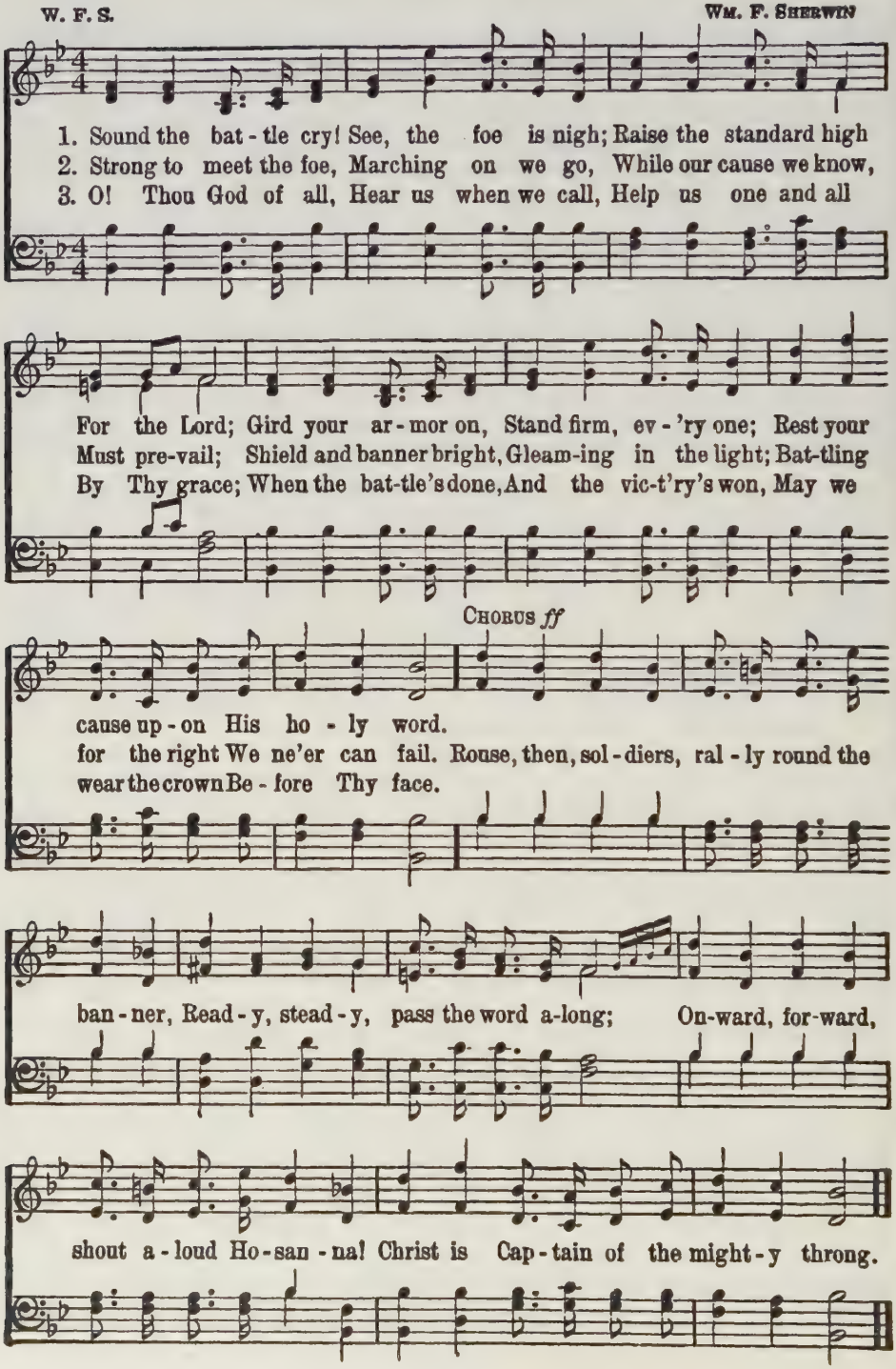
INA DULEY OGDON — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the man - y du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud - ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the Bright and Morning Star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of
REFRAIN
now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je-sus where you are!
har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

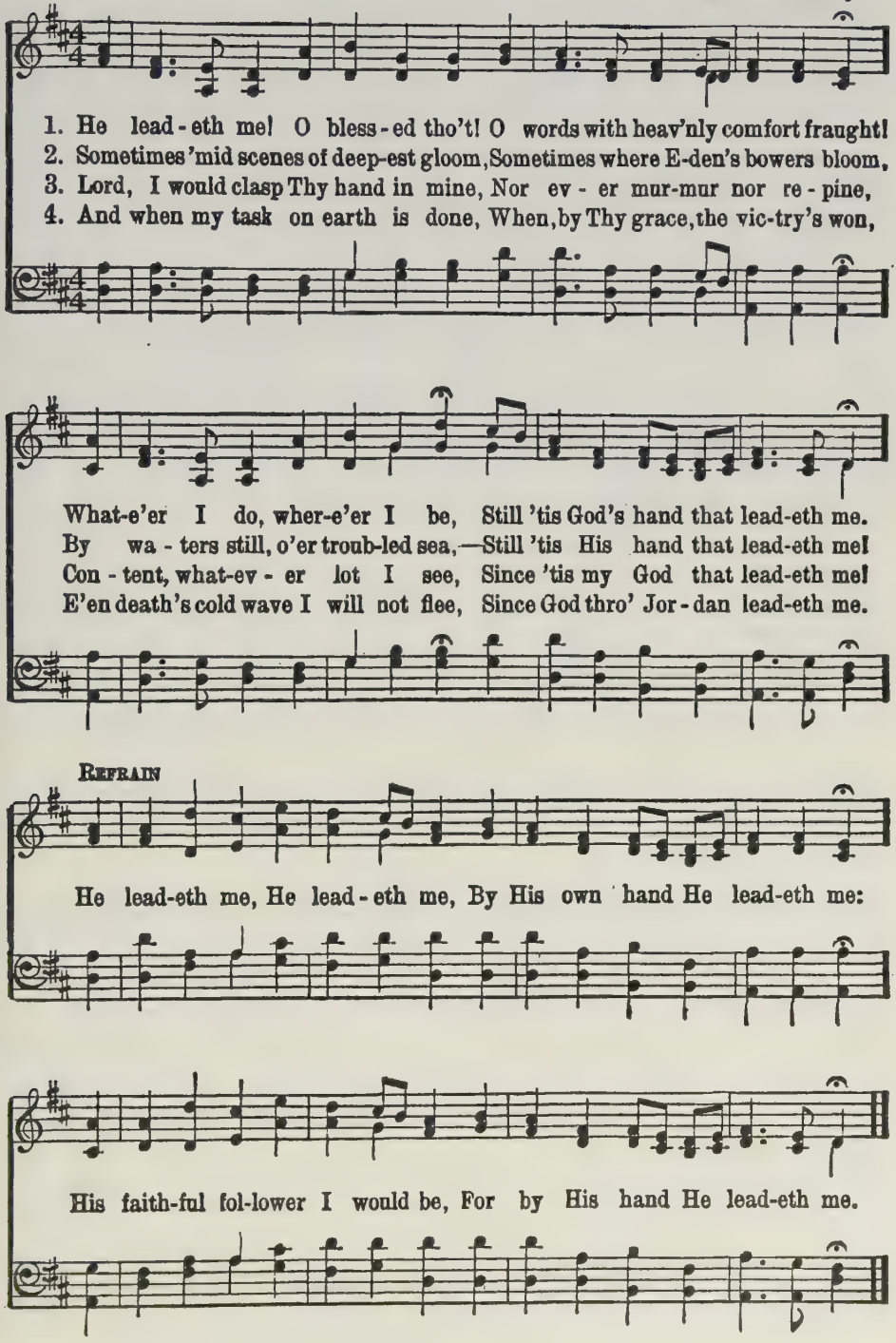
SOUND THE BATTLE CRY

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin


1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See, the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know,
3. O! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all
For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - 'ry one; Rest your
Must pre-vail; Shield and banner bright, Gleam-ing in the light; Bat-tling
By Thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-t'ry's won, May we
Chorus ff
cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol - diers, ral - ly round the
wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.
ban - ner, Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward,
shout a - loud Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

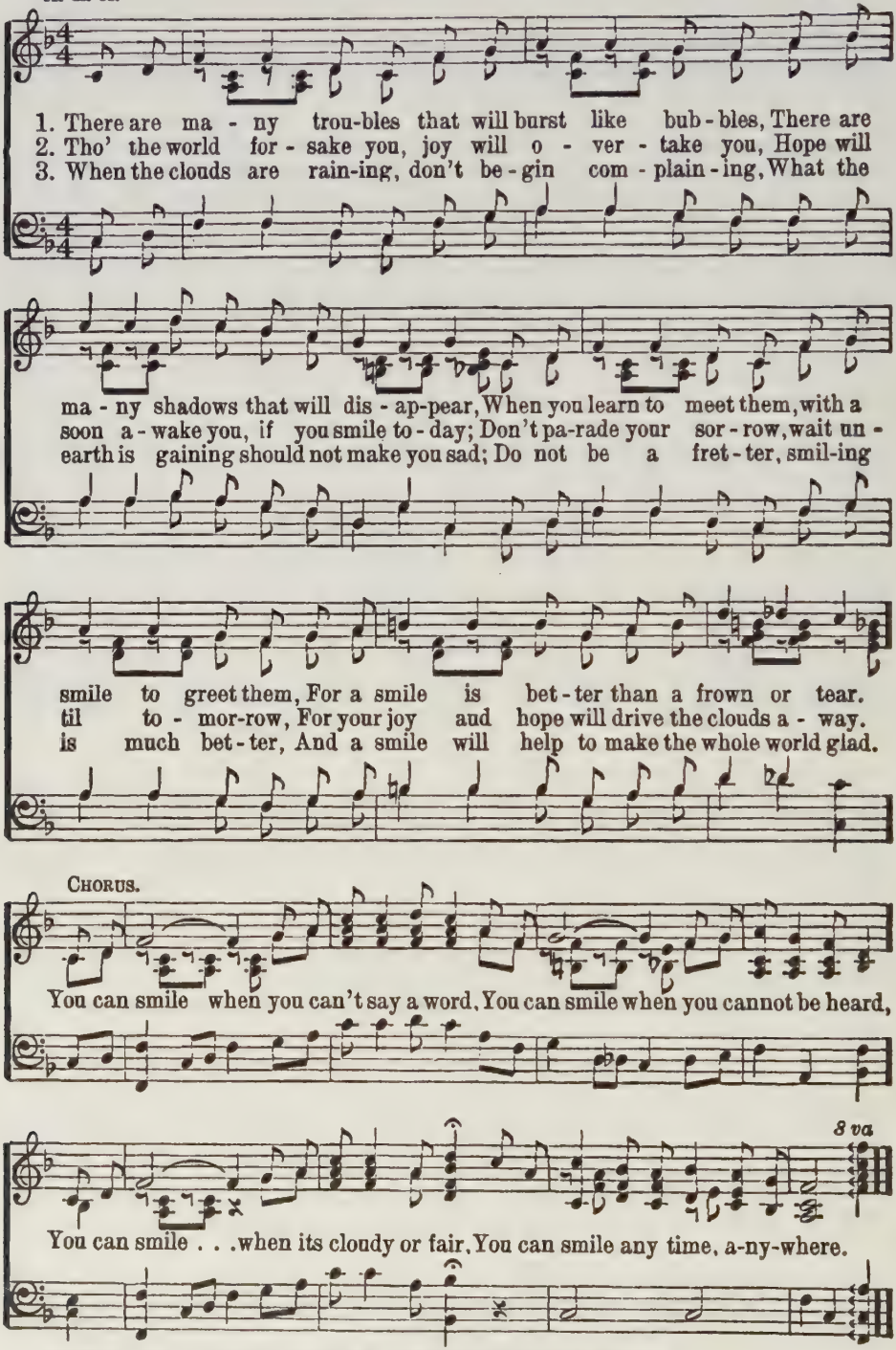
HE LEADETH ME

Joseph H. Gilmore — William B. Bradbury


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-try's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
Refrain
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

YOU CAN SMILE

A. H. A. — A. H. Ackley


1. There are ma - ny trou-bles that will burst like bub - bles, There are
2. Tho' the world for - sake you, joy will o - ver - take you, Hope will
3. When the clouds are rain-ing, don't be - gin com - plain - ing, What the
ma - ny shadows that will dis - ap-pear, When you learn to meet them, with a
soon a - wake you, if you smile to - day; Don't pa-rade your sor - row, wait un -
earth is gaining should not make you sad; Do not be a fret - ter, smil-ing
smile to greet them, For a smile is bet - ter than a frown or tear.
til to - mor-row, For your joy and hope will drive the clouds a - way.
is much bet - ter, And a smile will help to make the whole world glad.
CHORUS.
You can smile when you can't say a word, You can smile when you cannot be heard,
8 va
You can smile . . . when its cloudy or fair, You can smile any time, a-ny-where.

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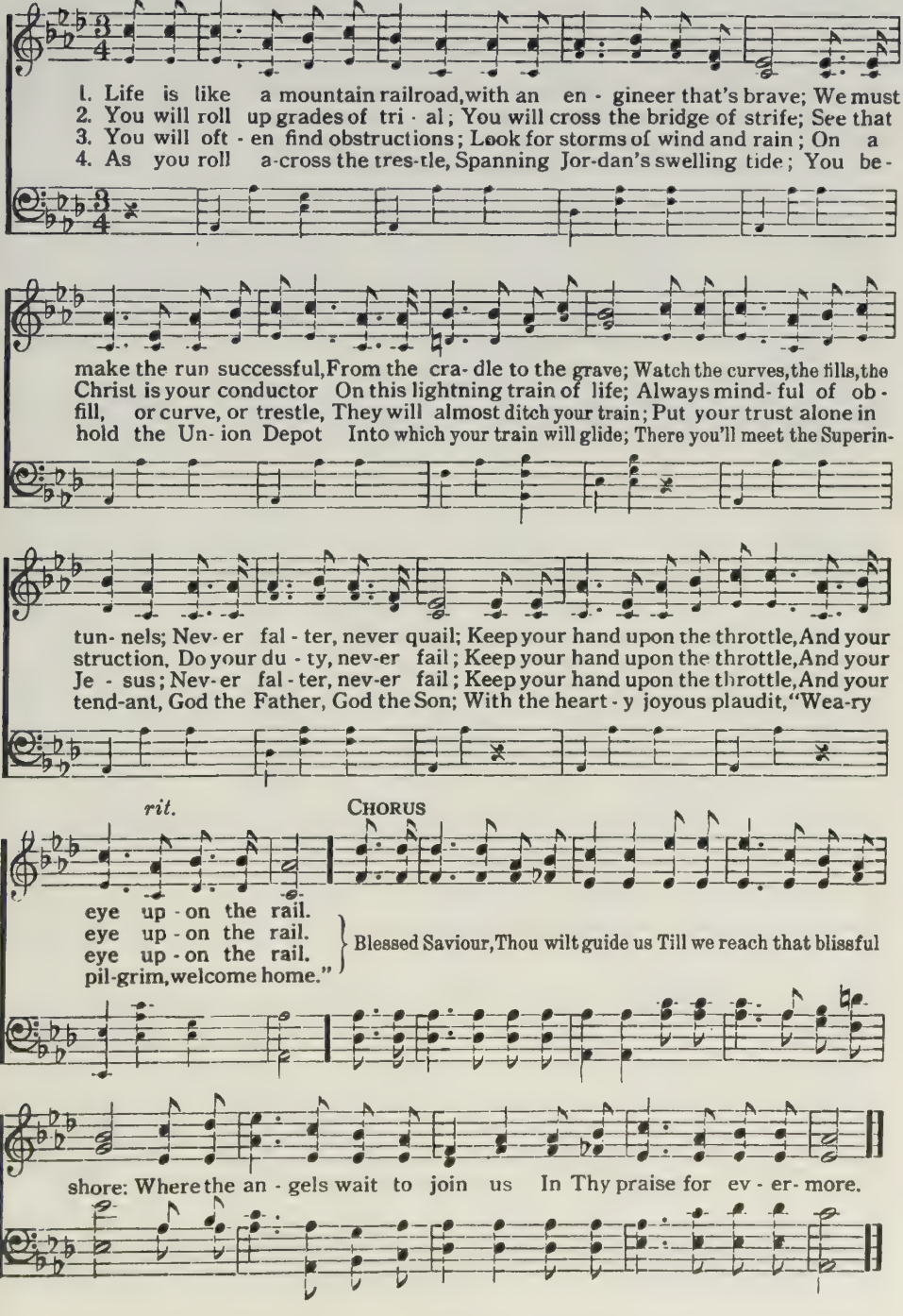
LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men

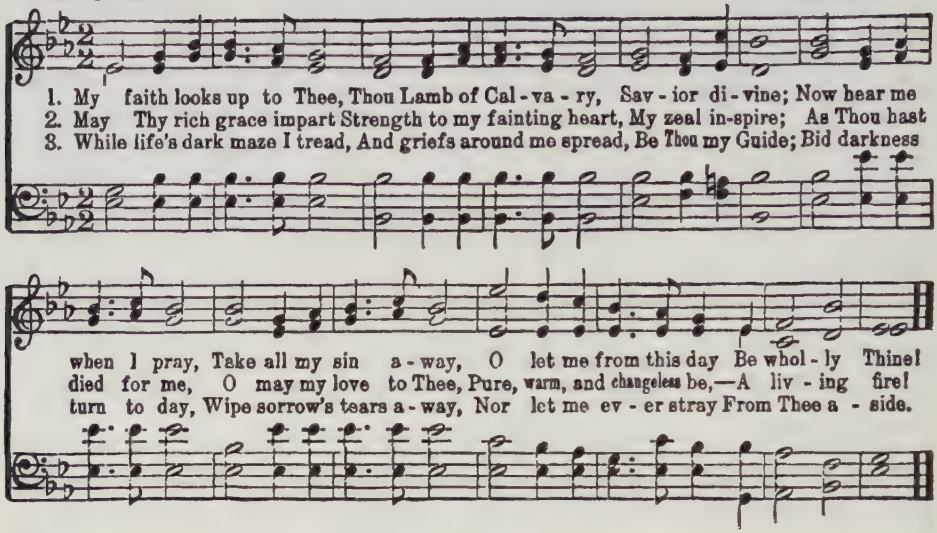
M. E. ABBEY Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

Solo or Duet Tempo ad lib.

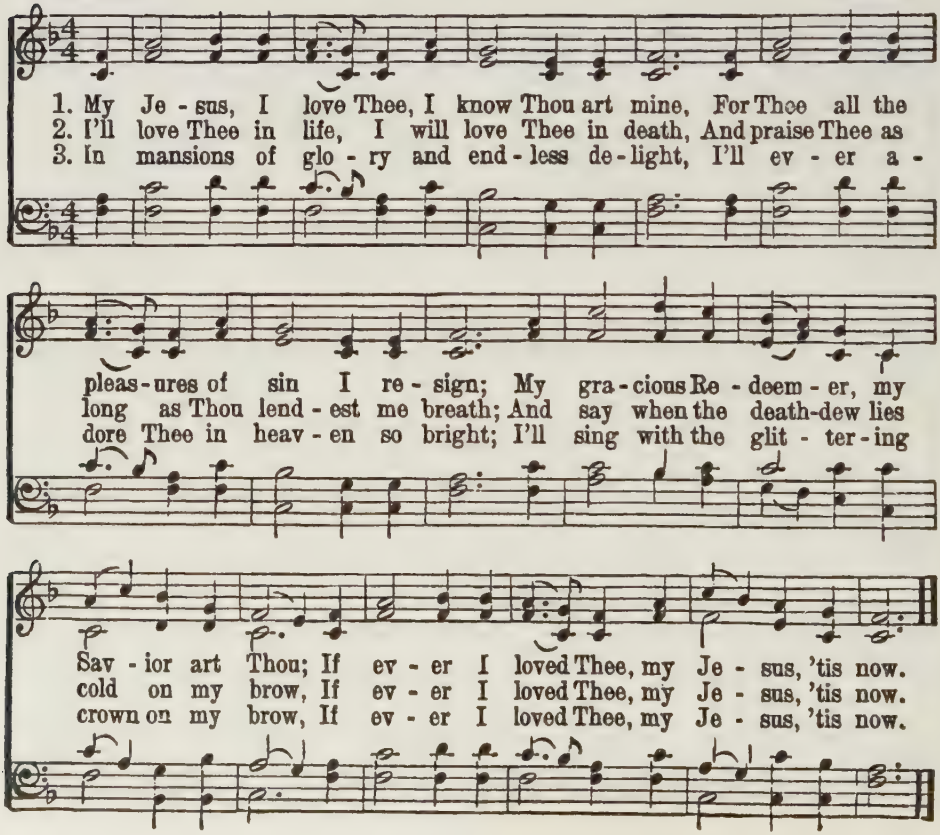

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, with an en - gineer that's brave; We must
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife; See that
3. You will oft - en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain; On a
4. As you roll a-cross the tres-tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swelling tide; You be-
make the run successful, From the cra-dle to the grave; Watch the curves, the fills, the
Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life; Always mind-ful of ob-
fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train; Put your trust alone in
hold the Un-ion Depot Into which your train will glide; There you'll meet the Superin-
tun-nels; Nev-er fal-ter, never quail; Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your
struction, Do your du-ty, nev-er fail; Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your
Je-sus; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fail; Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your
tend-ant, God the Father, God the Son; With the heart-y joyous plaudit, "Wea-ry
rit.
CHORUS
eye up-on the rail.
eye up-on the rail.
eye up-on the rail.
pil-grim, welcome home."
Blessed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that blissful
shore: Where the an-gels wait to join us In Thy praise for ev-er-more.

21 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON

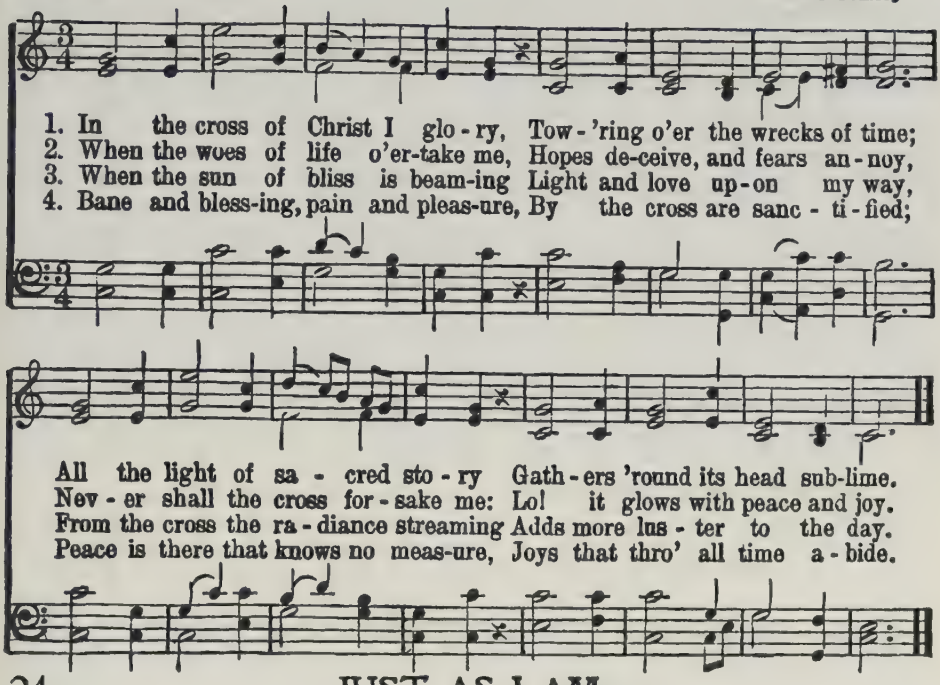

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
when I pray, Take all my sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

22 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

ANONYMOUS — A. J. GORDON

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
3. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
pleas - ures of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

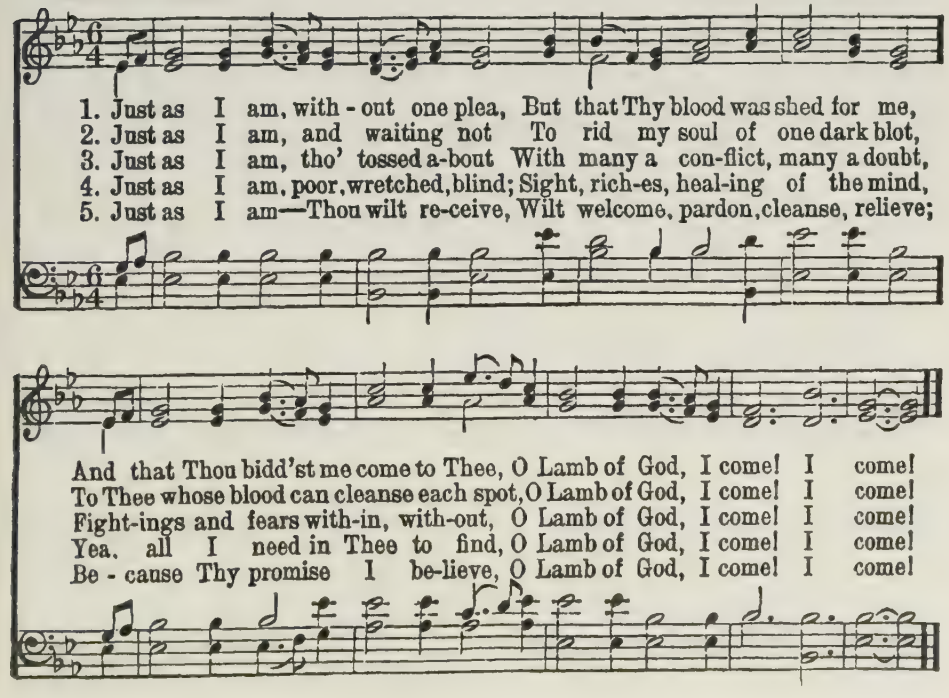
23 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Sir John Bowring — Ithamar Conkey


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

24 JUST AS I AM

Charlotte Elliott — William B. Bradbury


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

THE OLD-FASHIONED MEETING

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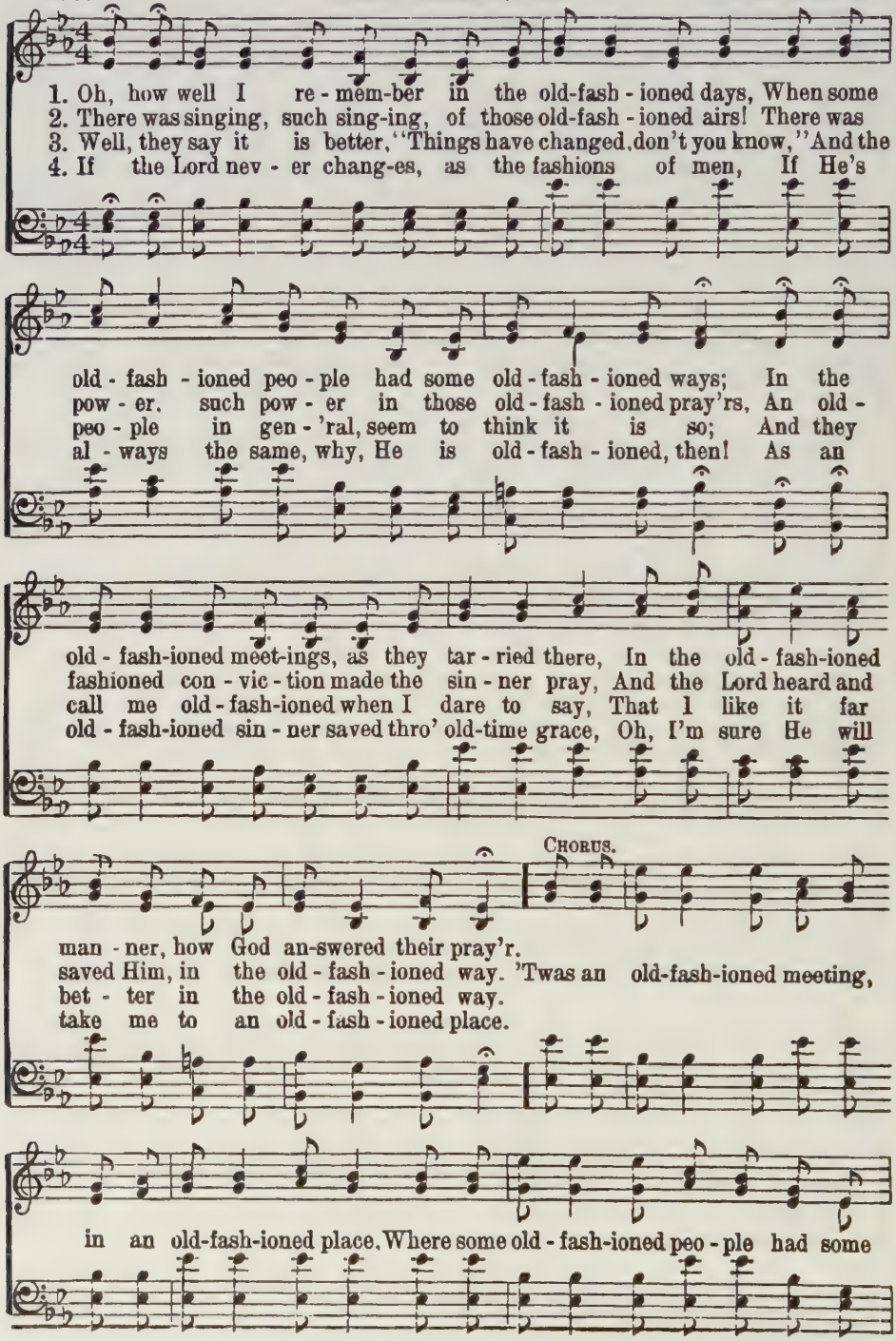
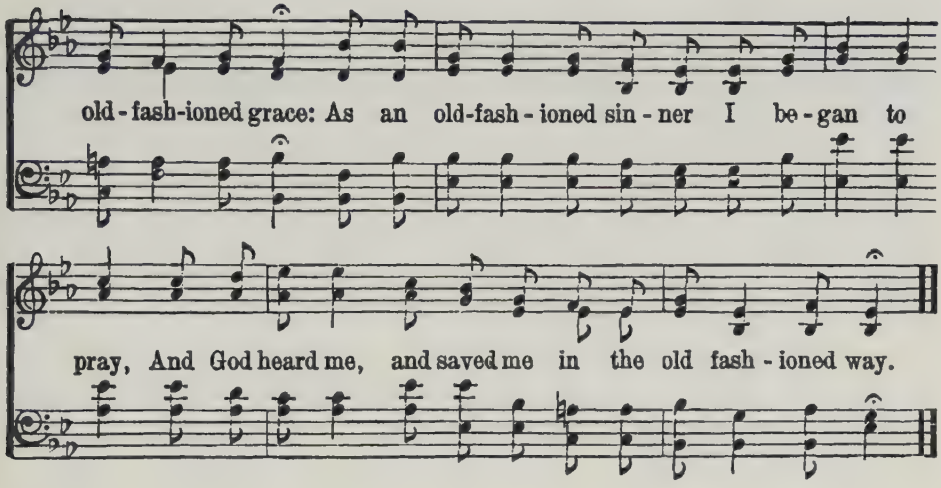
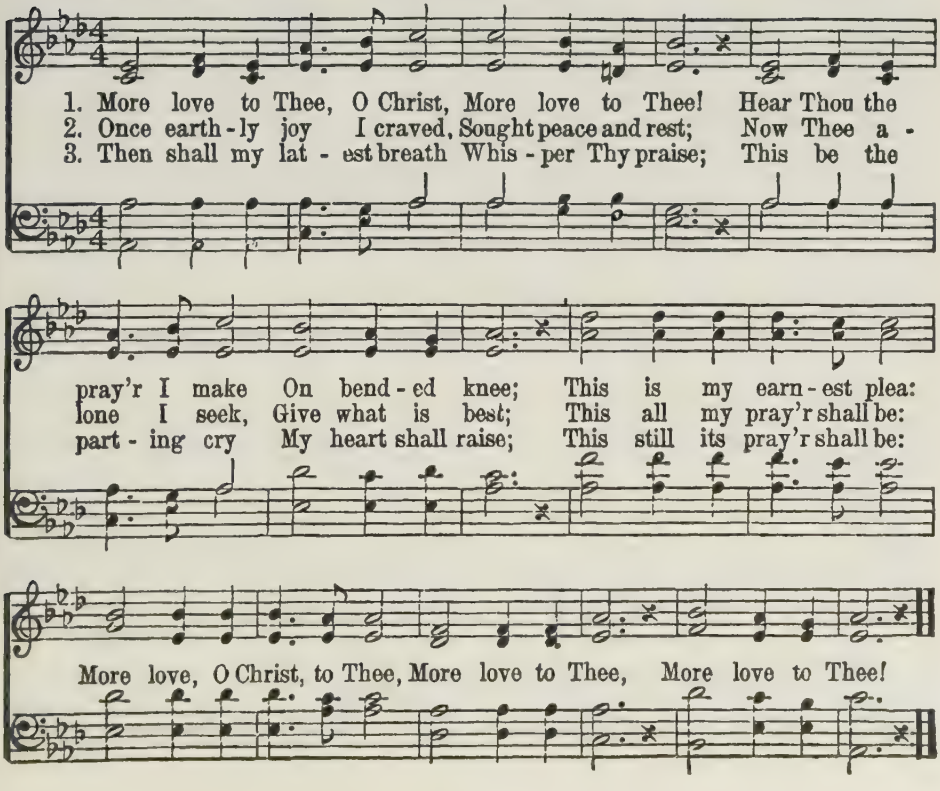
H. B. Herbert Buffum

1. Oh, how well I re - mem-ber in the old-fash - ioned days, When some old - fash - ioned peo - ple had some old - fash - ioned ways; In the
2. There was singing, such sing-ing, of those old-fash - ioned airs! There was pow - er, such pow - er in those old - fash - ioned pray'rs, An old -
3. Well, they say it is better, "Things have changed, don't you know," And the peo - ple in gen - 'ral, seem to think it is so; And they
4. If the Lord nev - er chang-es, as the fashions of men, If He's al - ways the same, why, He is old - fash - ioned, then! As an
old - fash-ioned meet-ings, as they tar - ried there, In the old - fash-ioned fashioned con - vic - tion made the sin - ner pray, And the Lord heard and
call me old - fash-ioned when I dare to say, That I like it far old - fash-ioned sin - ner saved thro' old-time grace, Oh, I'm sure He will
CHORUS.
man - ner, how God an-swered their pray'r.
saved Him, in the old - fash - ioned way. 'Twas an old-fash-ioned meeting,
bet - ter in the old - fash - ioned way.
take me to an old - fash - ioned place.
in an old-fash-ioned place, Where some old - fash-ioned peo - ple had some

THE OLD-FASHIONED MEETING.



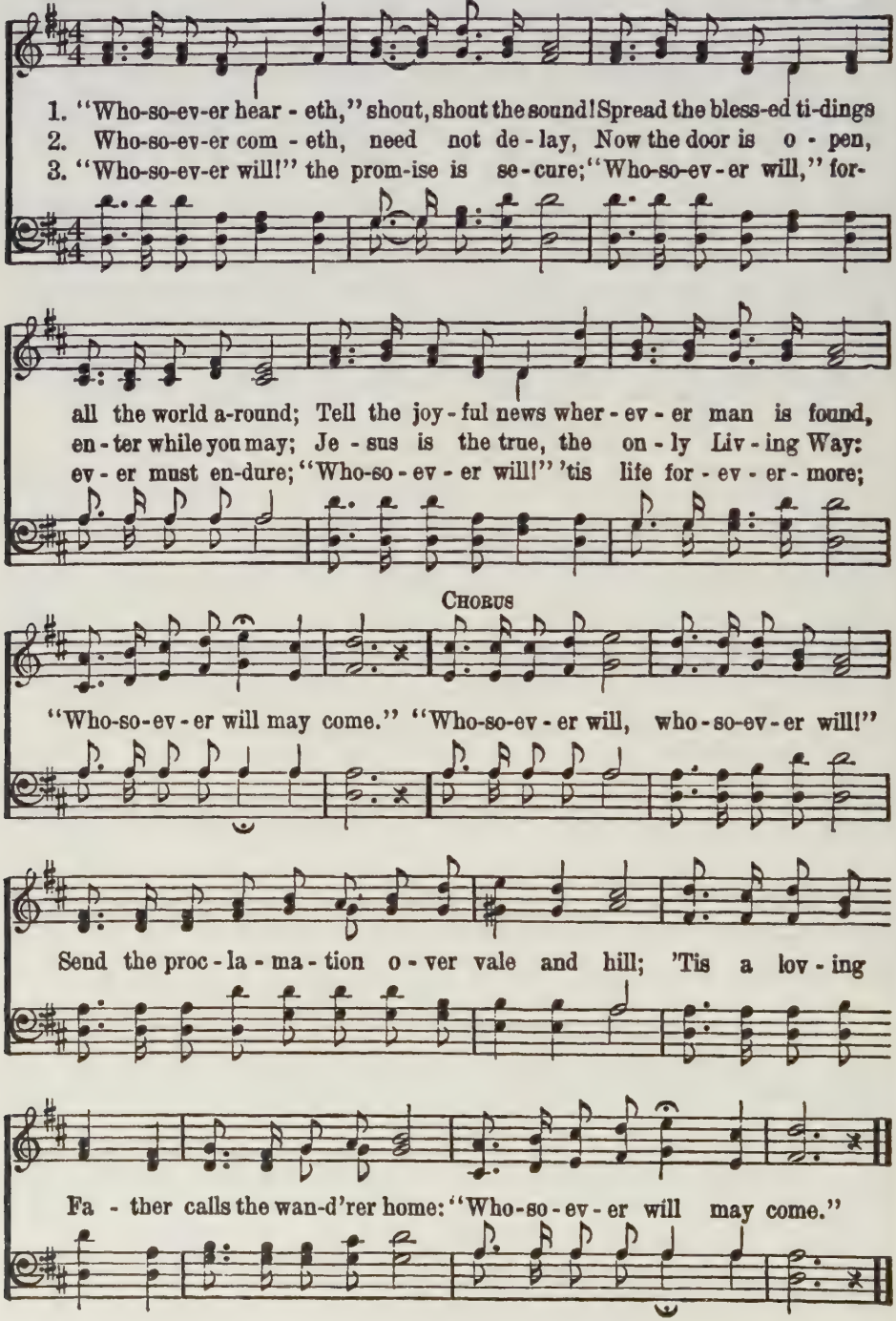
26 MORE LOVE TO THEE

ELIZABETH PRENTISS Used by permission W. H. DOANE

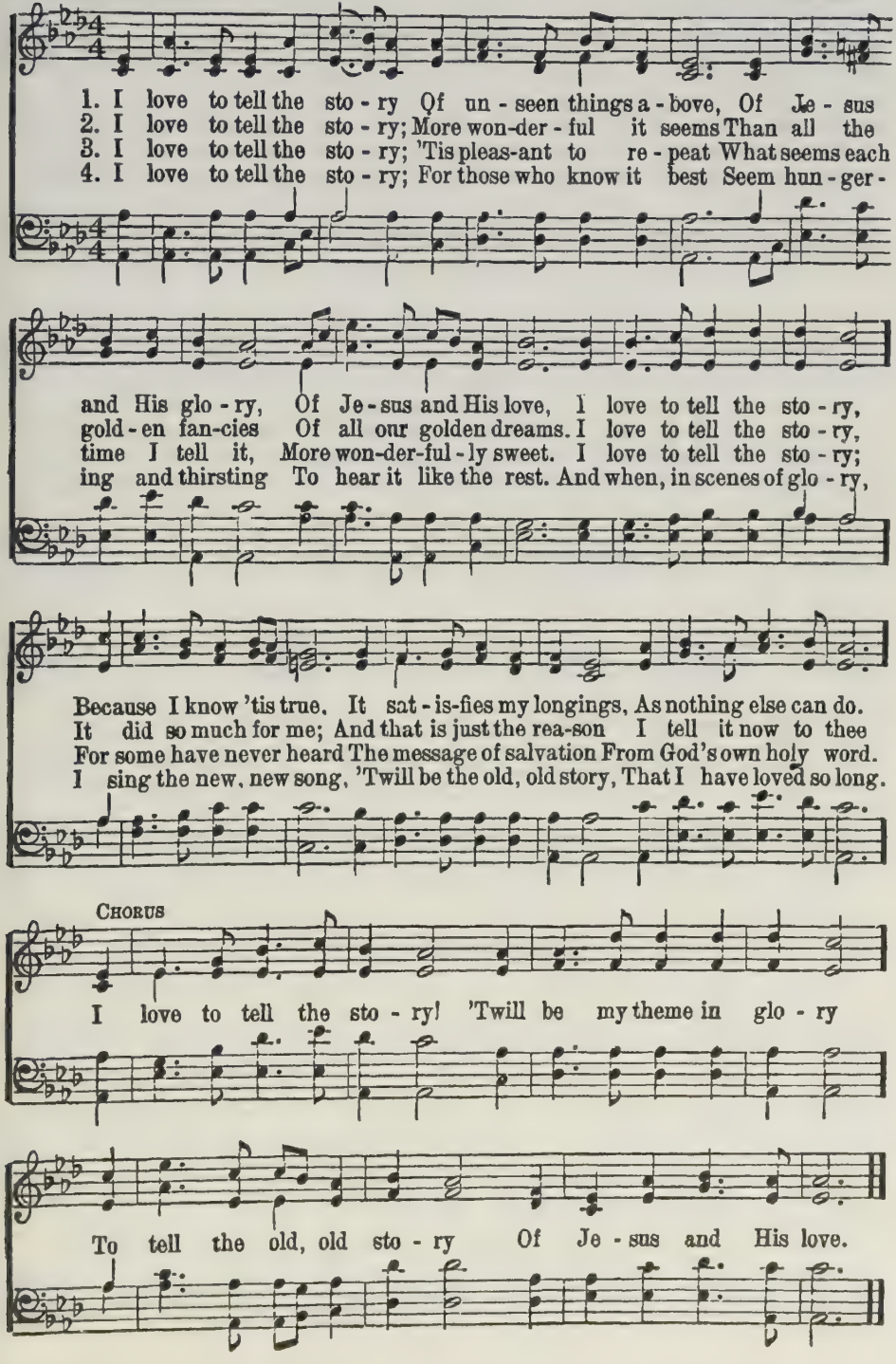

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

"WHOSOEVER WILL"

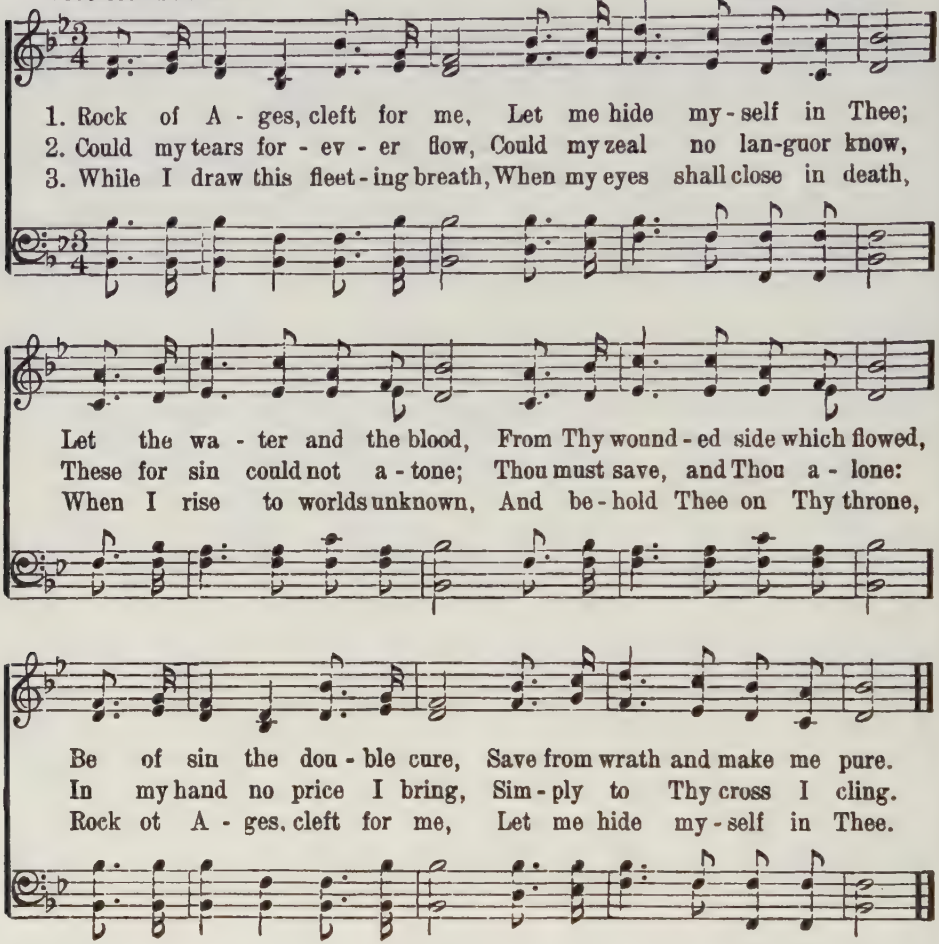
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss


1. "Who-so-ev-er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings
2. Who-so-ev-er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the prom-ise is se - cure; "Who-so-ev - er will," for-
all the world a-round; Tell the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found,
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who-so - ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er - more;
Chorus
"Who-so-ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so-ev - er will!"
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing
Fa - ther calls the wan-d'rer home: "Who-so - ev - er will may come."

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

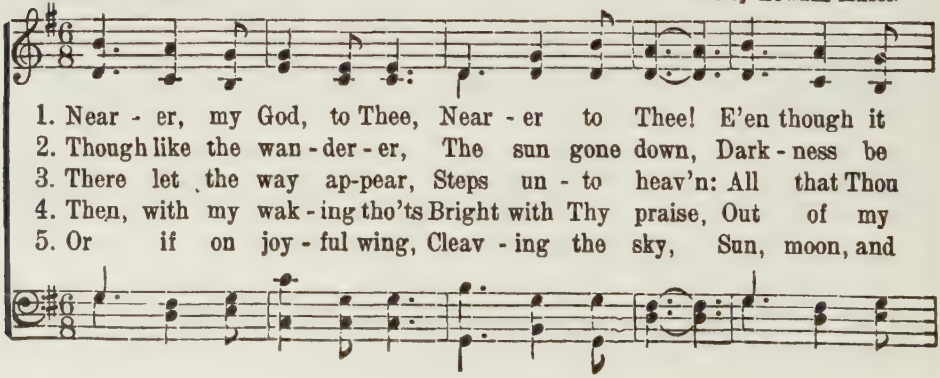
KATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der - ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love, I love to tell the sto - ry,
gold - en fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,
Because I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee
For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.
CHORUS
I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

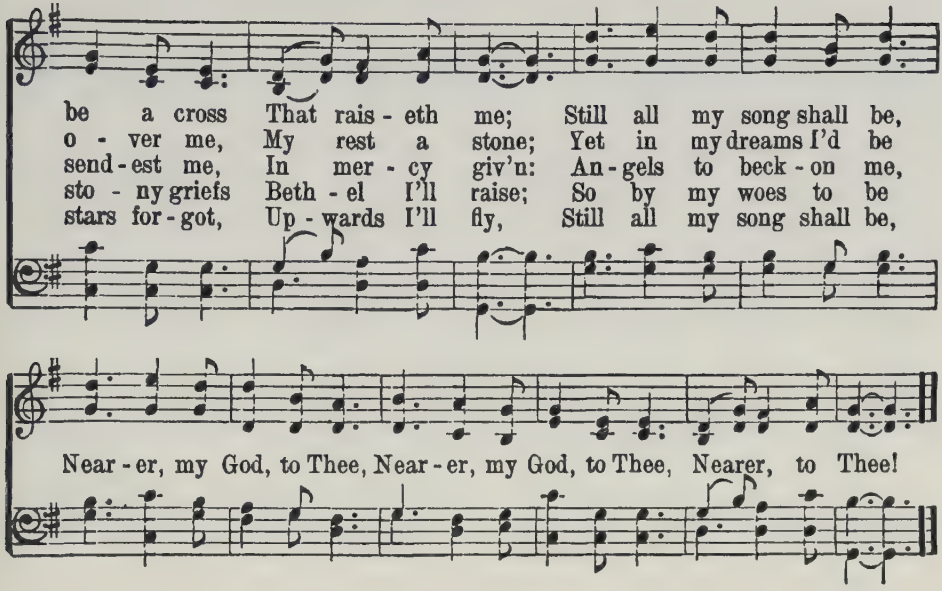
29 ROCK OF AGES

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock ot A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

30 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

SARAH F. ADAMS — Arr. by LOWELL MASON


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

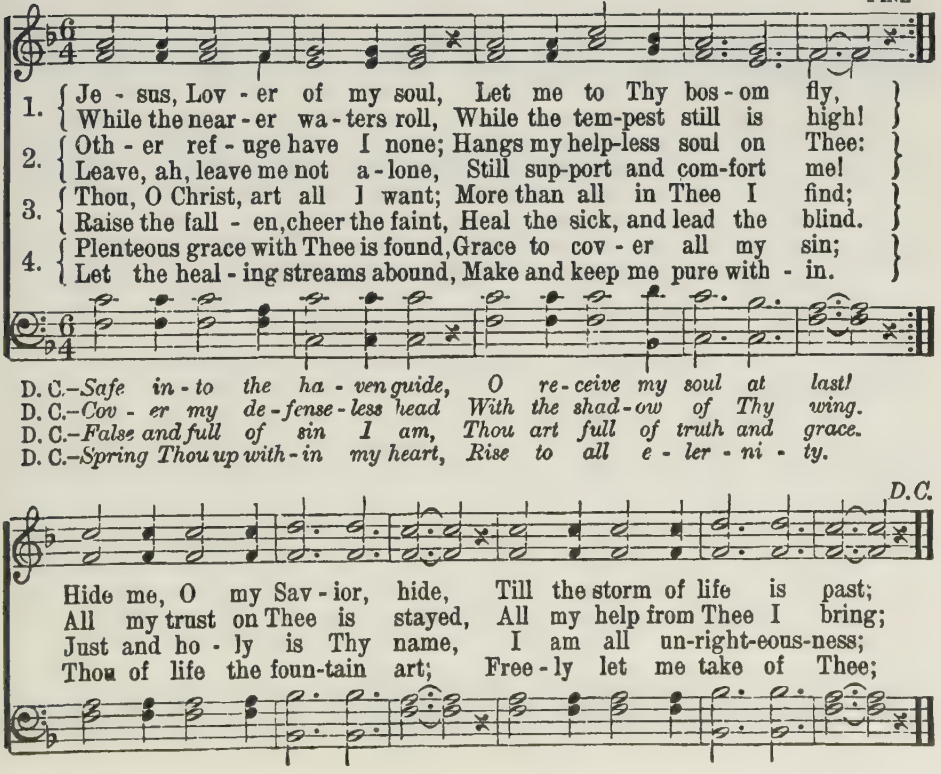
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, to Thee!

31 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

CHARLES WESLEY

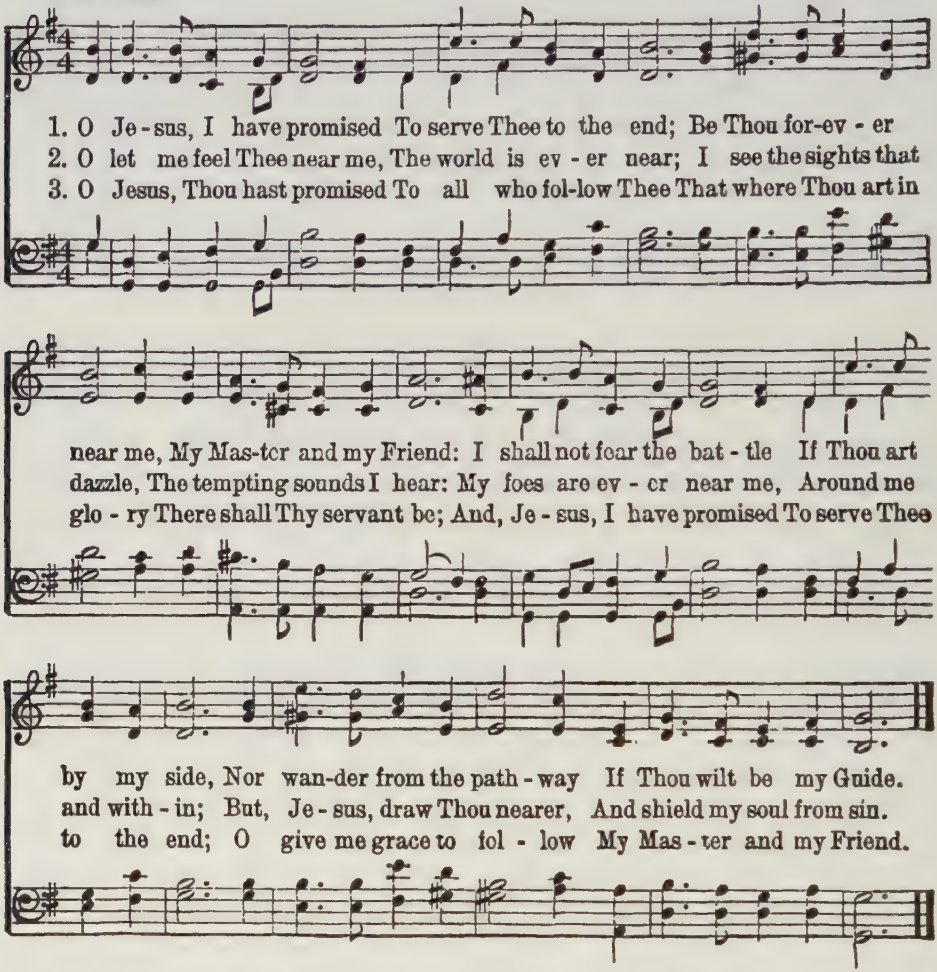
S. B. MARSH

FINE


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me!
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal - ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with - in.
D. C.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
D. C.–Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
D. C.–False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D. C.–Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;

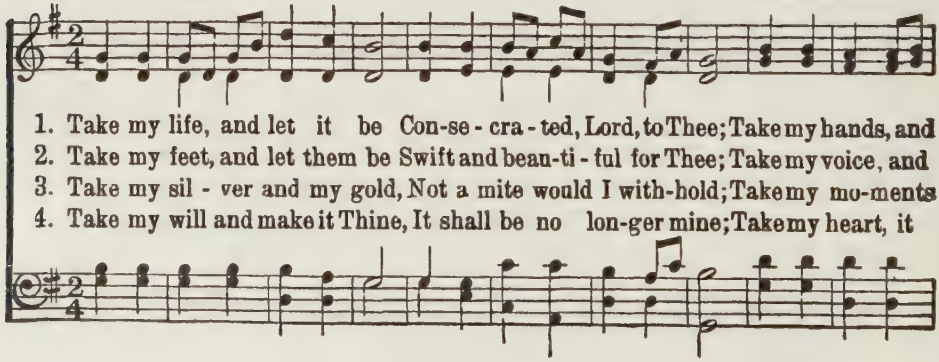
32 O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED

JOHN E. BODE — ARTHUR H. MANN

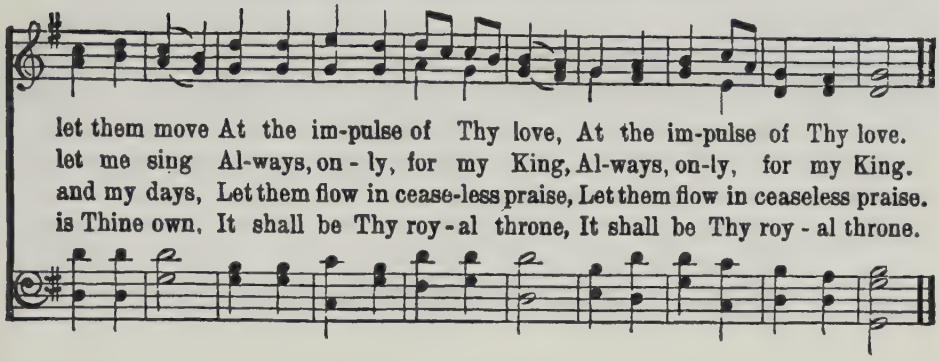

1. O Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev - er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that
3. O Jesus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee That where Thou art in
near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art
dazzle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev - er near me, Around me
glo - ry There shall Thy servant be; And, Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee
by my side, Nor wan-der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
and with - in; But, Je - sus, draw Thou nearer, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

33 TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE

Frances R. Havergal — C. H. A. Malan

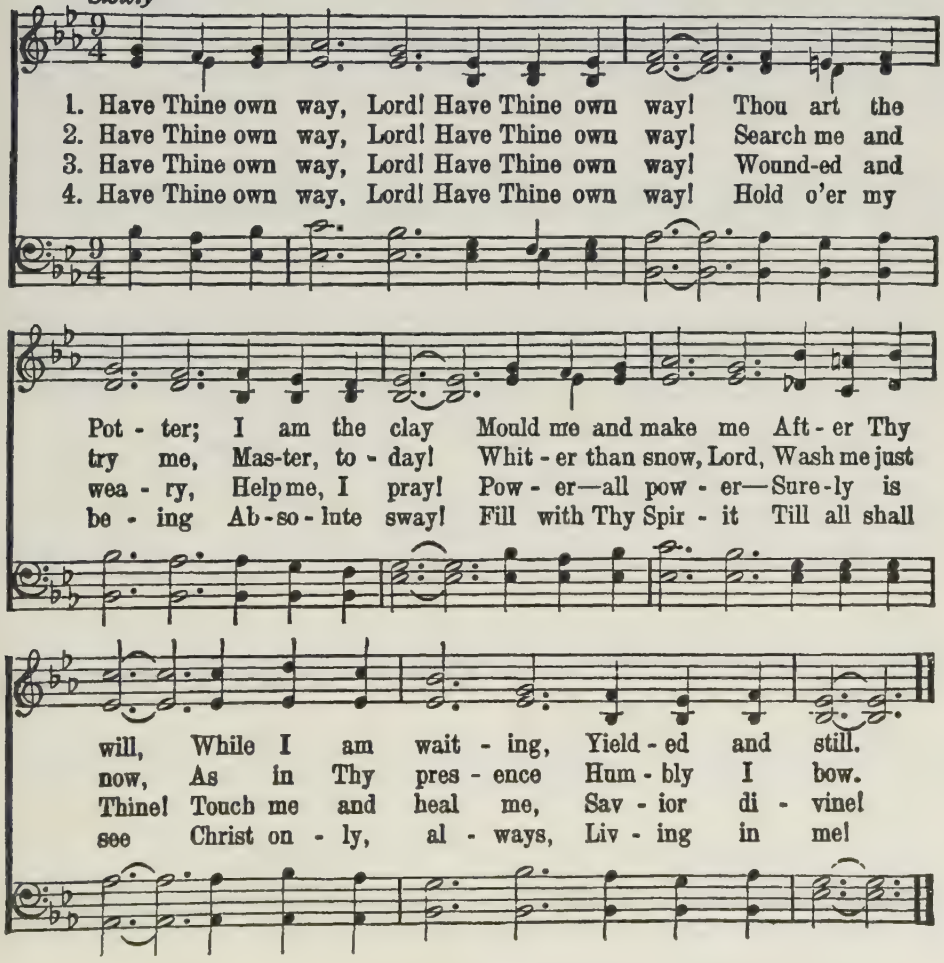

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my mo-ments
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my heart, it

TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE


let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
is Thine own. It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

34 HAVE THINE OWN WAY, LORD

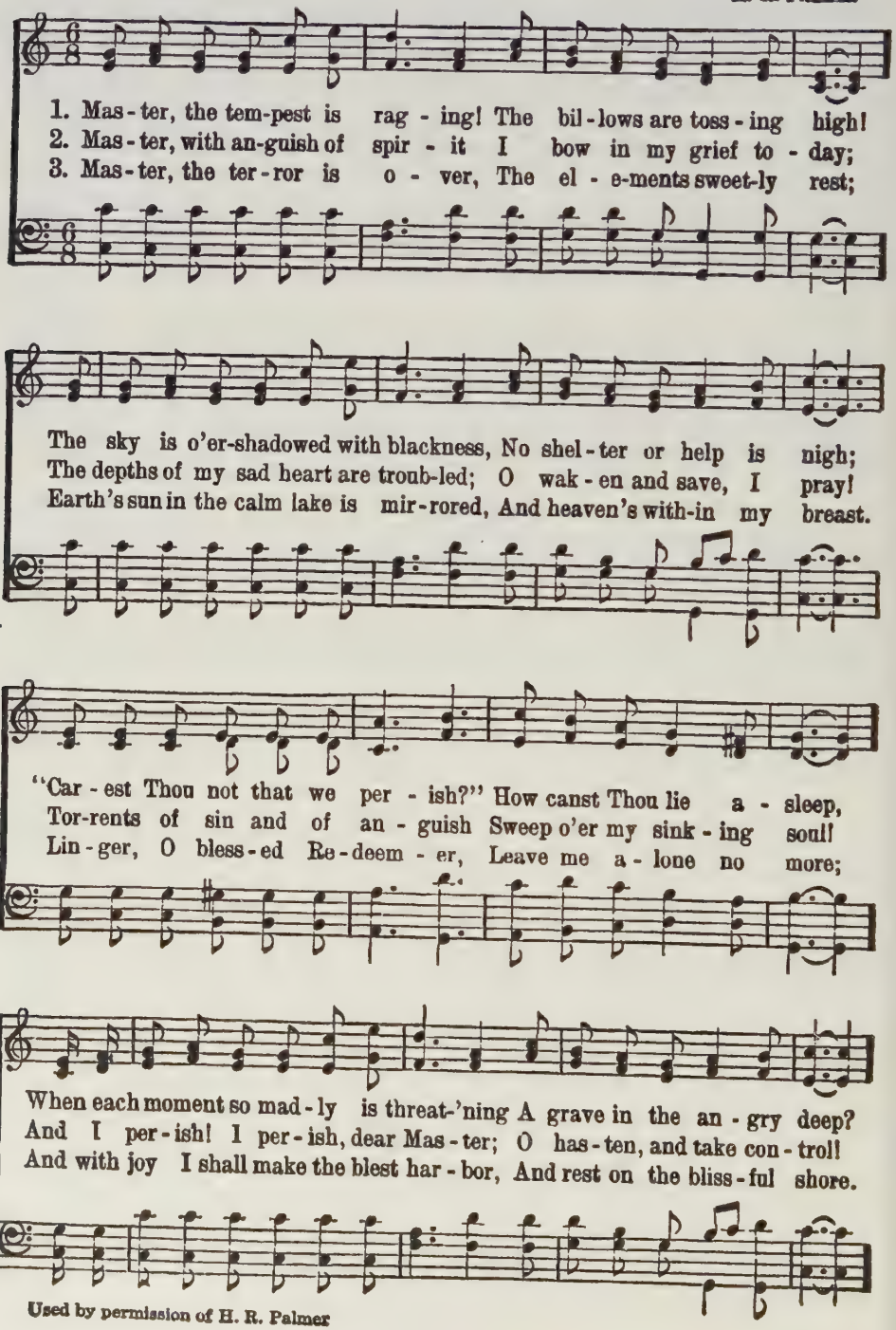
A. A. P. COPYRIGHT, 1907, RENEWAL. HOPE PUB. CO., OWNERS GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure-ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING

MARY A. BAKER

H. R. PALMER


1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; O wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast.
"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul!
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish, dear Mas-ter; O has-ten, and take con-trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

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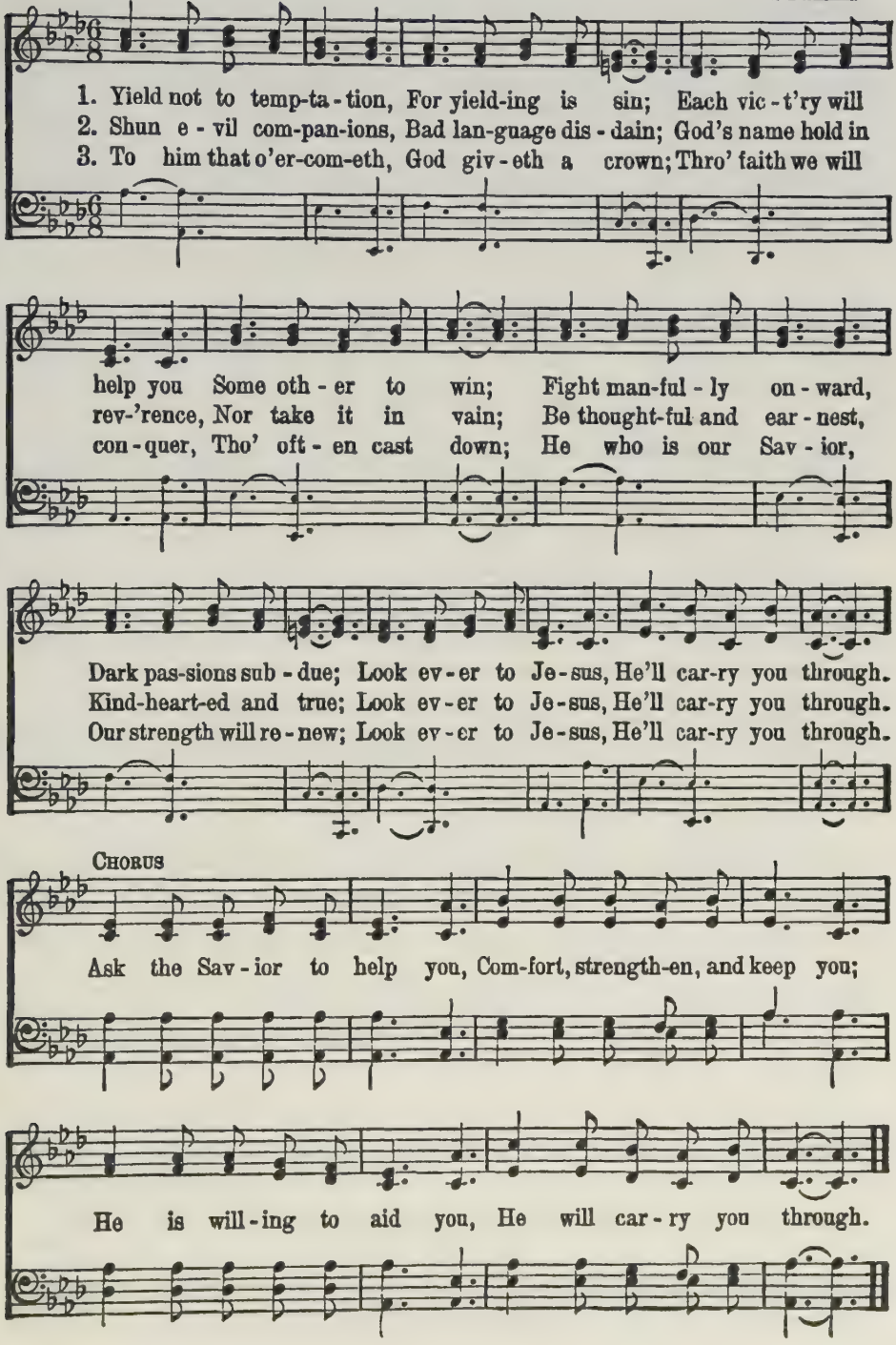
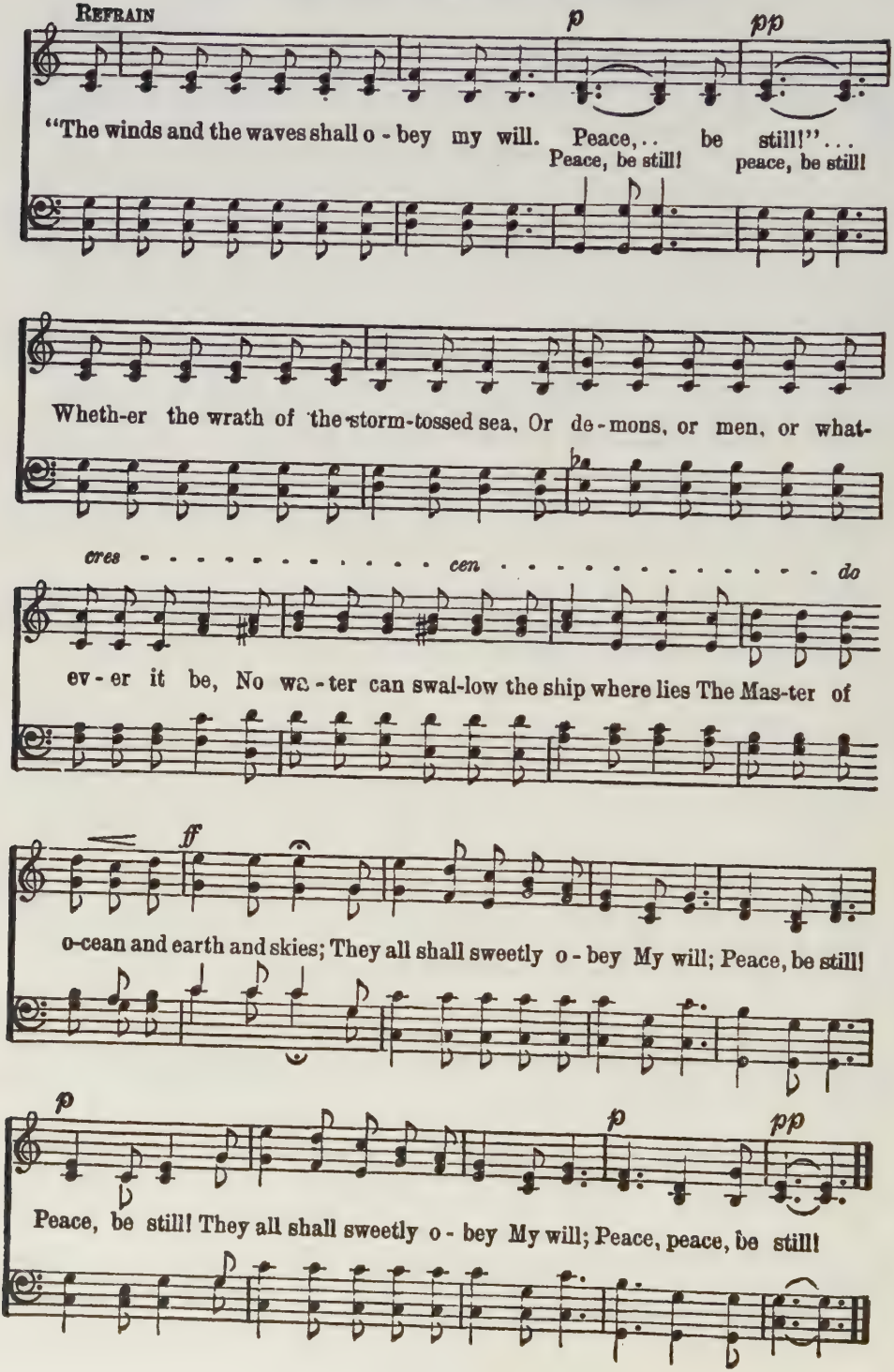
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

H. R. P. Dr. H. R. PALMER

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark pas-sions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING


Refrain
p
pp
"The winds and the waves shall o - bey my will. Peace, . . be still!" . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what-
cres - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - - - do
ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of
ff
o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

I AM COMING HOME

Copyright, 1911, by Rodeheaver-Ackley Co.
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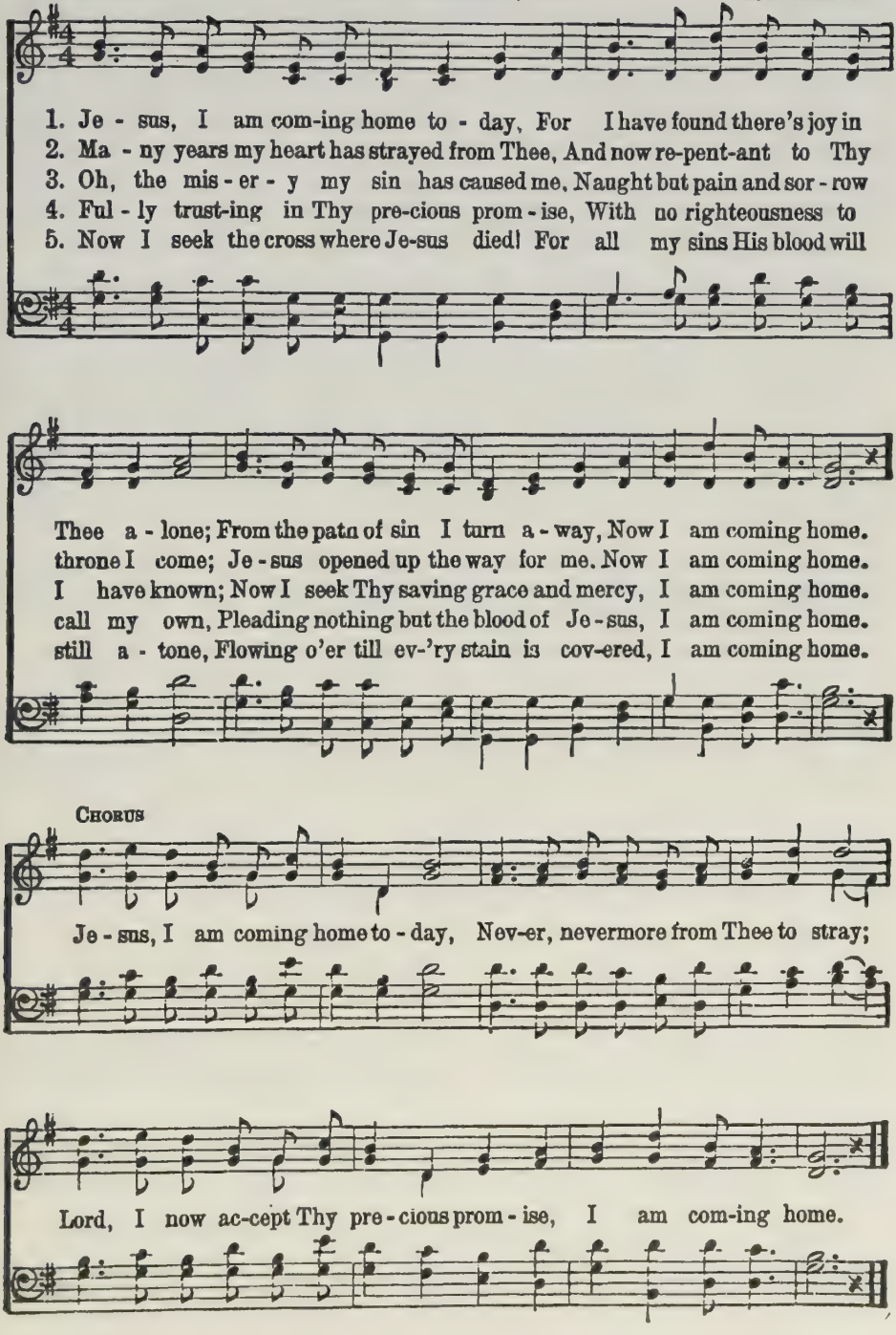
A. H. ACKLEY — B. D. ACKLEY


1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom - ise, With no righteousness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will
Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, Now I am coming home.
throne I come; Je - sus opened up the way for me. Now I am coming home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mercy, I am coming home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am coming home.
still a - tone, Flowing o'er till ev-'ry stain is cov-ered, I am coming home.
CHORUS
Je - sus, I am coming home to - day, Nev-er, nevermore from Thee to stray;
Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com-ing home.

SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss— To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
throngedа-bout Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

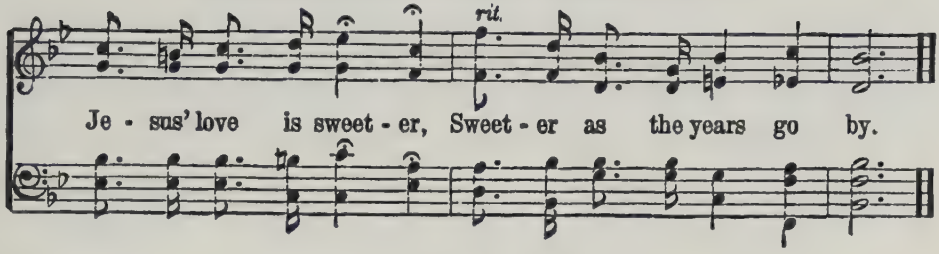
mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heaven's, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS

theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by, ...
love for e-ven me.
our Redeemer's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

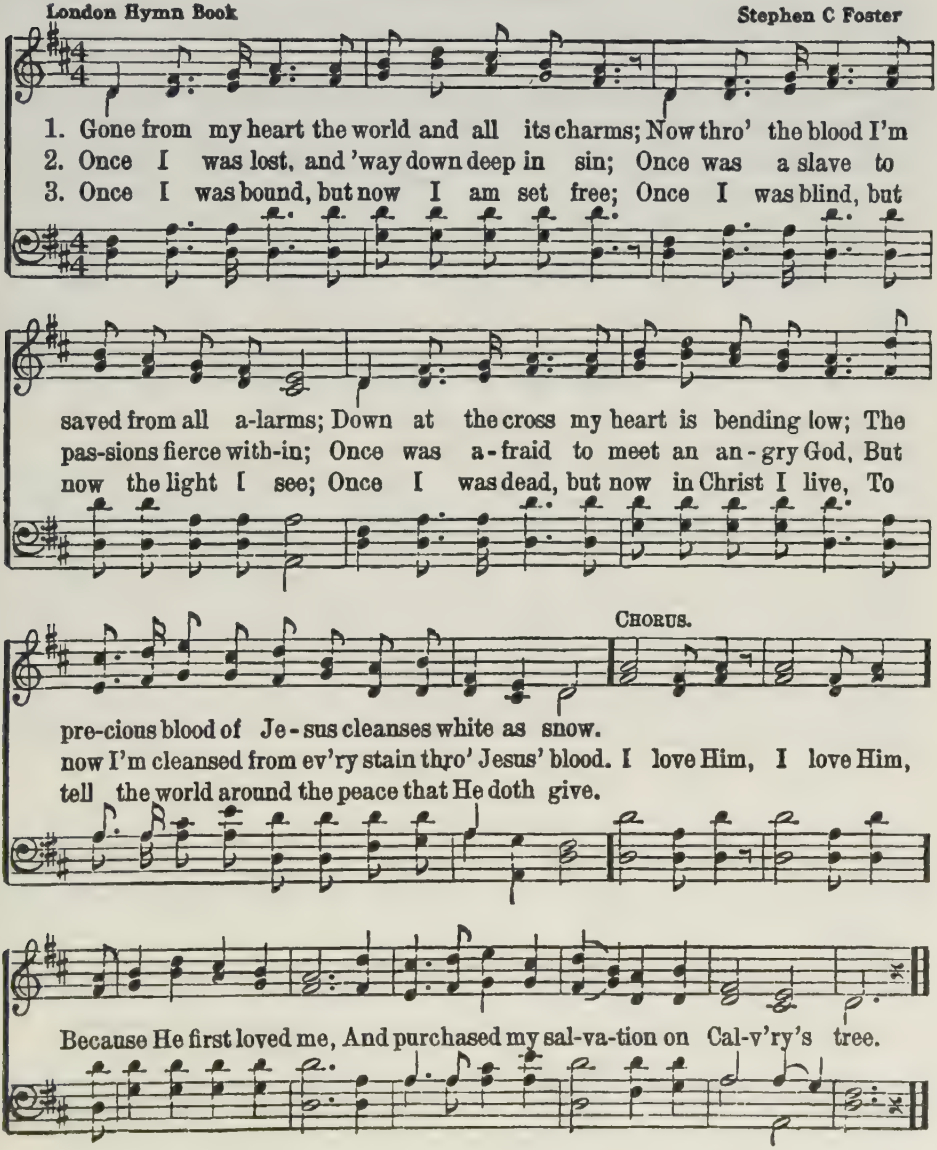
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

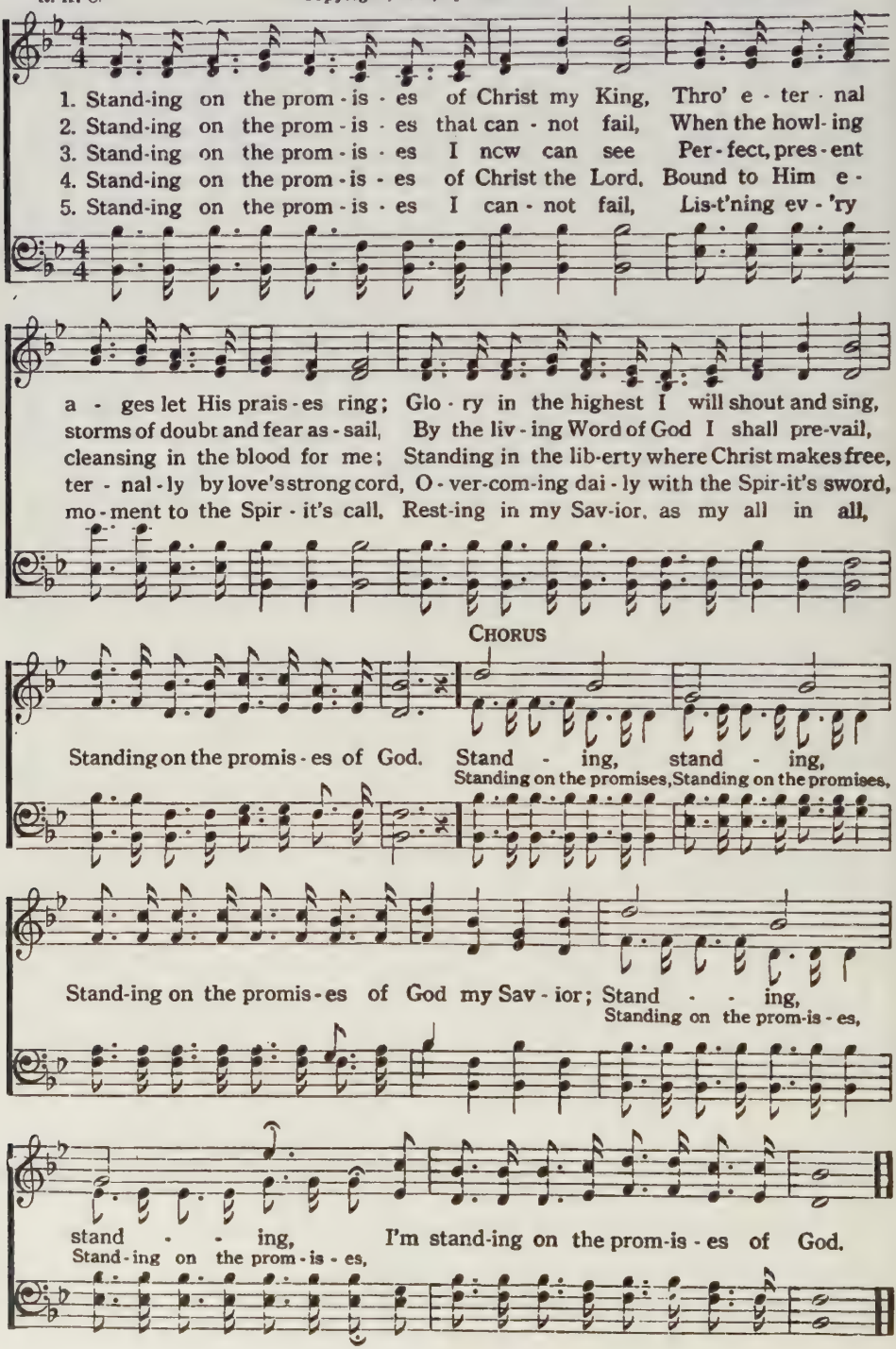


39 I LOVE HIM

London Hymn Book — Stephen C Foster

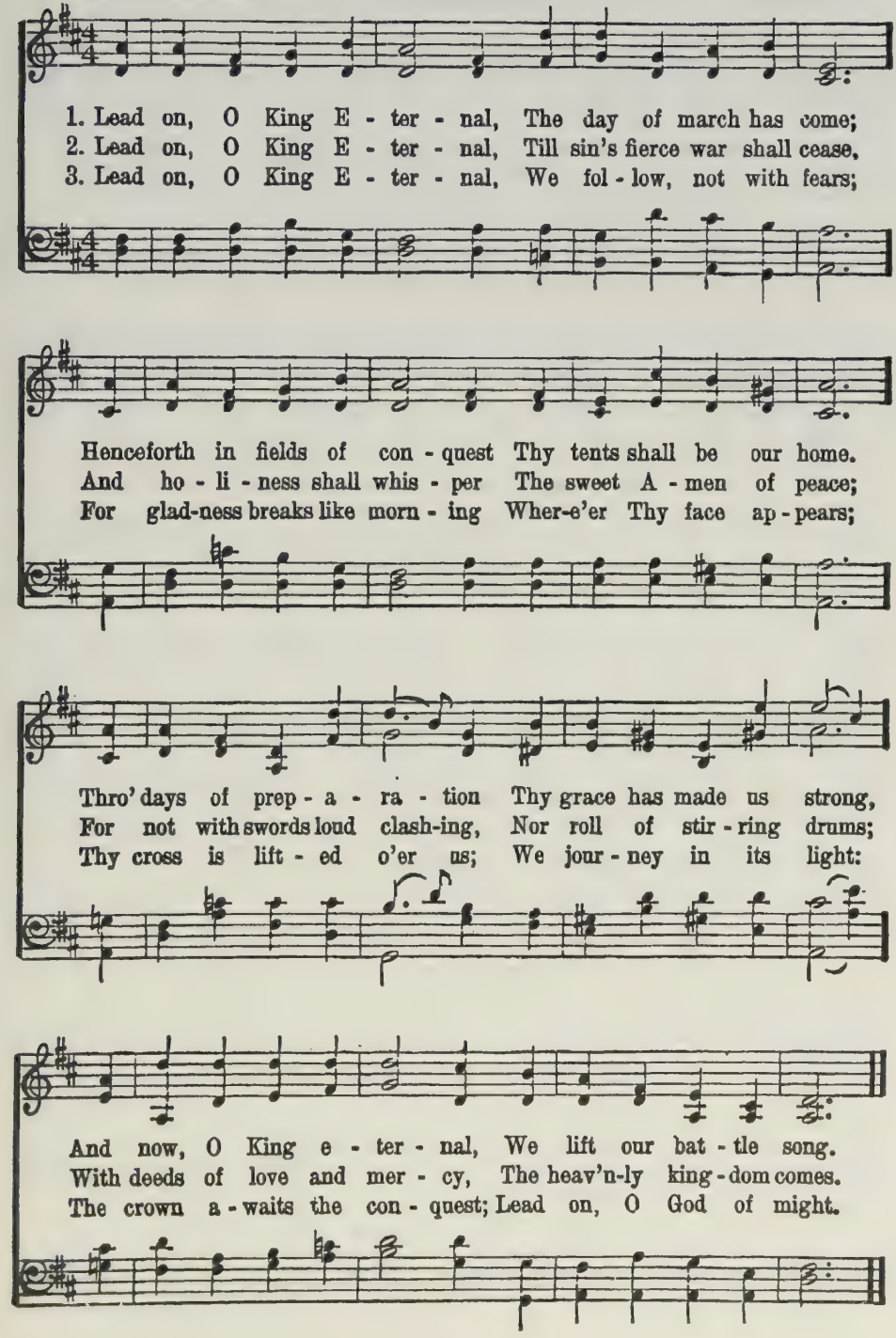

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low; The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.
Because He first loved me, And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

STANDING ON THE PROMISES

R. K. C. Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood R. KELSO CARTER

1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl- ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
5. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fail, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry
a - ges let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-erty where Christ makes free,
ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
mo - ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS
Standing on the promis - es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the promis - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the prom-is - es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
Stand-ing on the prom - is - es,

LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF — LANCASHIRE — HENRY SMART


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears;
Henceforth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clash-ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light:
And now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n-ly king - dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might.

WIN THEM ONE BY ONE

MARCH SONG FOR MEN

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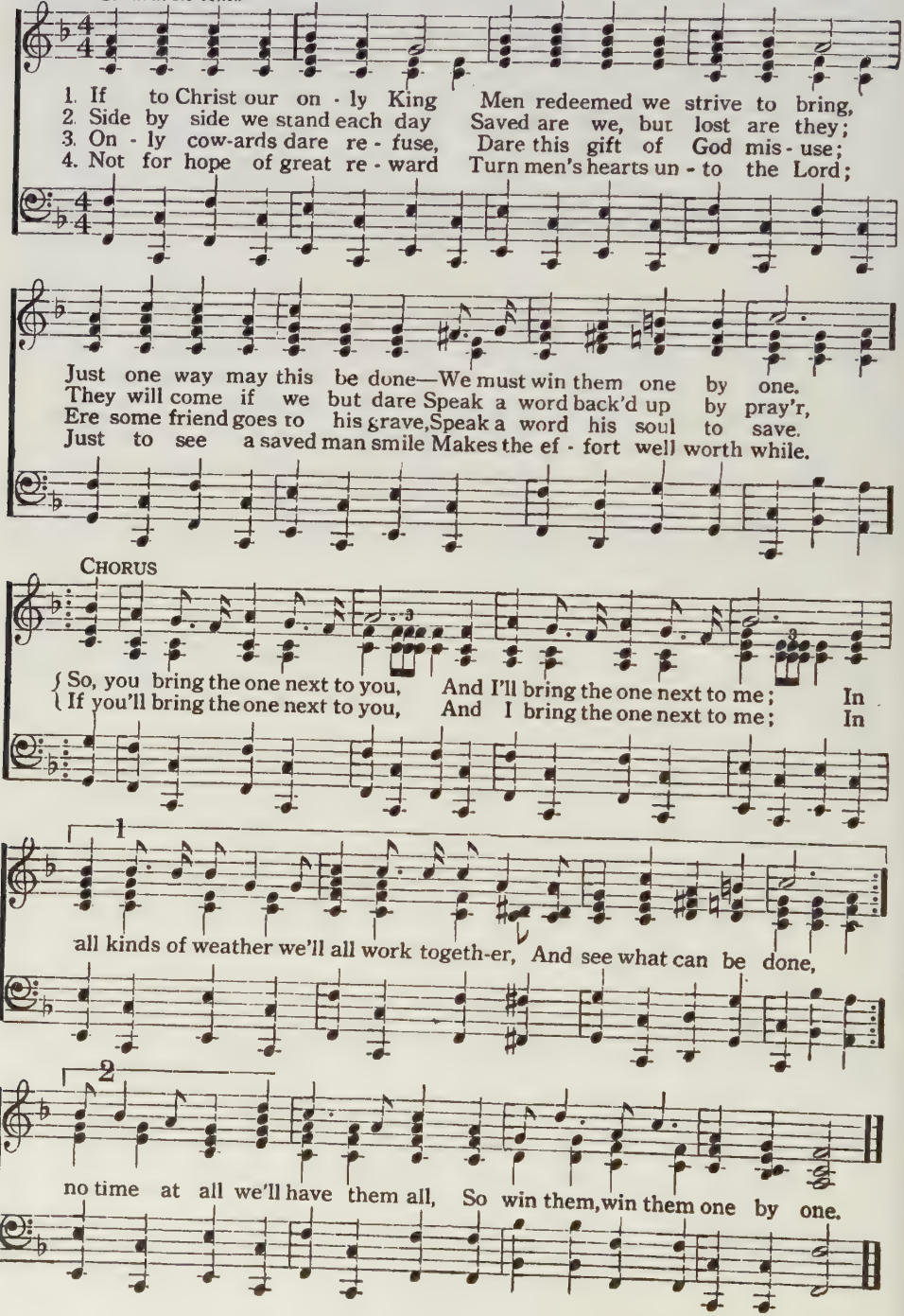
C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES

In march time


1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men redeemed we strive to bring,
2. Side by side we stand each day Saved are we, but lost are they;
3. On - ly cow-ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;
4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;
Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.
They will come if we but dare Speak a word back'd up by pray'r,
Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.
CHORUS
So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In
If you'll bring the one next to you, And I bring the one next to me; In
1
all kinds of weather we'll all work togeth-er, And see what can be done,
2
no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

43 CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN

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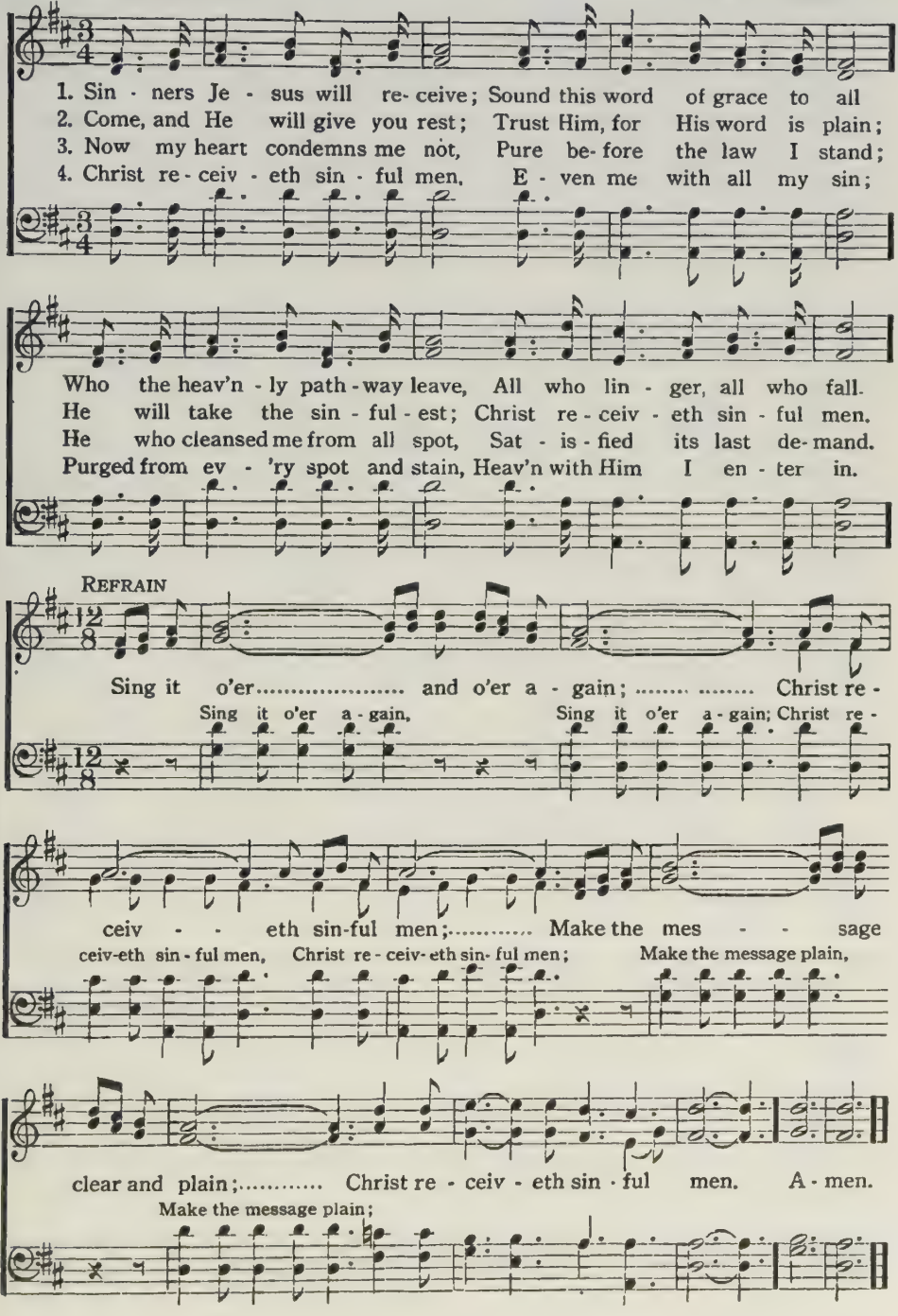
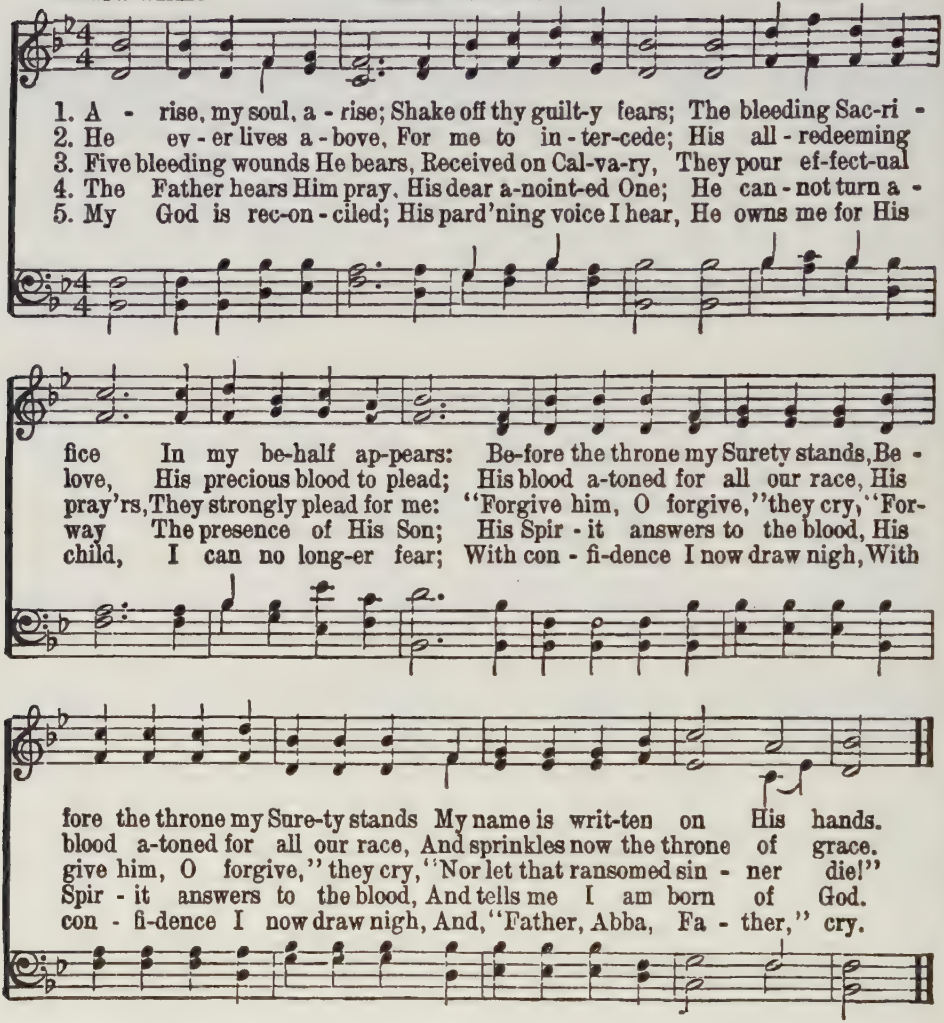
Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671 JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re- ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be- fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de- mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain; .... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re -
ceiv - - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv- eth sin- ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain;..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A - men.
Make the message plain;

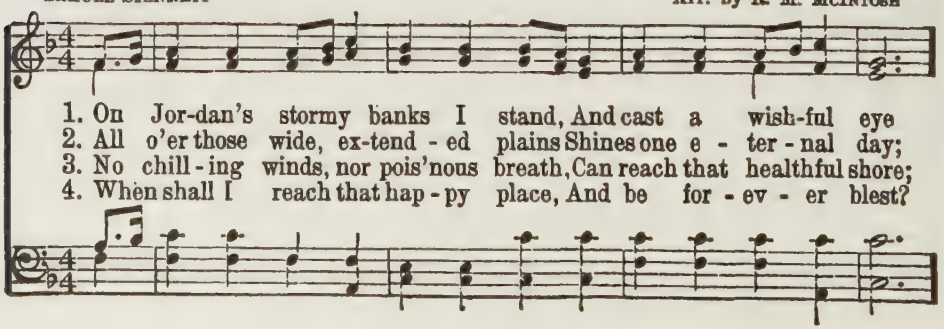
ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE

CHARLES WESLEY — LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8 — LEWIS EDSON

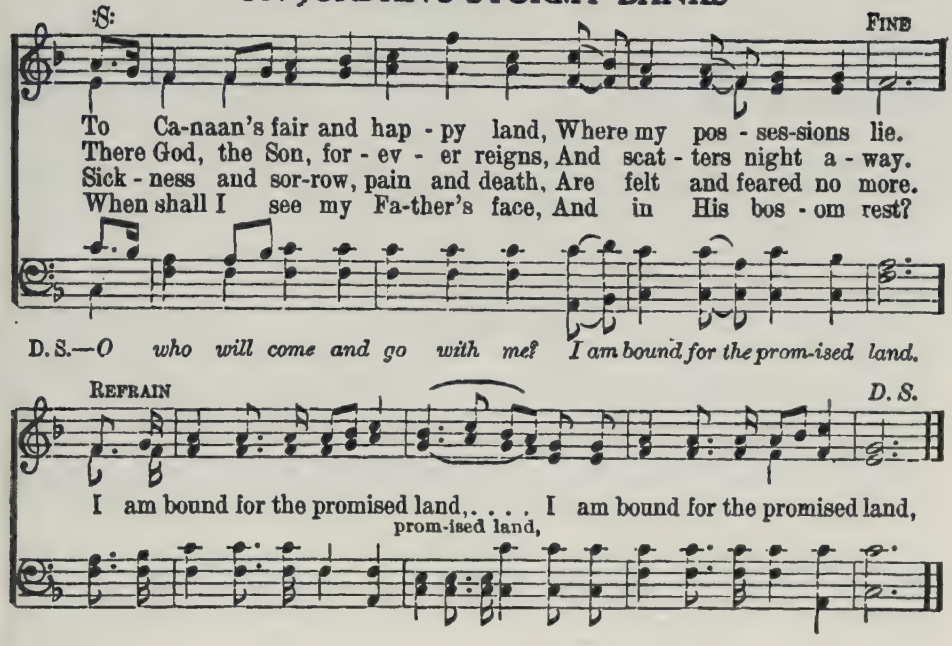

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac-ri -
fice In my be-half ap-pears: Be-fore the throne my Surety stands, Be -
fore the throne my Sure-ty stands My name is writ-ten on His hands.
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - redeeming
love, His precious blood to plead; His blood a-toned for all our race, His
blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal-va-ry, They pour ef-fect-ual
pray'rs, They strongly plead for me: "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "For-
give him, O forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"
4. The Father hears Him pray, His dear a-noint-ed One; He can - not turn a -
way The presence of His Son; His Spir - it answers to the blood, His
Spir - it answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
5. My God is rec-on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear, He owns me for His
child, I can no long-er fear; With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, With
con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Abba, Fa - ther," cry.

45 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

SAMUEL STENNETT — Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH

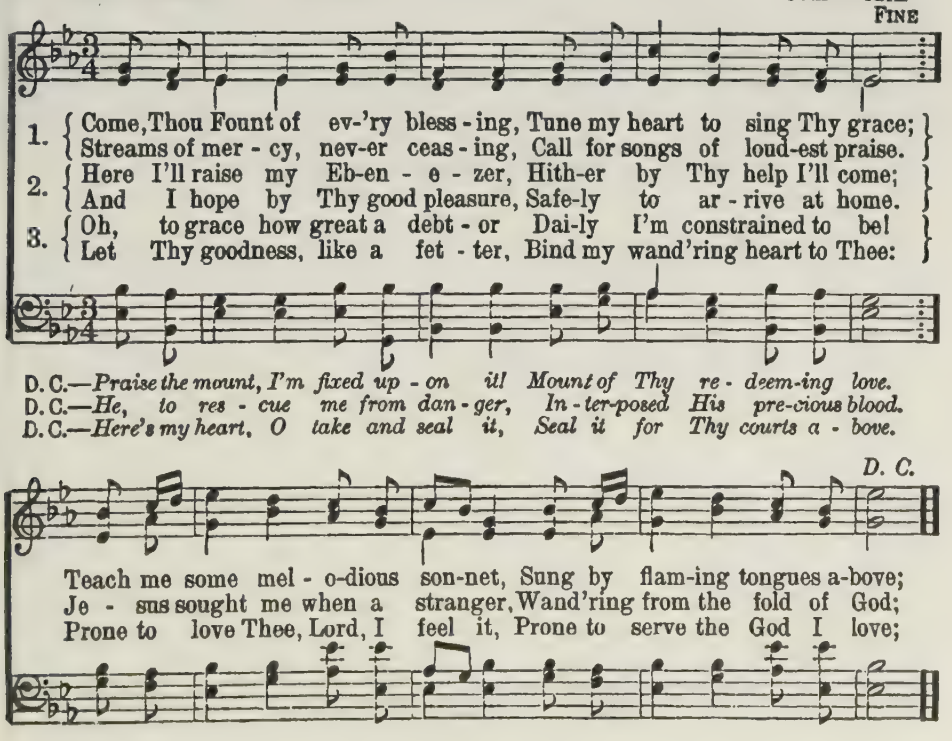

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex-tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS


S:
FINE
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.
REFRAIN
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land,. . . . I am bound for the promised land,
prom-ised land,

46 COME, THOU FOUNT

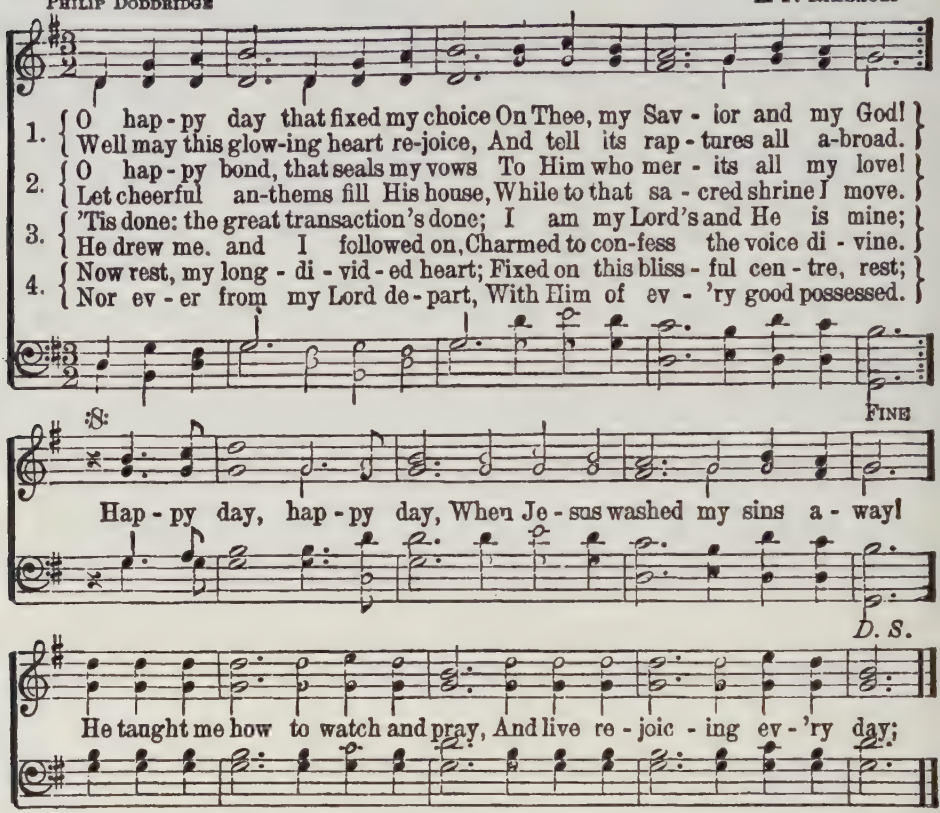
ROBERT ROBINSON — JOHN WYETH


FINE
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-en - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
D. C.—He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
D. C.—Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
D. C.
Teach me some mel - o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it, Prone to serve the God I love;

47

HAPPY DAY

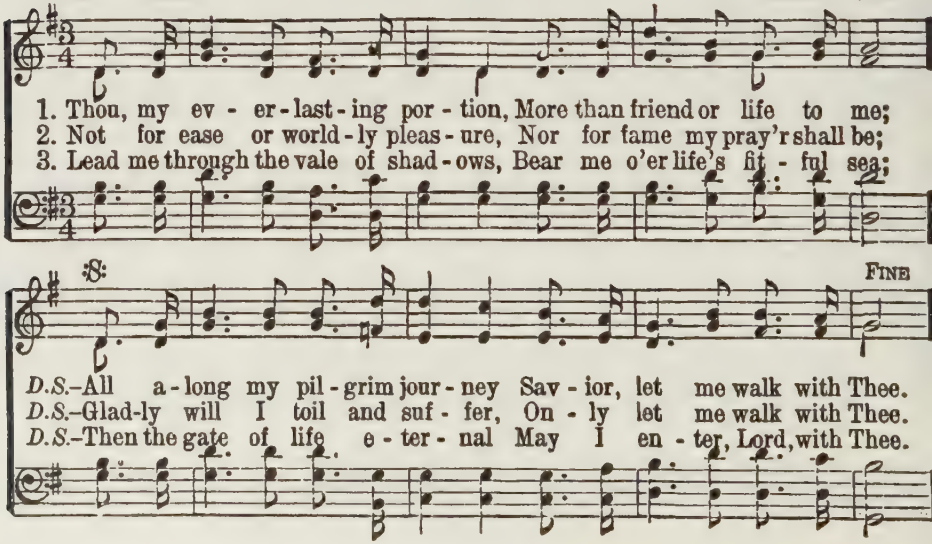
PHILIP DODDRIDGE — E. F. RIMBAULT


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done: the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me. and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine.
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
FINE
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

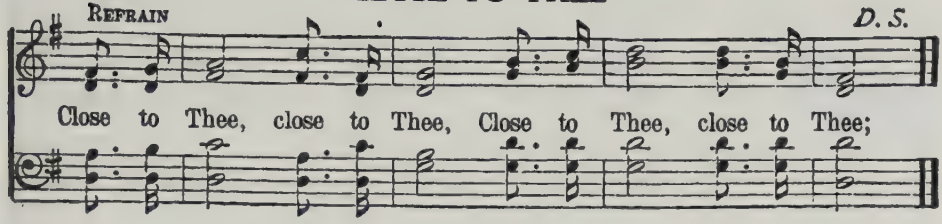
48

CLOSE TO THEE

FANNY J. CROSBY — SILAS J. VAIL


1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me through the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
FINE
D.S.–All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.–Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.–Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

CLOSE TO THEE



49 RESCUE THE PERISHING

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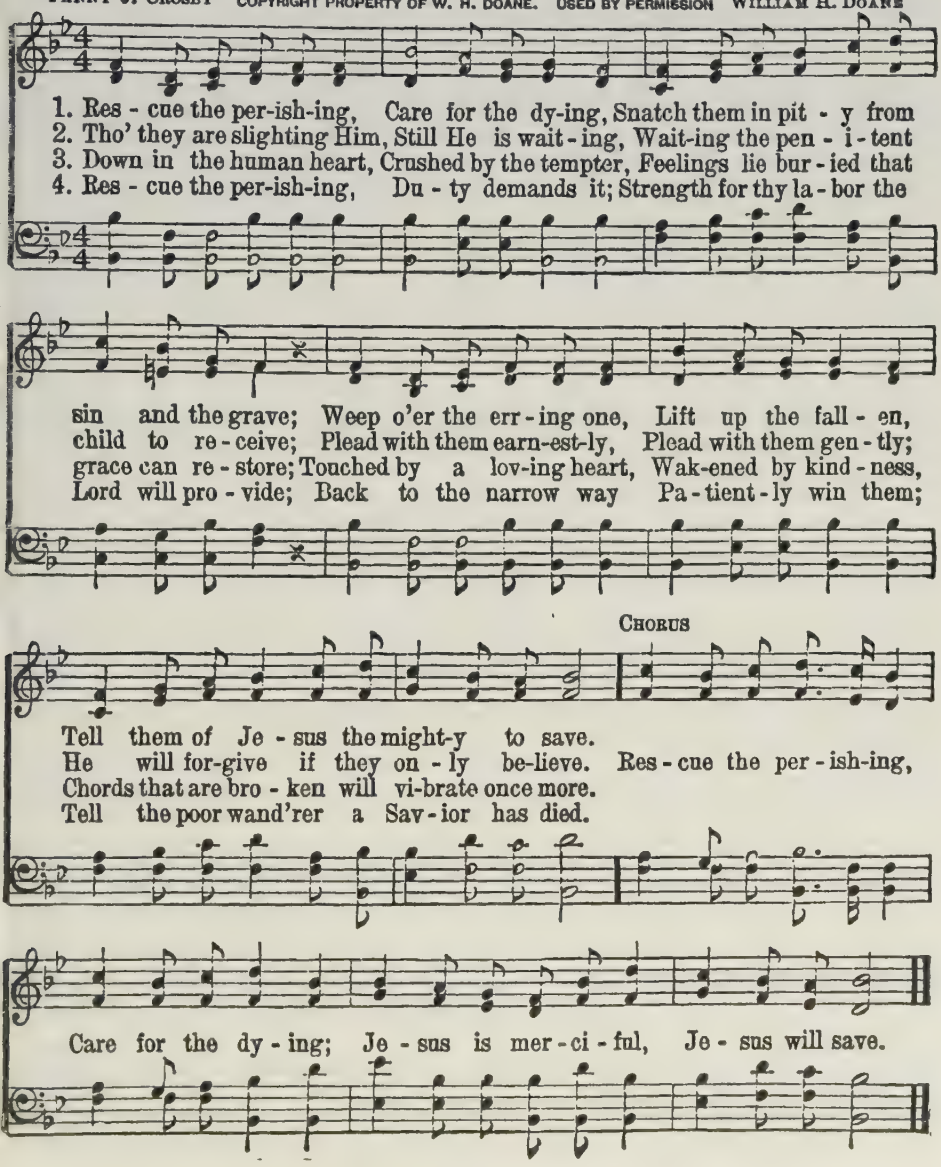
1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the narrow way Pa - tient - ly win them;
Chorus
Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

50 WHERE THE GATES SWING OUTWARD NEVER

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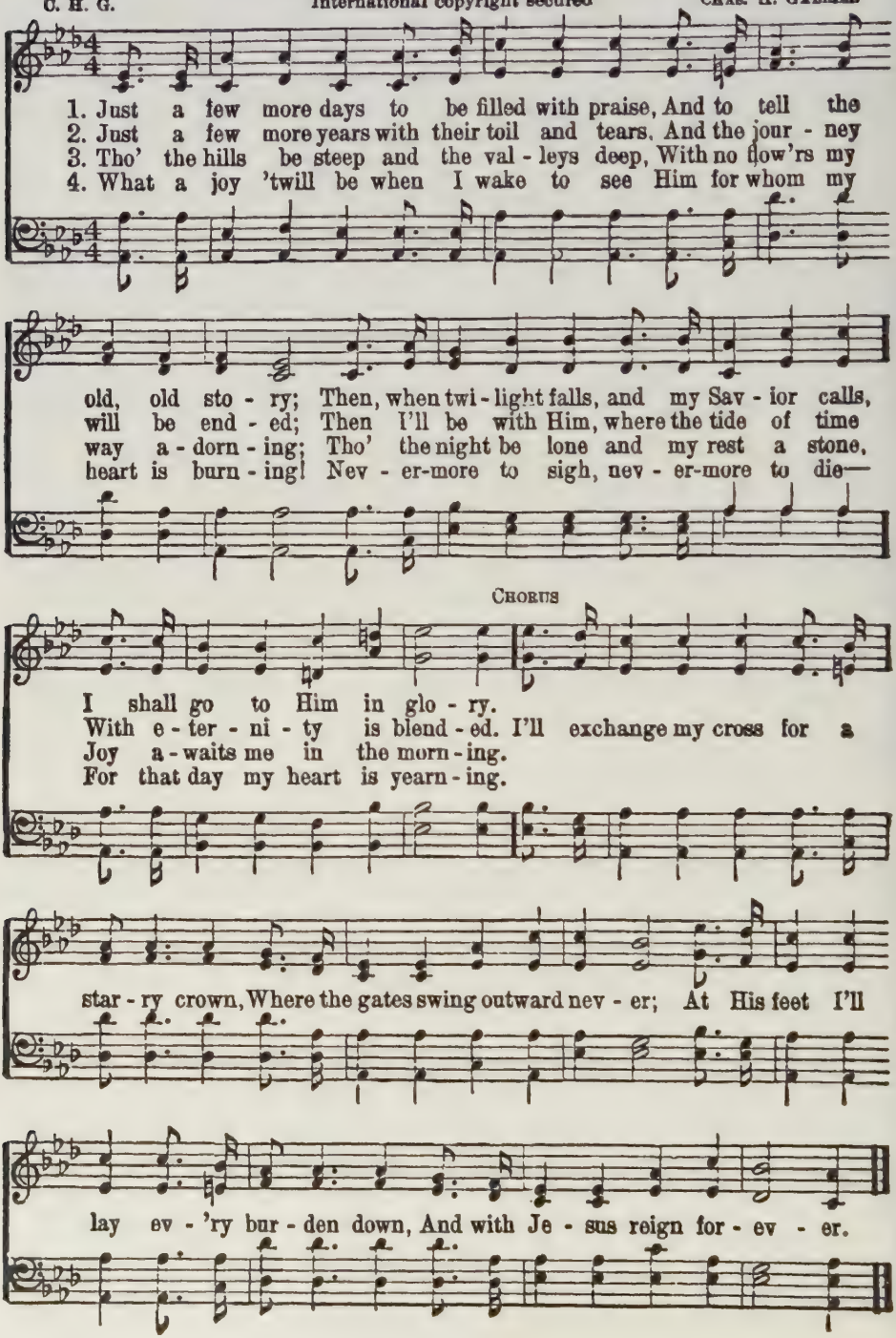
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my heart is burn - ing! Nev - er-more to sigh, nev - er-more to die—
CHORUS
I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll exchange my cross for a
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.
star - ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev - er; At His feet I'll
lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

LIVING FOR JESUS

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T. O. Chisholm

C. Harold Lowden

Not fast

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striving to please Him in all that I do,
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bearing on Calv'ry my sin and disgrace,
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His Ho-ly Name,
4. Living for Jesus thro' earth's little while, My dearest treasure, the light of His smile,

Yielding allegiance, glad-hearted and free, This is the pathway of blessing for me.
Such love constrains me to answer His call, Follow His leading and give Him my all.
Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss, Deeming each trial a part of my cross.
Seek-ing the lost ones He died to redeem, Bringing the weary to find rest in Him.

* Chorus. Unison. *A little slower.*

O Je-sus, Lord and Savior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy a-

tonement, Didst give Thyself for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My

rit......

heart shall be Thy throne, My life I give, henceforth to live. O Christ, for Thee alone.

*Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

52 WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

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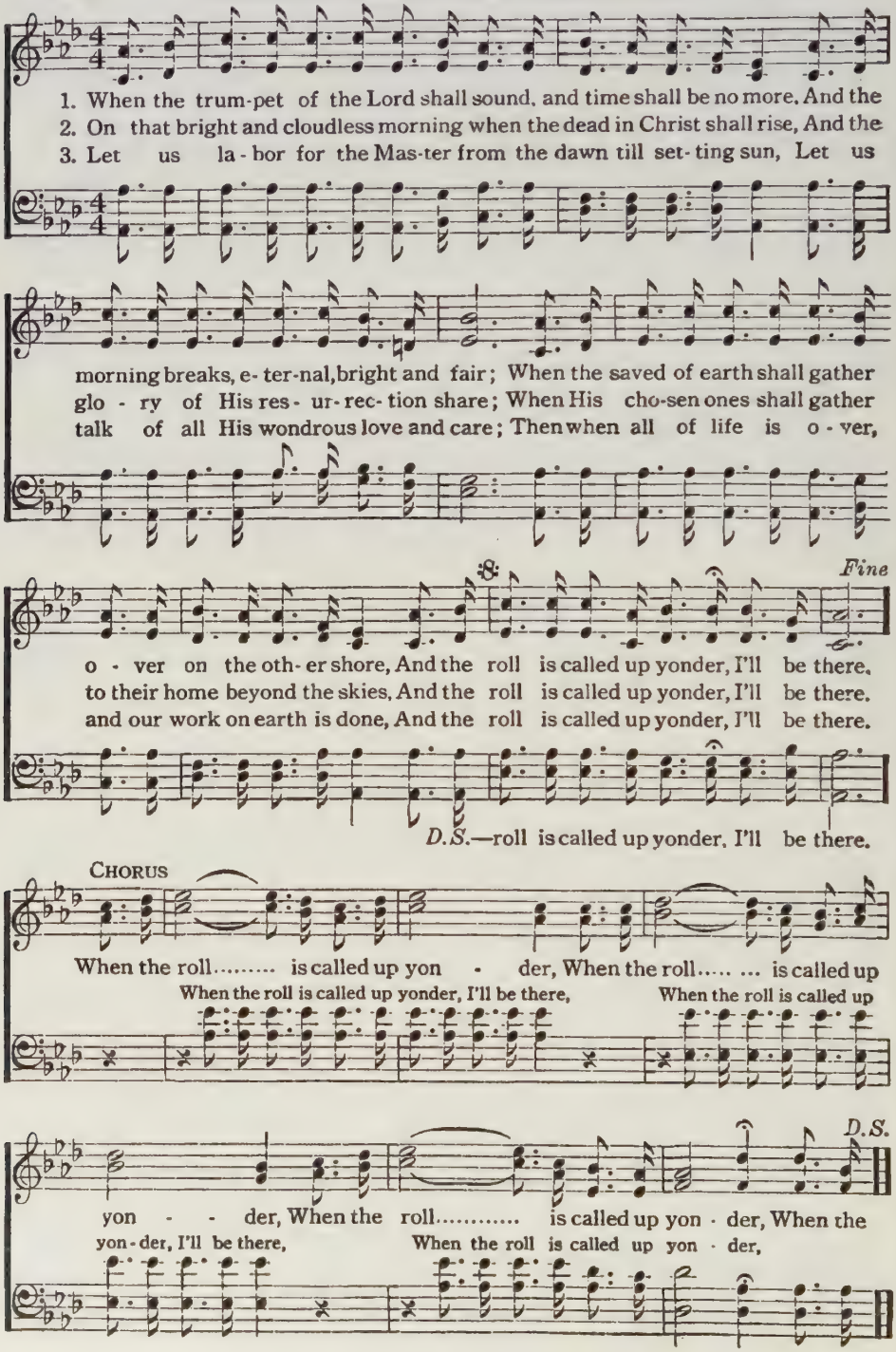
1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o-ver,
Fine
o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
D.S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
CHORUS
When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the roll..... ... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up
D.S.
yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up yon - der,

53 THE CHURCH BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Rev. W. C. Poole — B. D. Ackley

1. Thro' the mist of years I can seem to see The church of my childhood
2. And the old, old songs that we used to sing, I'm sing-ing them o'er and
3. At the place of pray'r, in that lit - tle church, I knelt at my mother's
4. There's a hal-lowed spot 'neath the old pine tree, Where mother was laid to

days; And it's mem-'ries sweet, so with joy re - plete, Shall live in my
o'er; They give strength and cheer, when the clouds draw near, And lead to the
side, There the Lord I found, it is ho - ly ground, The One who for
rest; What a joy 'twill be her dear face to see, With Him that I

CHORUS. (*First four measures old melody.*)

heart al - way.
oth - er shore. Then on mem - o - ry's page I can see a - gain, The
sin - ners died.
love the best.

church by the side of the road; And wher-ev - er I

roam, it is guid-ing me home, The church by the side of the road.

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WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

ISAAC WATTS

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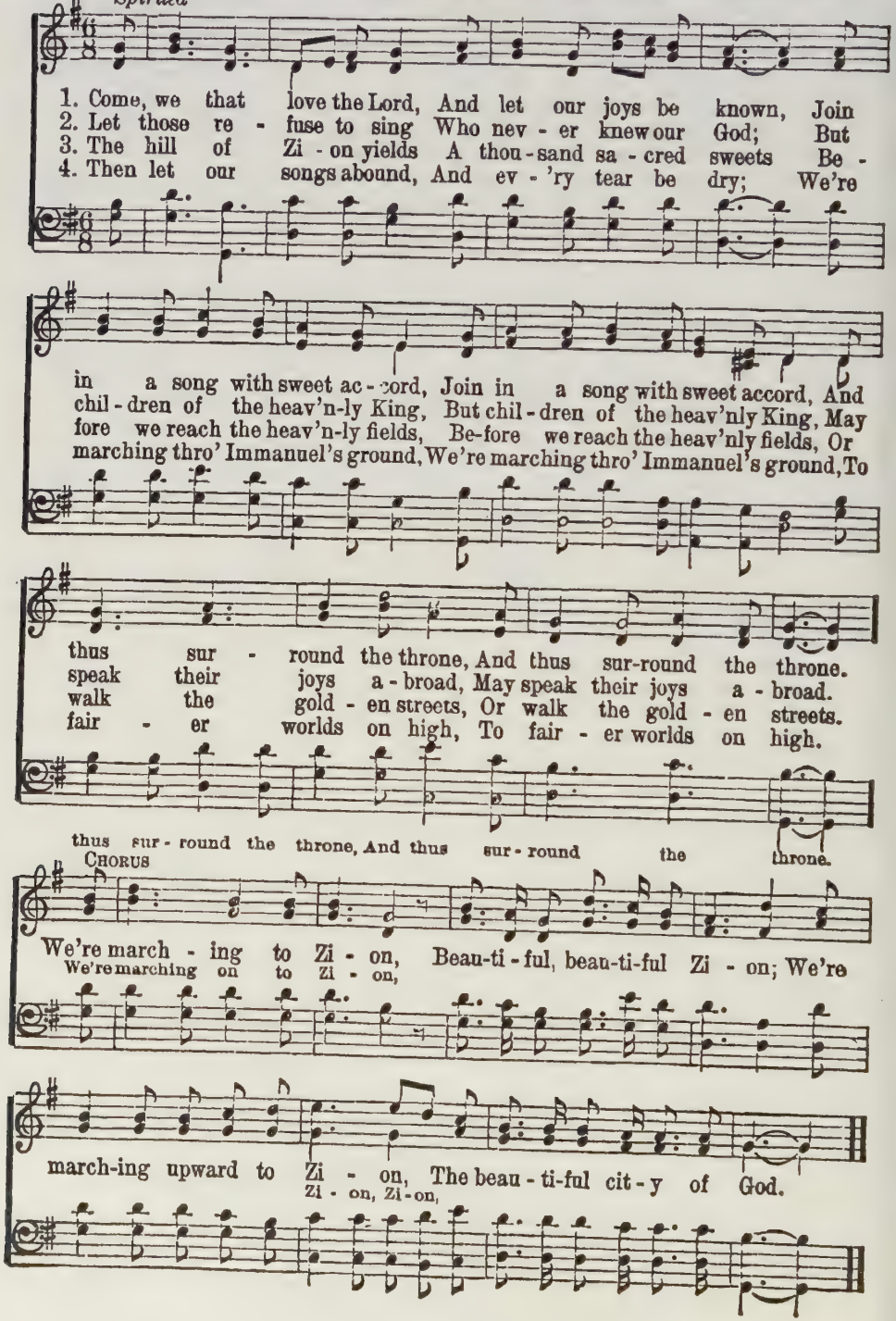
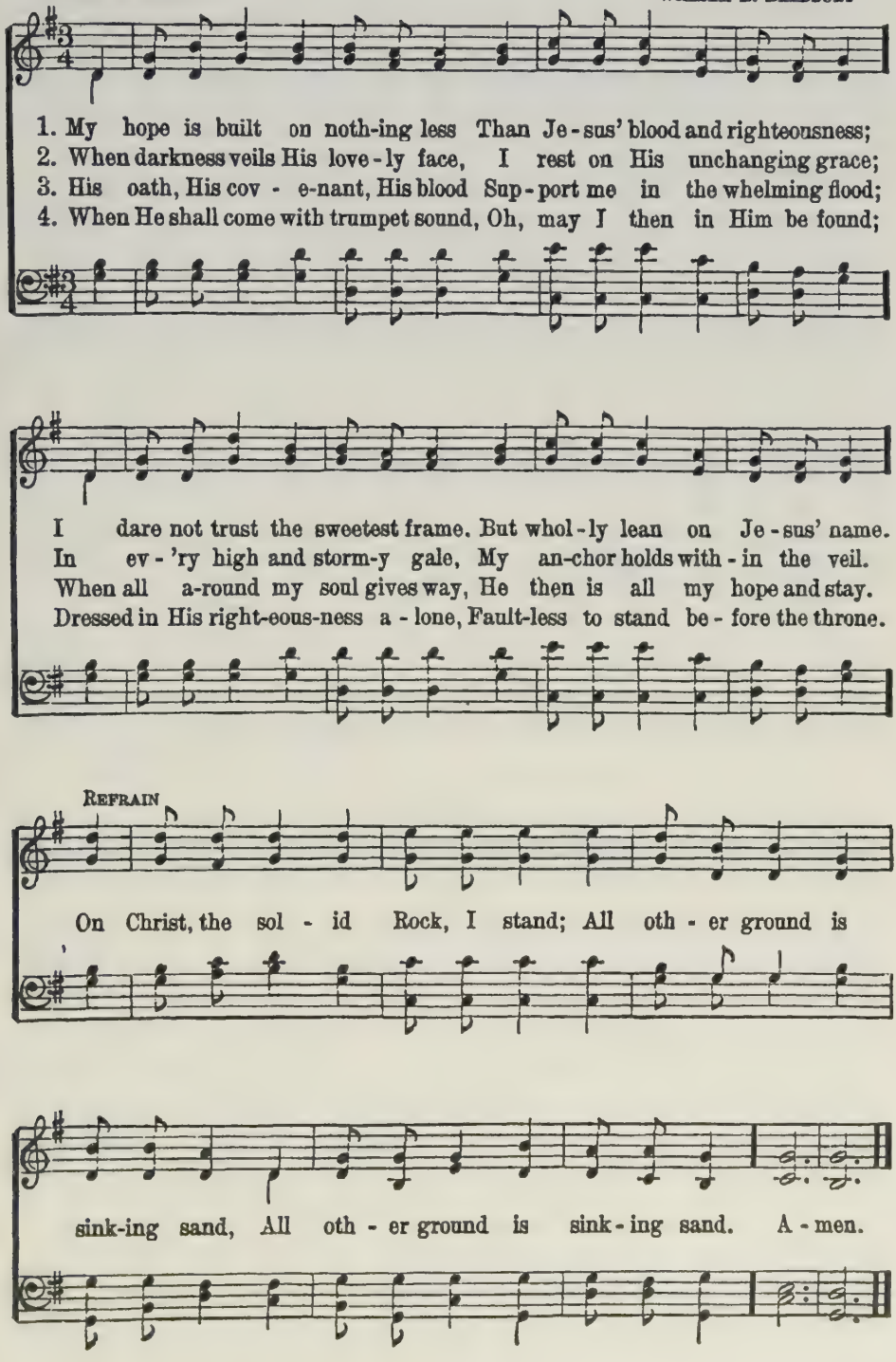
Spirited

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
march-ing upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti-ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

MY HOPE IS BUILT

EDWARD MOTE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, His blood Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
REFRAIN
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand. A-men.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis)

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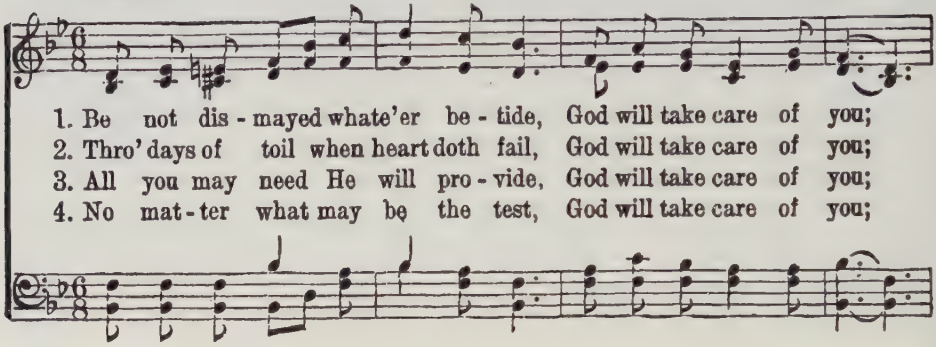
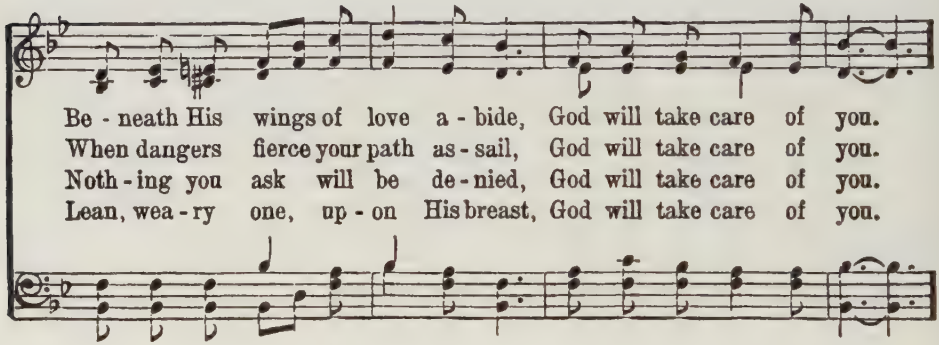
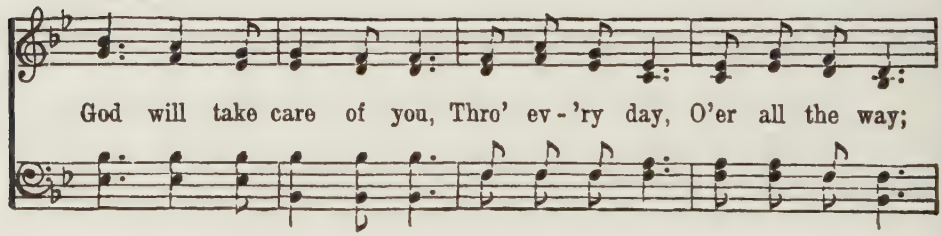
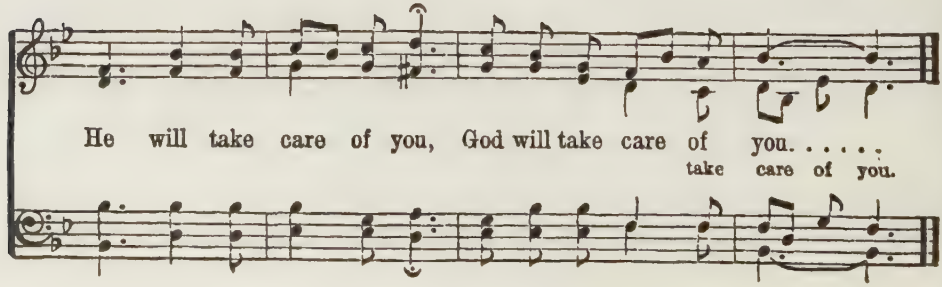
C. D. MARTIN W. S. MARTIN


1. Be not dis - mayed whate'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

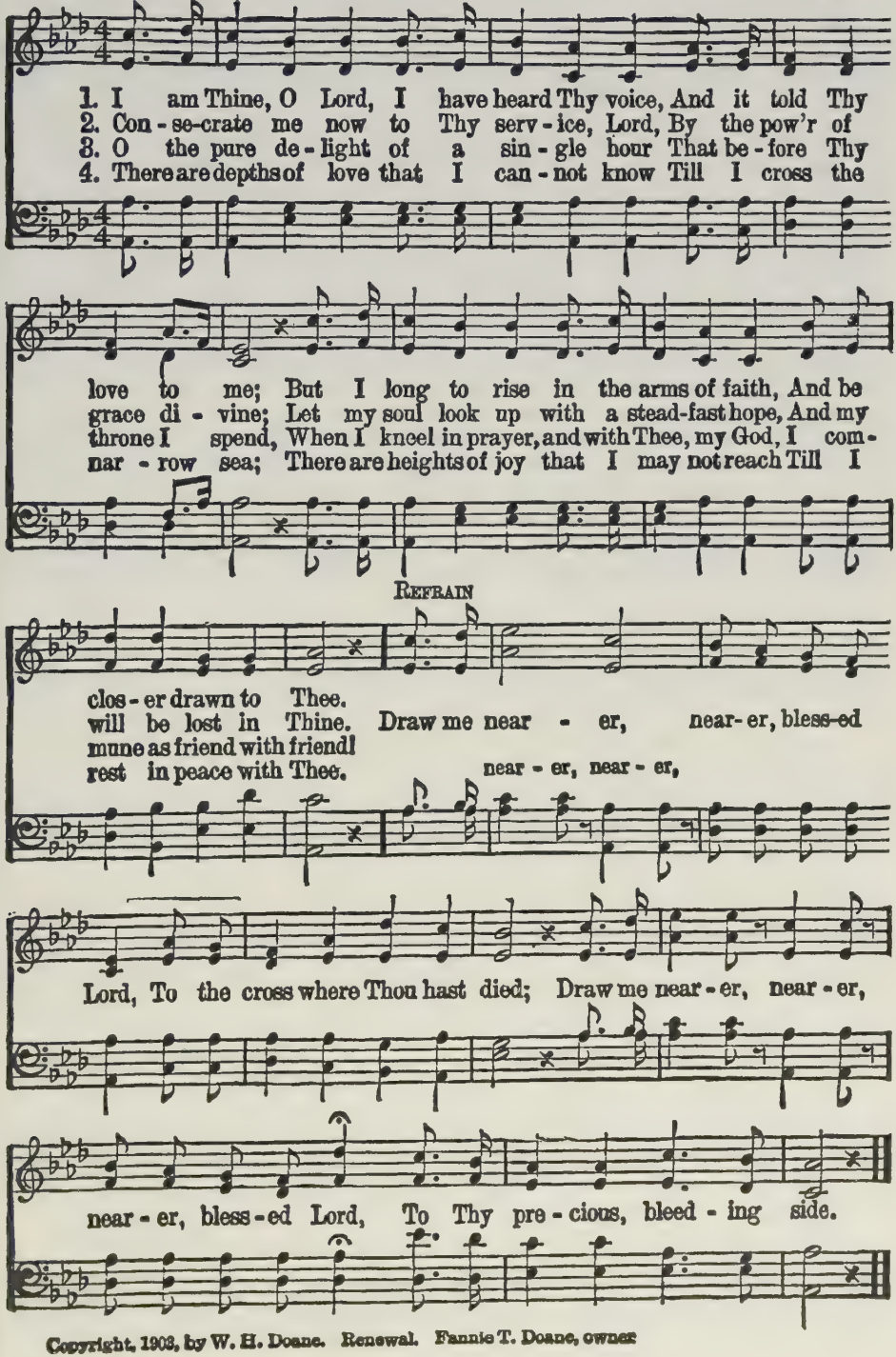
CHORUS





I AM THINE, O LORD

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN
clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near - er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

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58 MOTHER'S PRAYERS HAVE FOLLOWED ME

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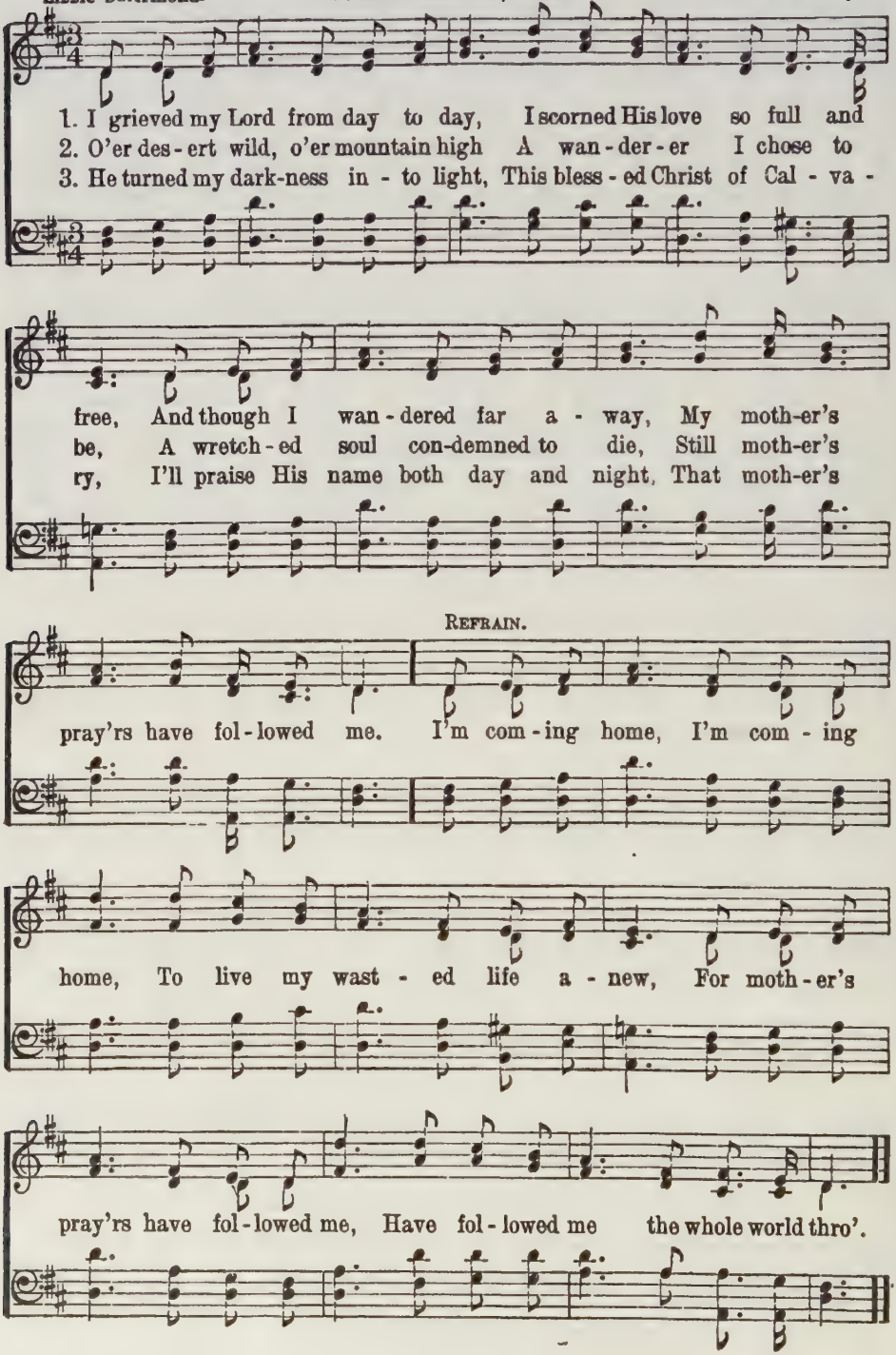
Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley


1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der-er I chose to
3. He turned my dark-ness in-to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal-va-
free, And though I wan-dered far a-way, My moth-er's
be, A wretch-ed soul con-demned to die, Still moth-er's
ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth-er's
REFRAIN.
pray'rs have fol-lowed me. I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing
home, To live my wast-ed life a-new, For moth-er's
pray'rs have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

HE KNOWS THE WAY

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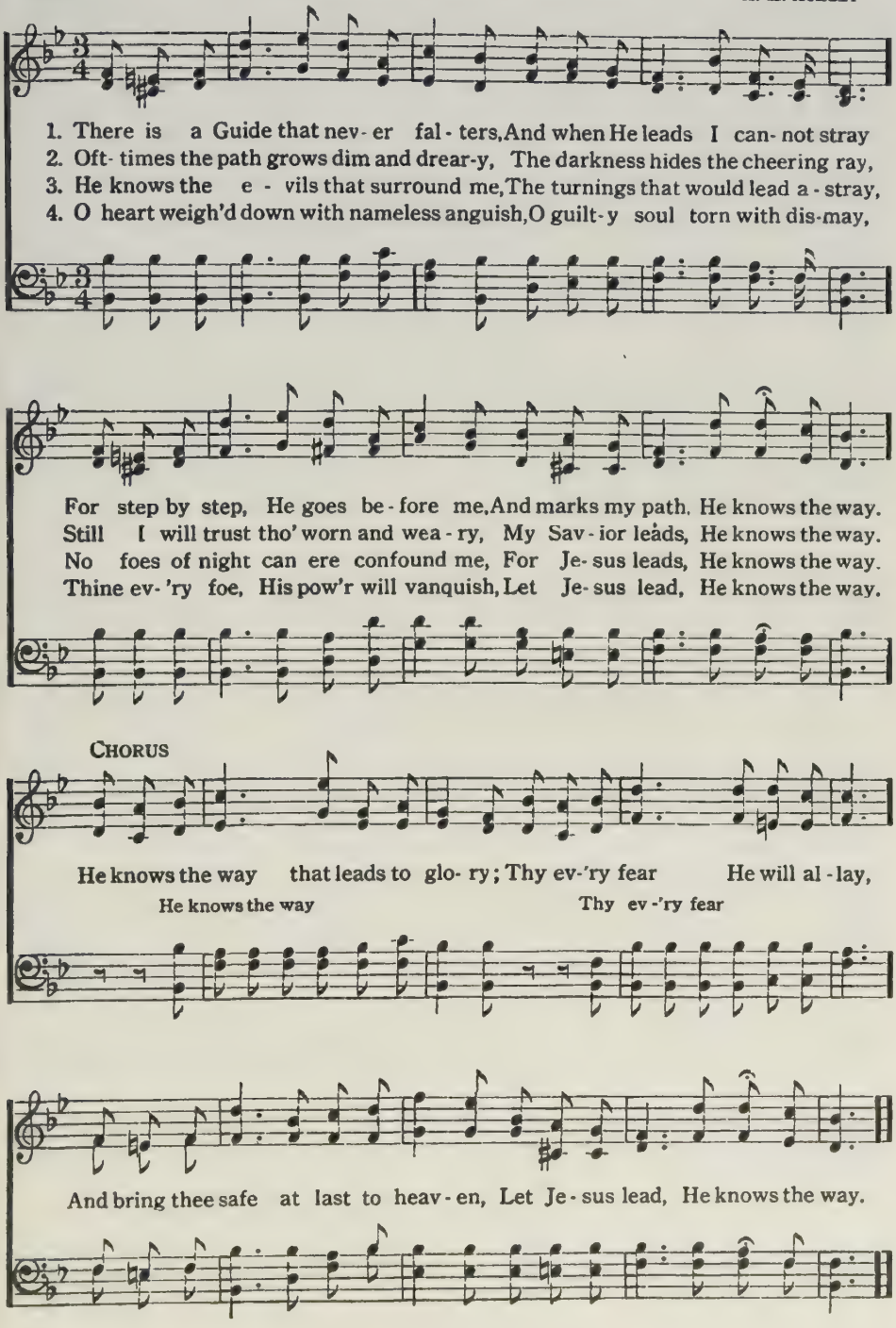
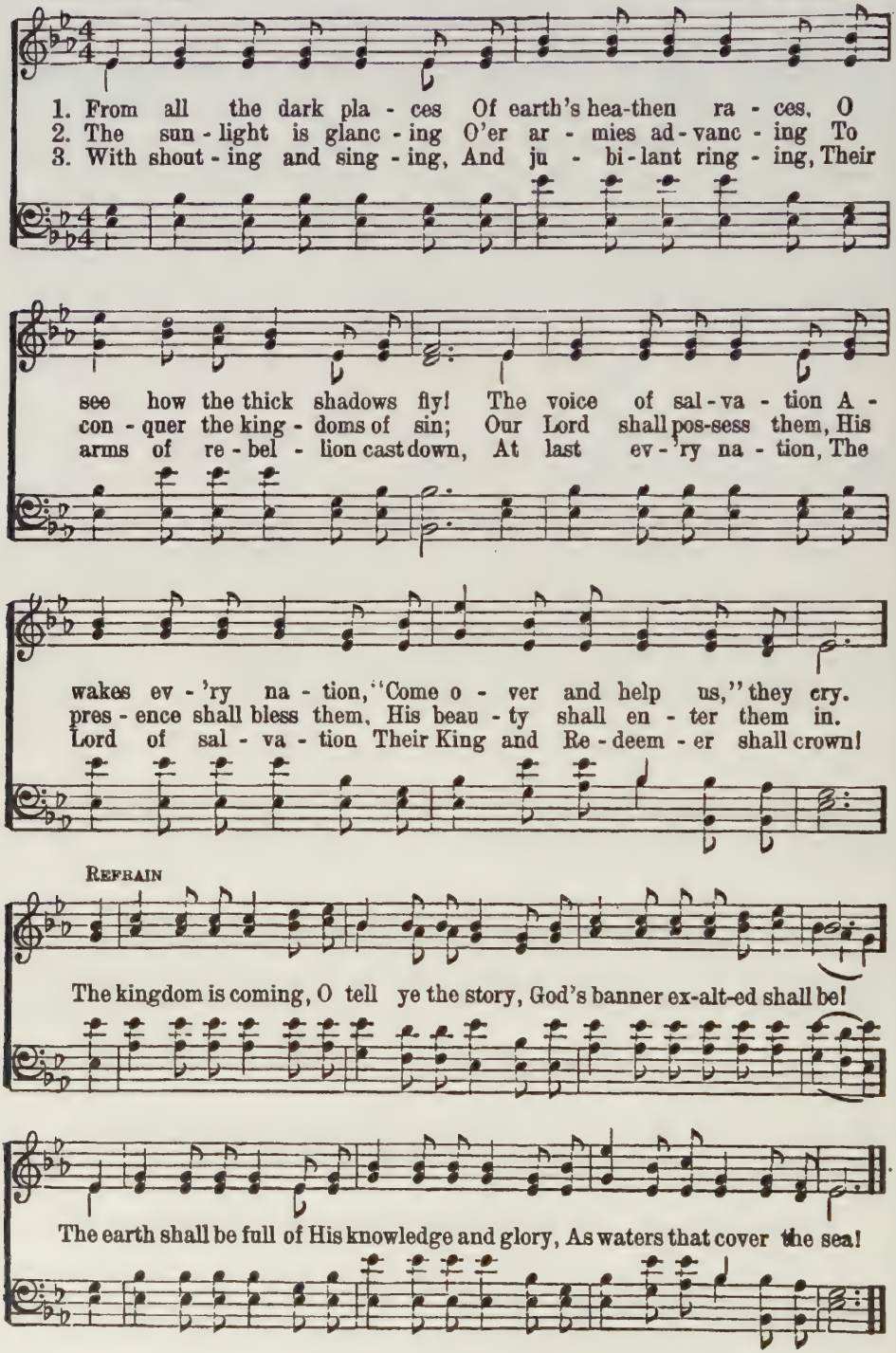
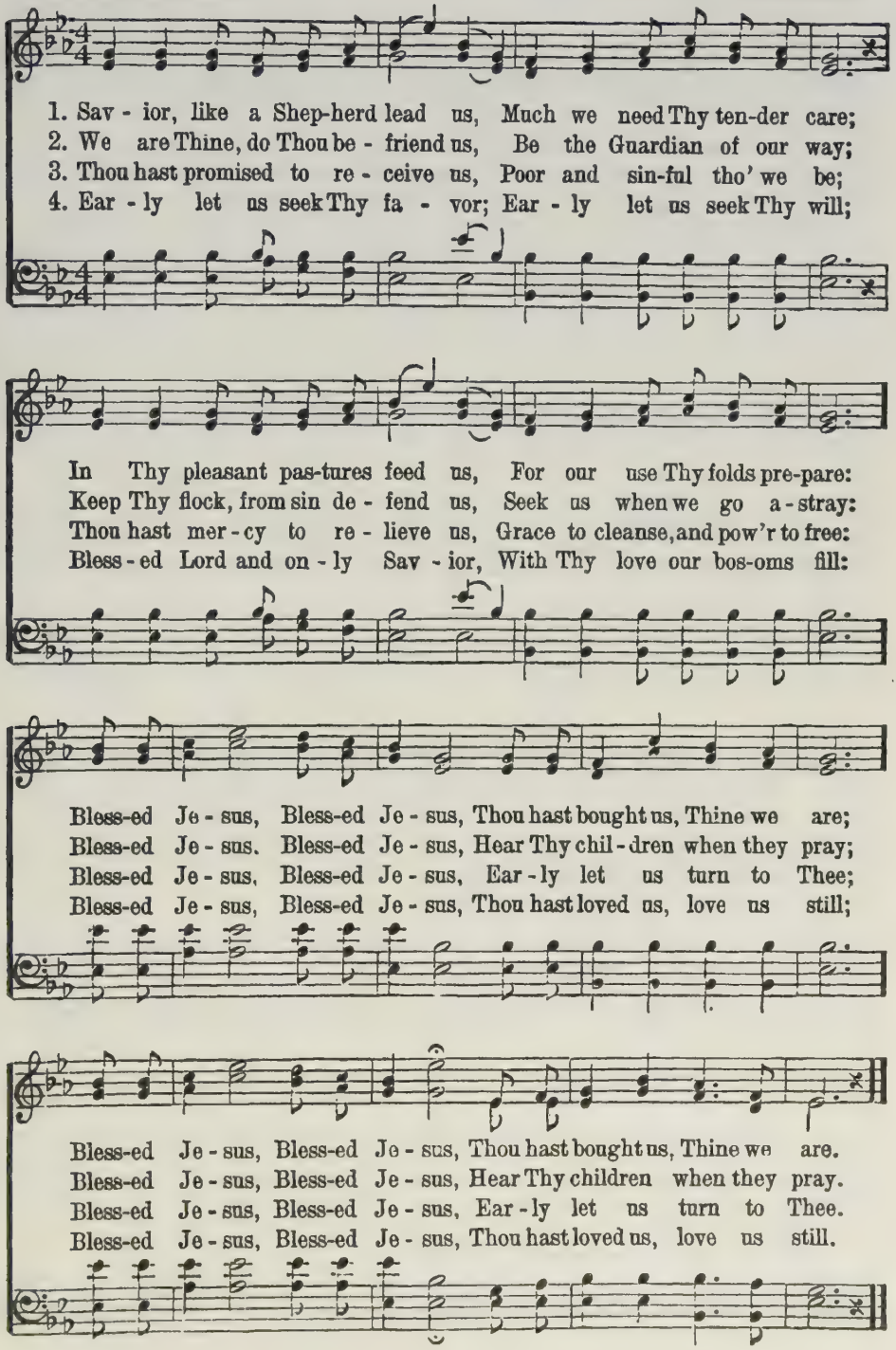
A. H. A. — A. H. ACKLEY


1. There is a Guide that nev- er fal - ters, And when He leads I can- not stray
2. Oft- times the path grows dim and drear-y, The darkness hides the cheering ray,
3. He knows the e - vils that surround me, The turnings that would lead a - stray,
4. O heart weigh'd down with nameless anguish, O guilt- y soul torn with dis-may,
For step by step, He goes be - fore me, And marks my path, He knows the way.
Still I will trust tho' worn and wea - ry, My Sav - ior leads, He knows the way.
No foes of night can ere confound me, For Je- sus leads, He knows the way.
Thine ev- 'ry foe, His pow'r will vanquish, Let Je- sus lead, He knows the way.
CHORUS
He knows the way that leads to glo- ry; Thy ev-'ry fear He will al - lay,
He knows the way
Thy ev -'ry fear
And bring thee safe at last to heav - en, Let Je - sus lead, He knows the way.

THE KINGDOM IS COMING

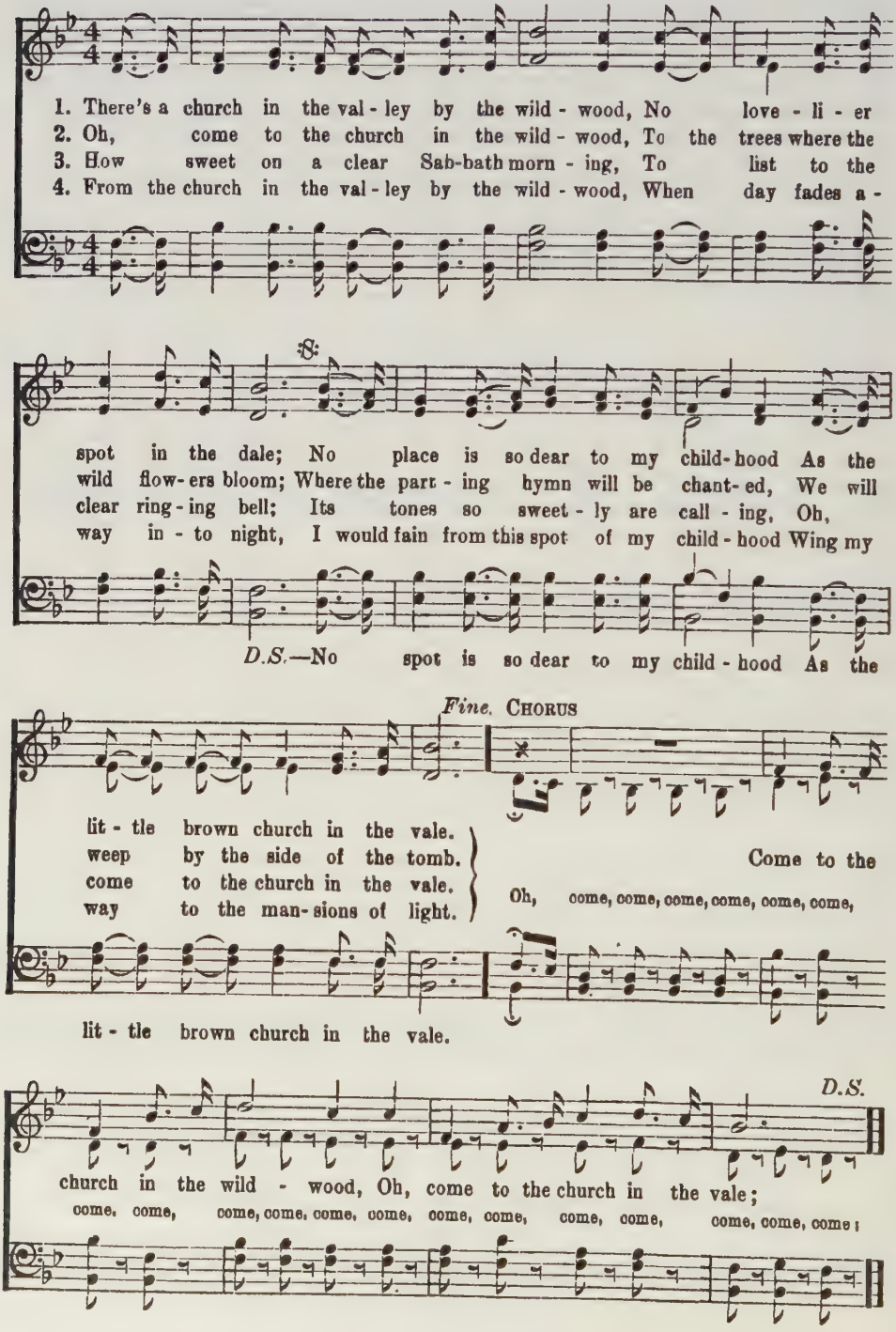
MARY B. C. SLADE — ROBERT M. McINTOSH

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, O
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing To
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their
see how the thick shadows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
con - quer the king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His
arms of re - bel - lion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The
wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, "Come o - ver and help us," they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!
REFRAIN
The kingdom is coming, O tell ye the story, God's banner ex-alt-ed shall be!
The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glory, As waters that cover the sea!

61 SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sav - ior, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us seek Thy will;
In Thy pleasant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray:
Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil - dren when they pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy children when they pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

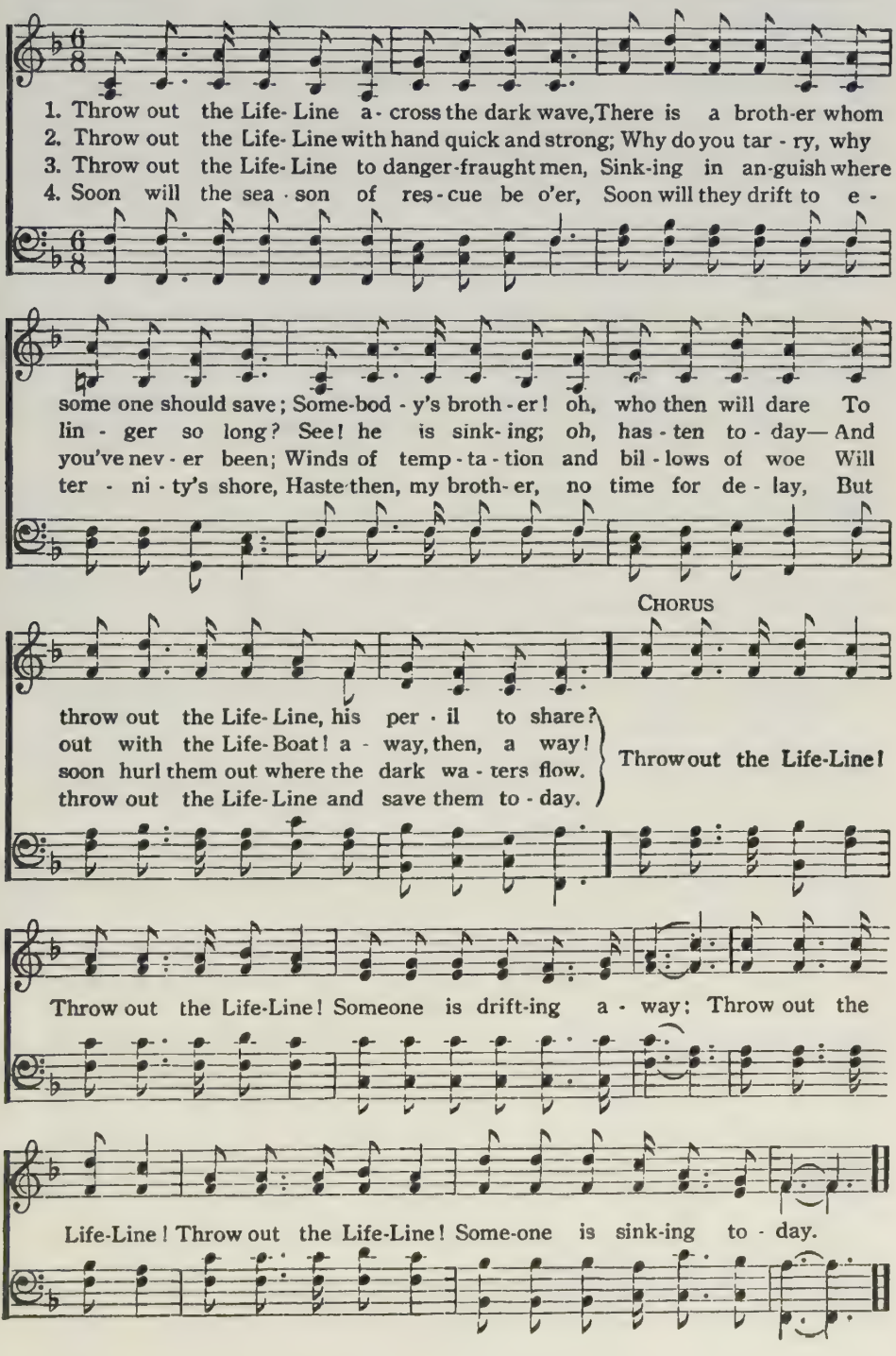
W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild - wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, When day fades a -
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part - ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
way in - to night, I would fain from this spot of my child - hood Wing my
D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
Fine. Chorus
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
D.S.
church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE

E. S. UFFORD

E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day— And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But
CHORUS
throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is sink-ing to-day.

MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY TODAY

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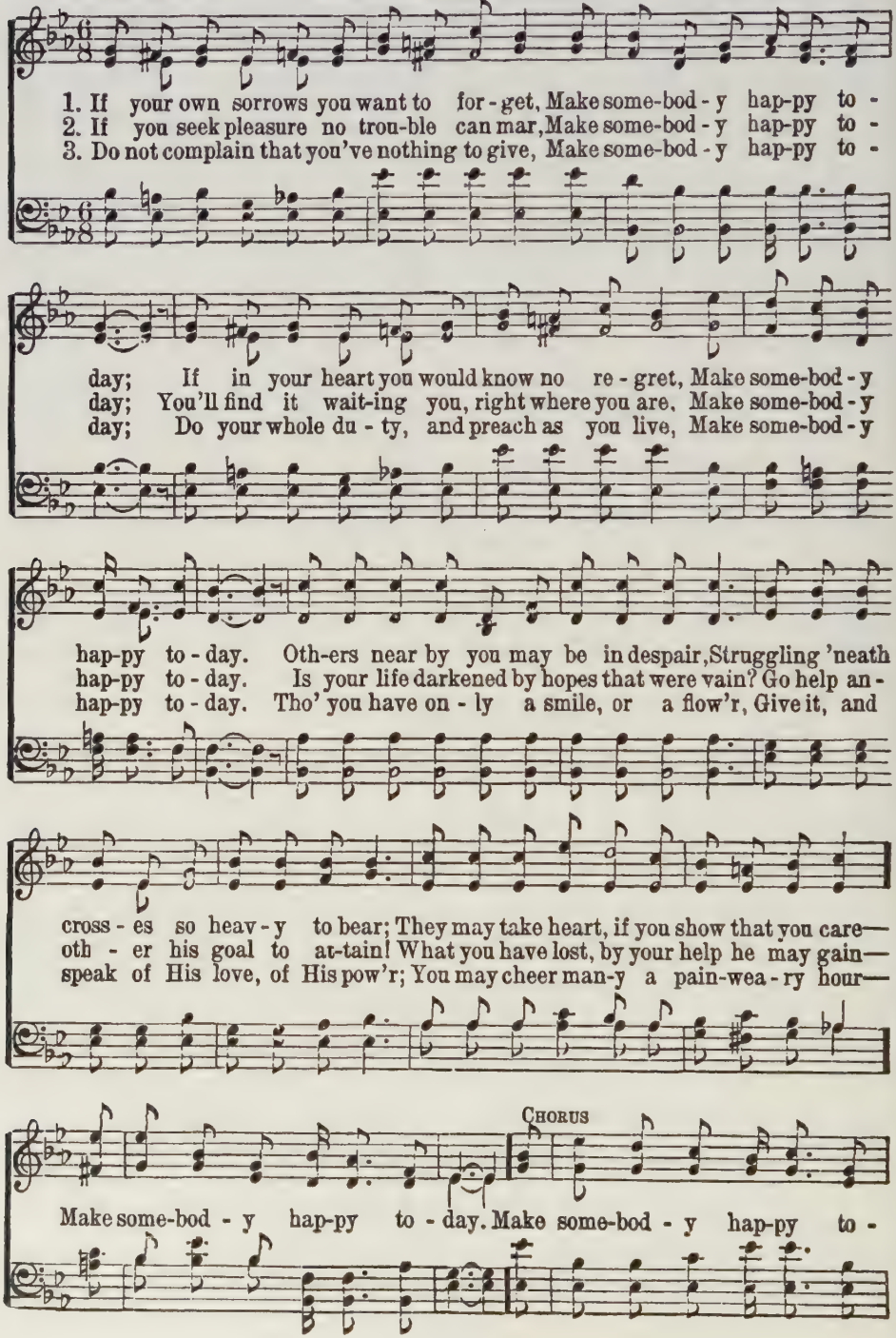
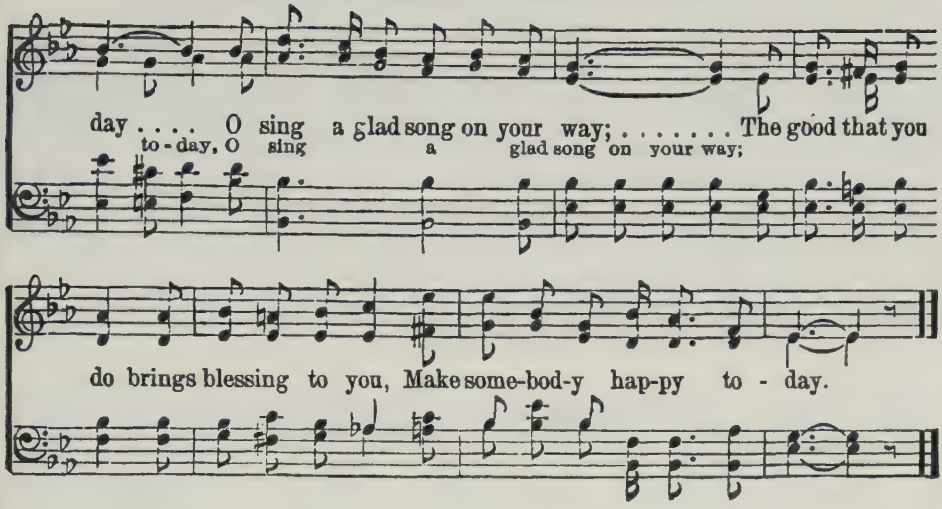
CALIA ALTSTAETTER CHAS. H. GABRIEL

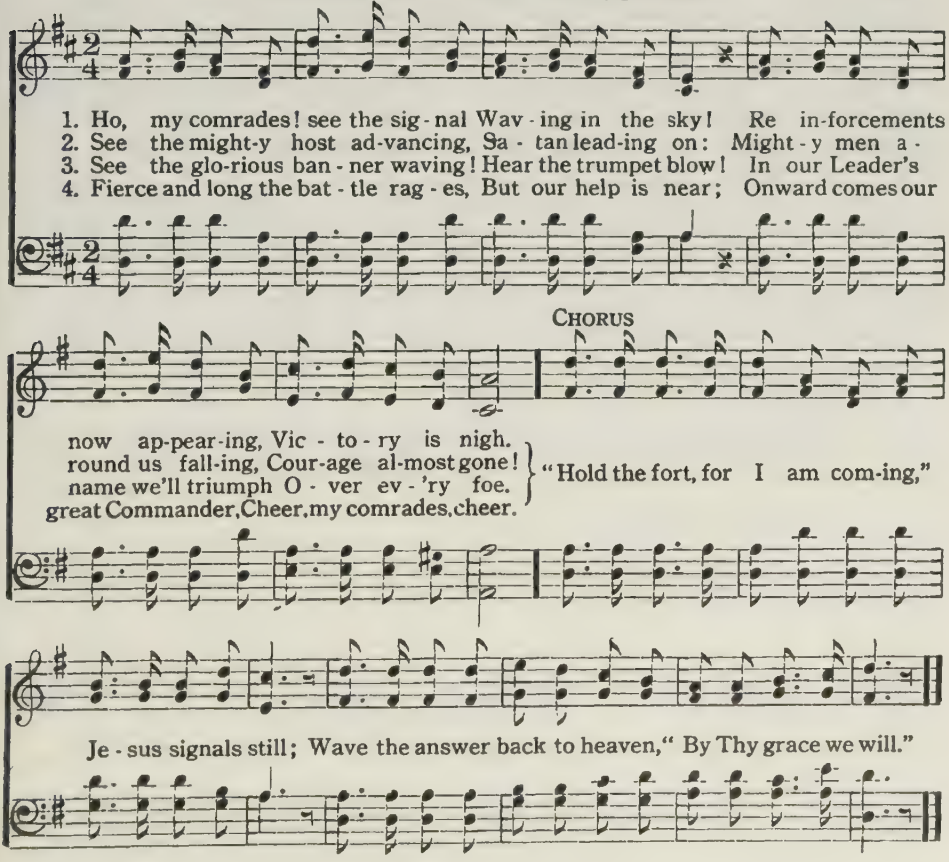

1. If your own sorrows you want to for - get, Make some-bod - y hap-py to -
2. If you seek pleasure no trou-ble can mar, Make some-bod - y hap-py to -
3. Do not complain that you've nothing to give, Make some-bod - y hap-py to -
day; If in your heart you would know no re - gret, Make some-bod - y
day; You'll find it wait-ing you, right where you are, Make some-bod - y
day; Do your whole du - ty, and preach as you live, Make some-bod - y
hap-py to - day. Oth-ers near by you may be in despair, Struggling 'neath
hap-py to - day. Is your life darkened by hopes that were vain? Go help an -
hap-py to - day. Tho' you have on - ly a smile, or a flow'r, Give it, and
cross - es so heav - y to bear; They may take heart, if you show that you care—
oth - er his goal to at-tain! What you have lost, by your help he may gain—
speak of His love, of His pow'r; You may cheer man-y a pain-wea - ry hour—
CHORUS
Make some-bod - y hap-py to - day. Make some-bod - y hap-py to -

MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY TODAY


day . . . . O sing a glad song on your way; . . . . . The good that you
to-day, O sing a glad song on your way;
do brings blessing to you, Make some-bod-y hap-py to - day.

65 HOLD THE FORT

P. P. B. The John Church Co., owners. Used by permission P. P. Bliss


1. Ho, my comrades! see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky! Re in-forcements
2. See the might-y host ad-vancing, Sa - tan lead-ing on: Might - y men a -
3. See the glo-rious ban - ner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Leader's
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our help is near; Onward comes our
CHORUS
now ap-pear-ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone!
name we'll triumph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.
"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing,"
Je - sus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven," By Thy grace we will."

IF YOUR HEART KEEPS RIGHT

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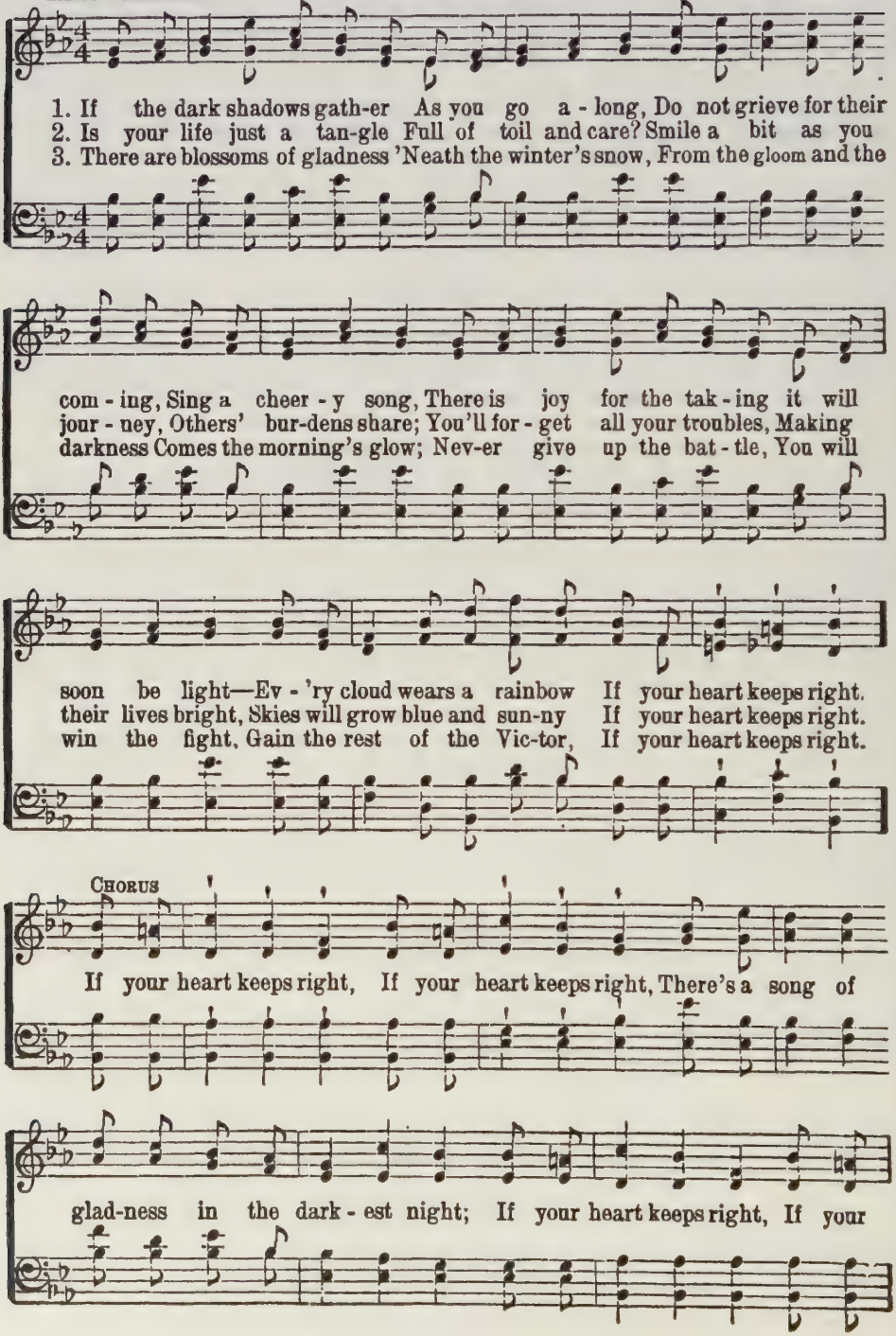
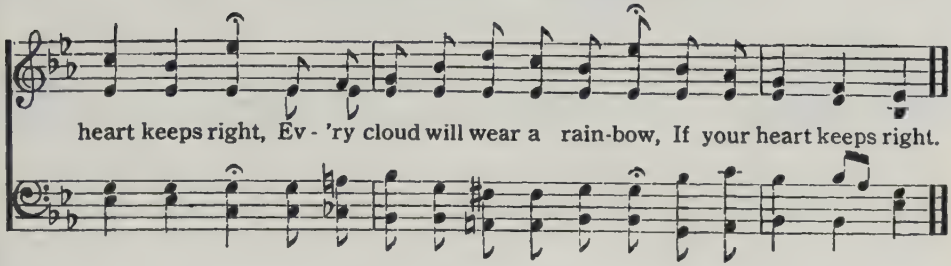
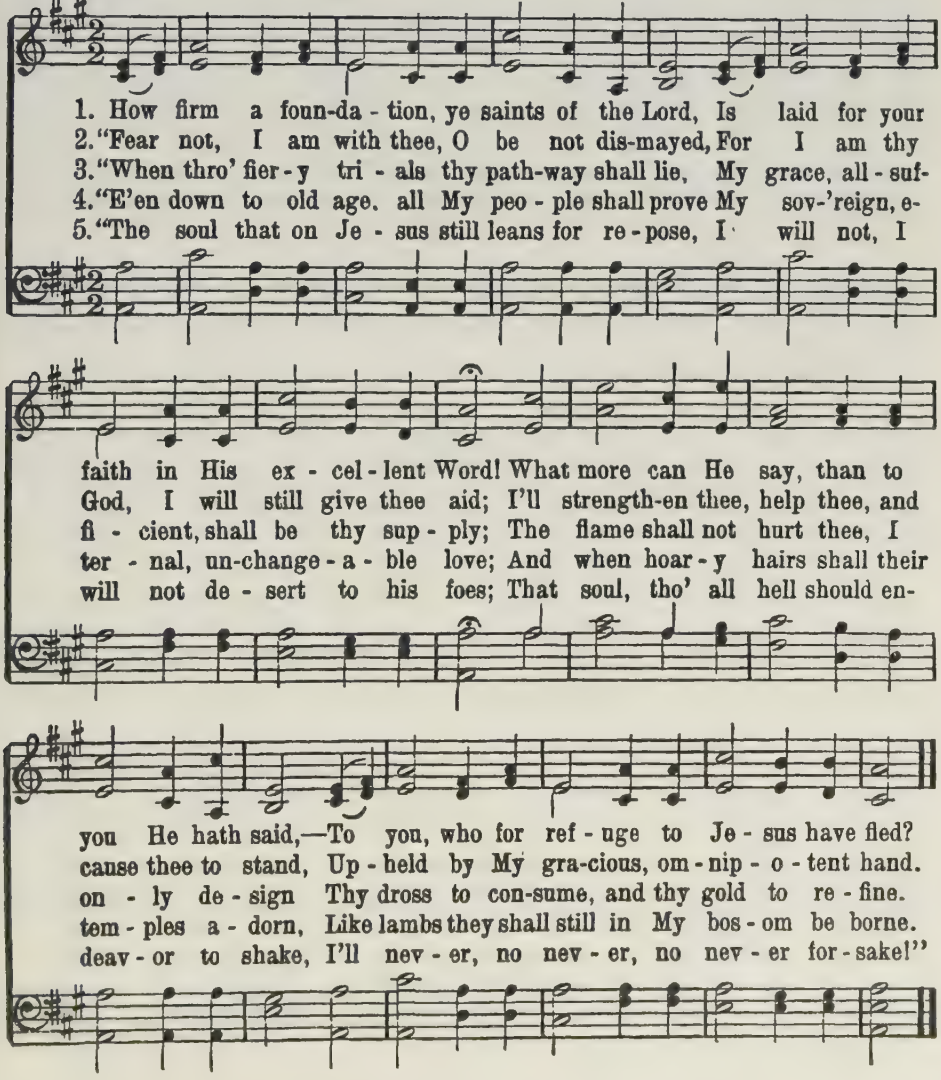
Lizzie DeArmond — B. D. Ackley

1. If the dark shadows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their com - ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak - ing it will soon be light—Ev - 'ry cloud wears a rainbow If your heart keeps right.
2. Is your life just a tan-gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you jour - ney, Others' bur-dens share; You'll for - get all your troubles, Making their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun-ny If your heart keeps right.
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat - tle, You will win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.
CHORUS
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

IF YOUR HEART KEEPS RIGHT



67 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

George Keith — Anne Steele


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say, than to
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
3. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all - suf-
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee, I
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said,—To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra-cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

IN THE GARDEN

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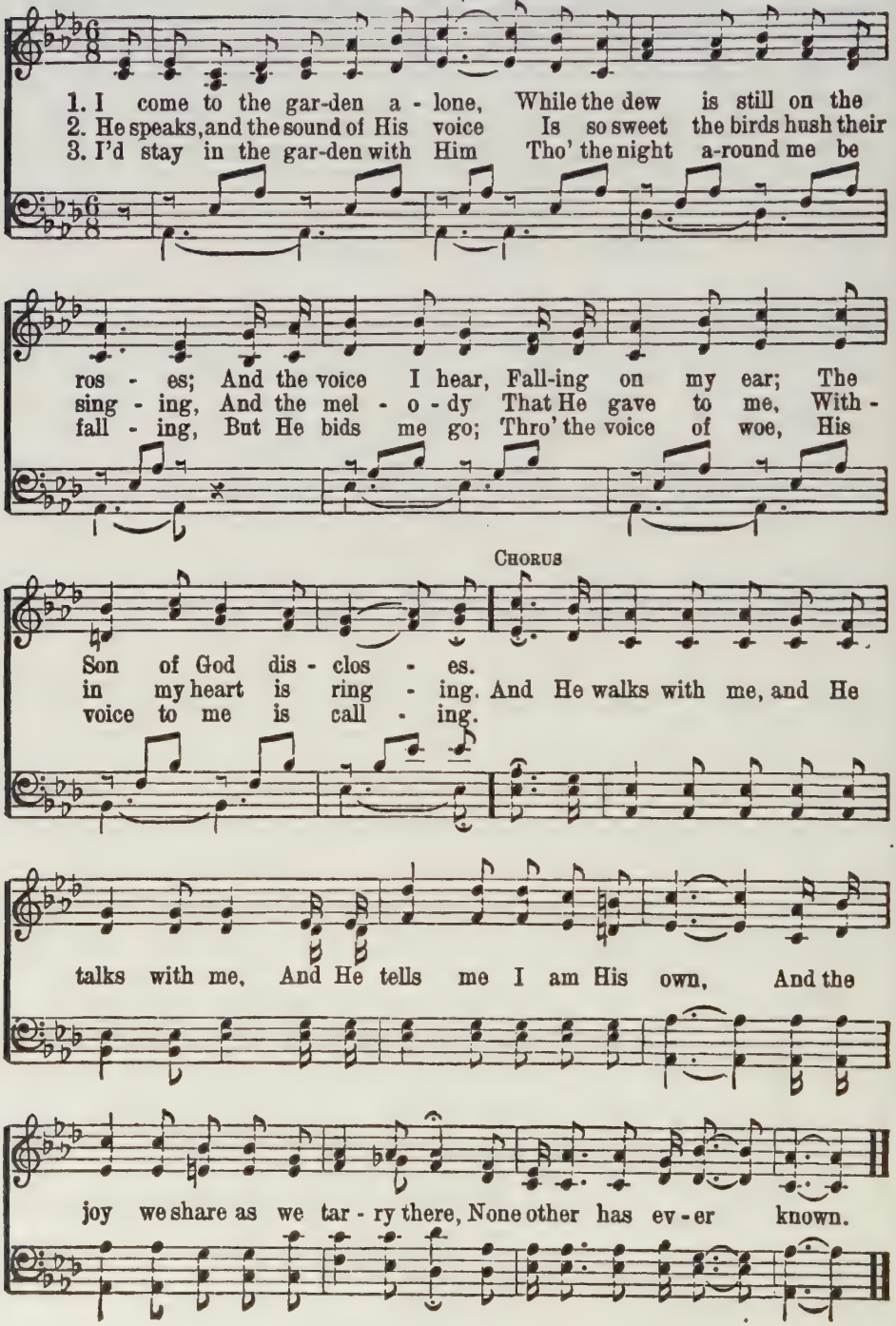
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His
CHORUS
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the
joy we share as we tar - ry there, None other has ev - er known.

69 TELL ME THE STORY OF JESUS

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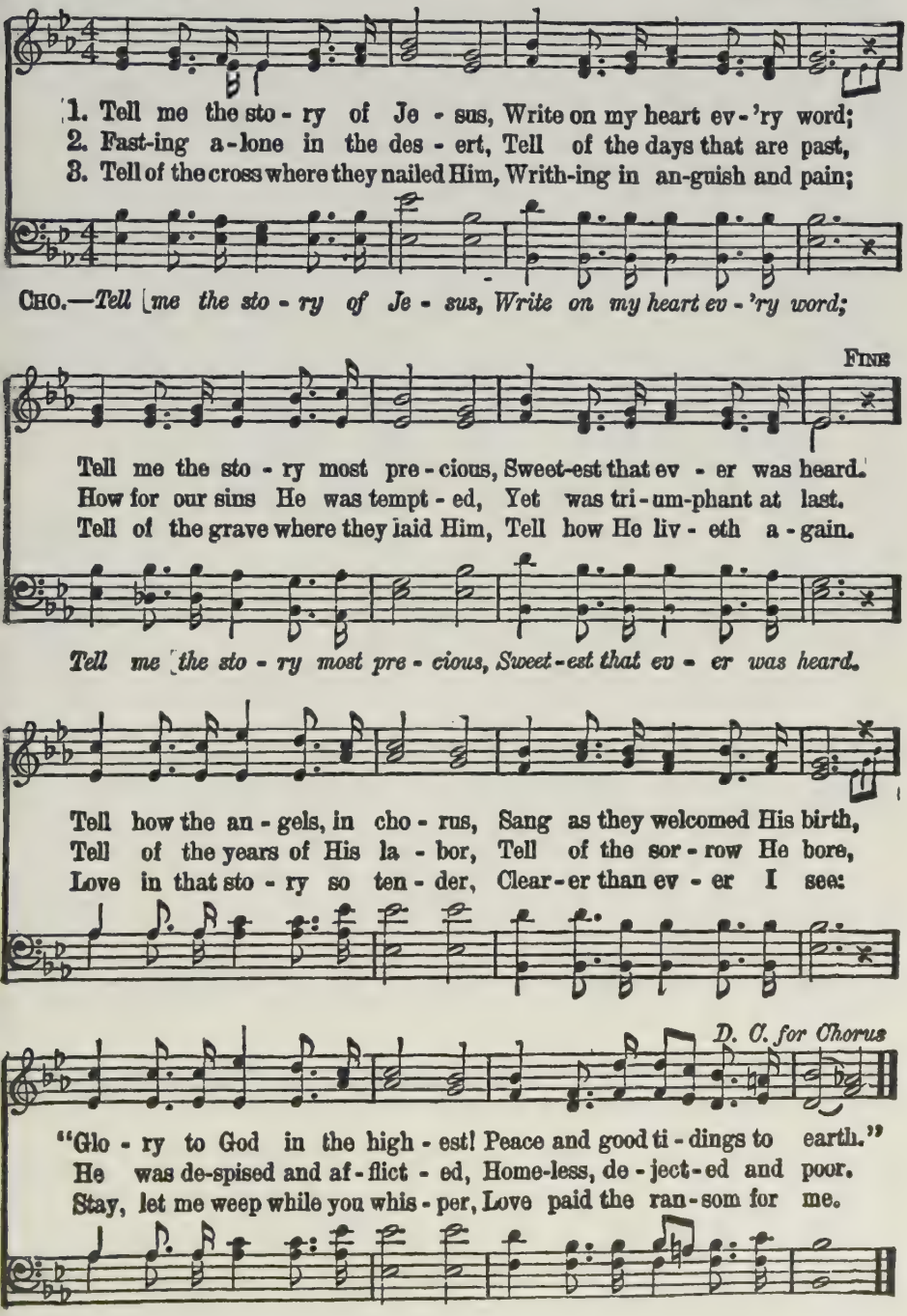
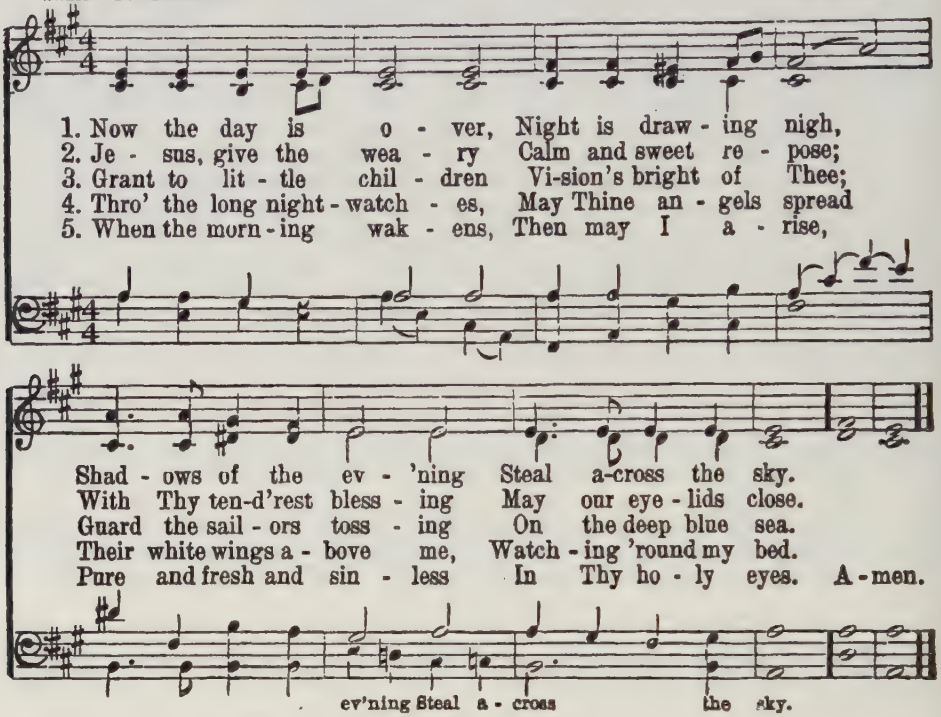
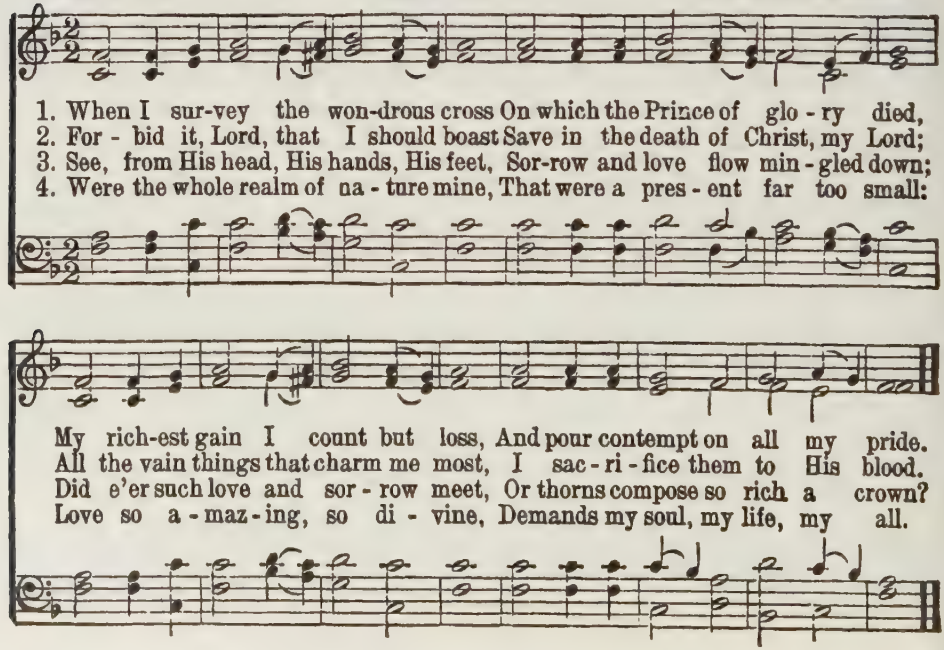
FANNY J. CROSBY — JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are past,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in an-guish and pain;
CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
FINE
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um-phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see:
D. C. for Chorus
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, de - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

70 NOW THE DAY IS OVER

SABINE BARING-GOULD — JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sion's bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night - watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - men.
ev'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

71 WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

ISAAC WATTS — HAMBURG. L. M. — ARR. by LOWELL MASON


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

72 SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

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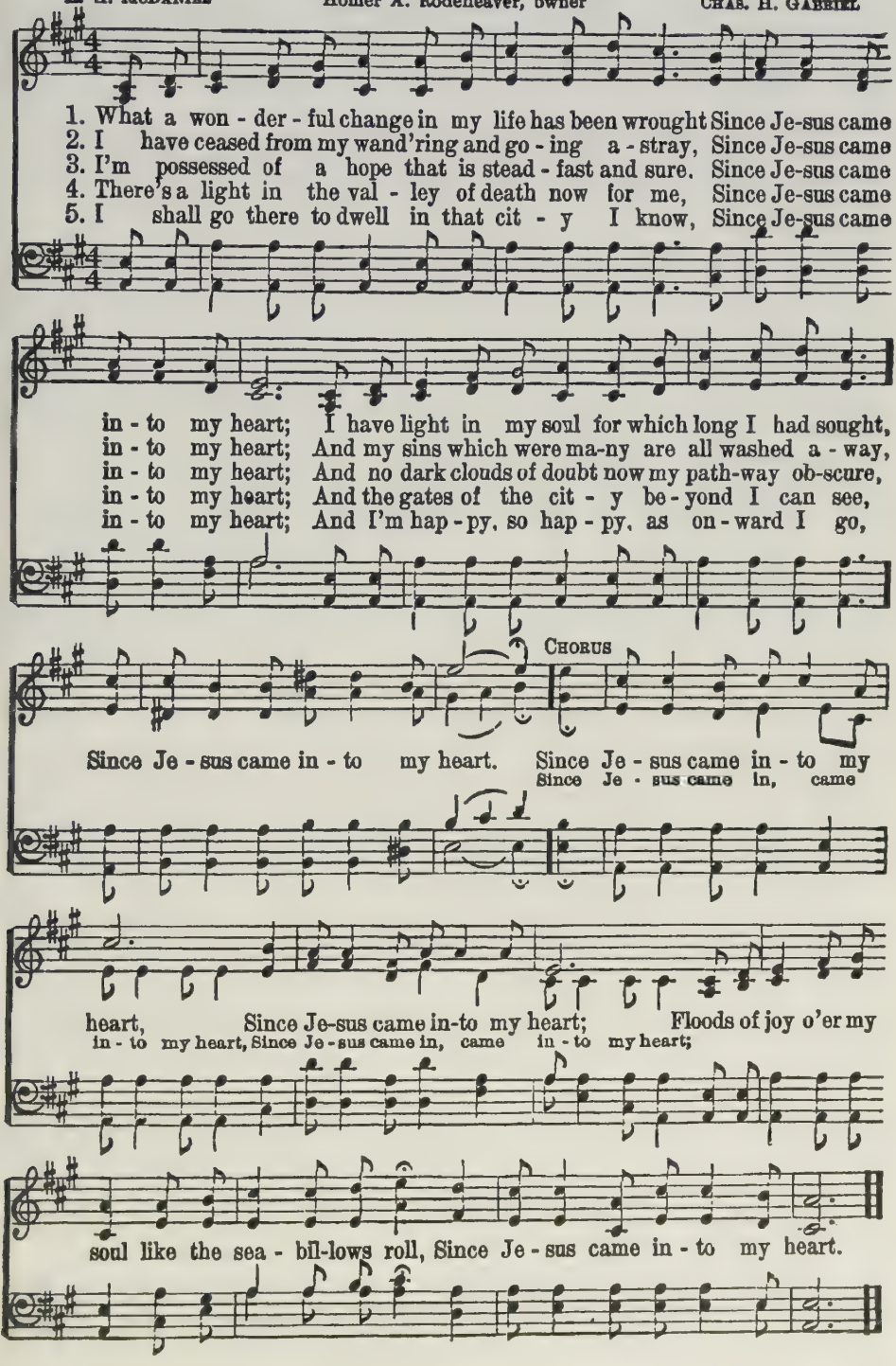
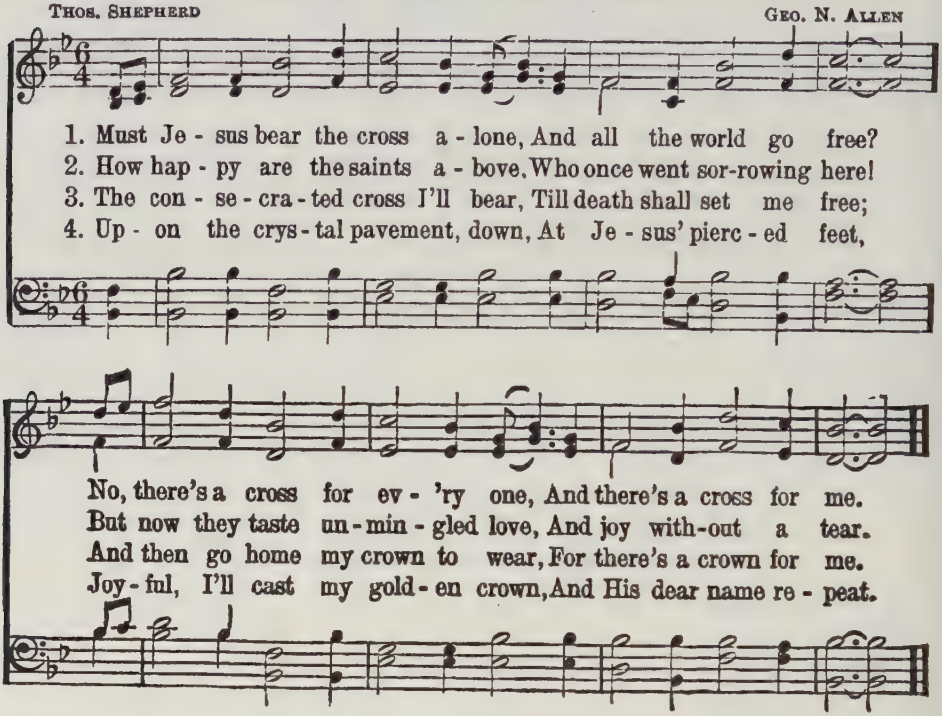
R. H. McDANIEL — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm possessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure. Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that cit - y I know, Since Je-sus came
in - to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart; And my sins which were ma-ny are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in - to my heart; And the gates of the cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,
CHORUS
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came
heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart;
soul like the sea - bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

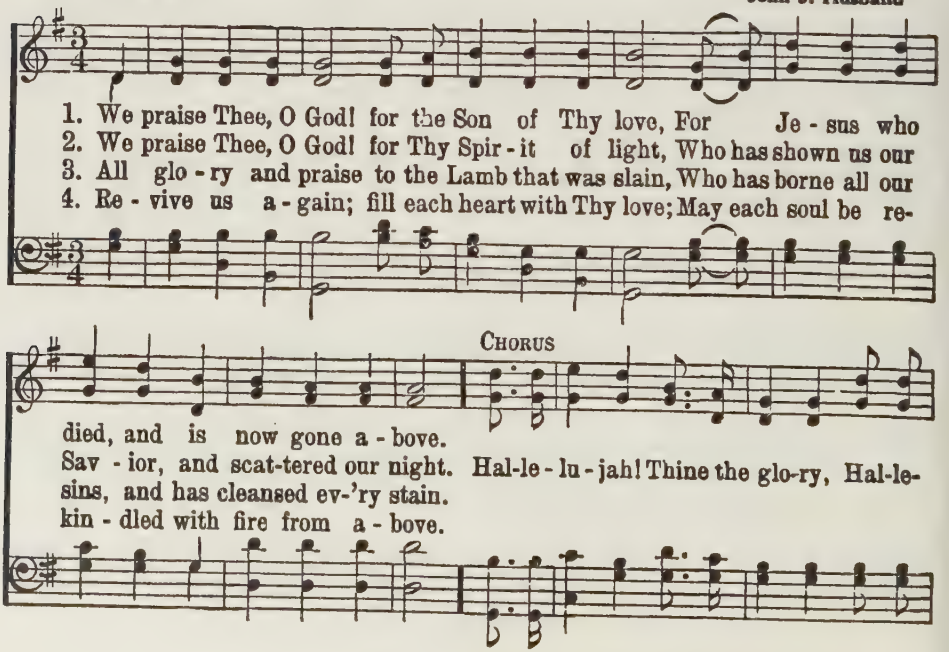
73 MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOS. SHEPHERD — GEO. N. ALLEN

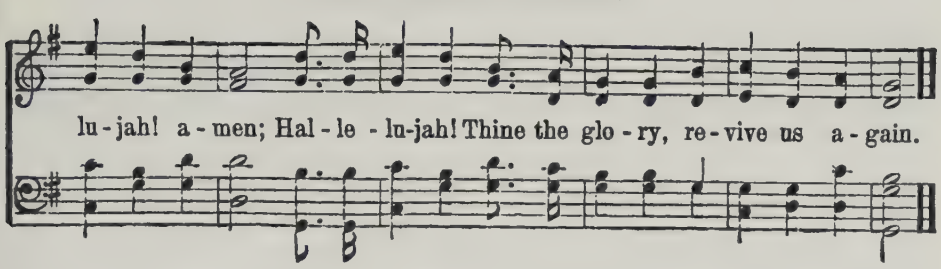

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-rowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down, At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.

74 REVIVE US AGAIN

Wm. P. Mackay — John J. Husband

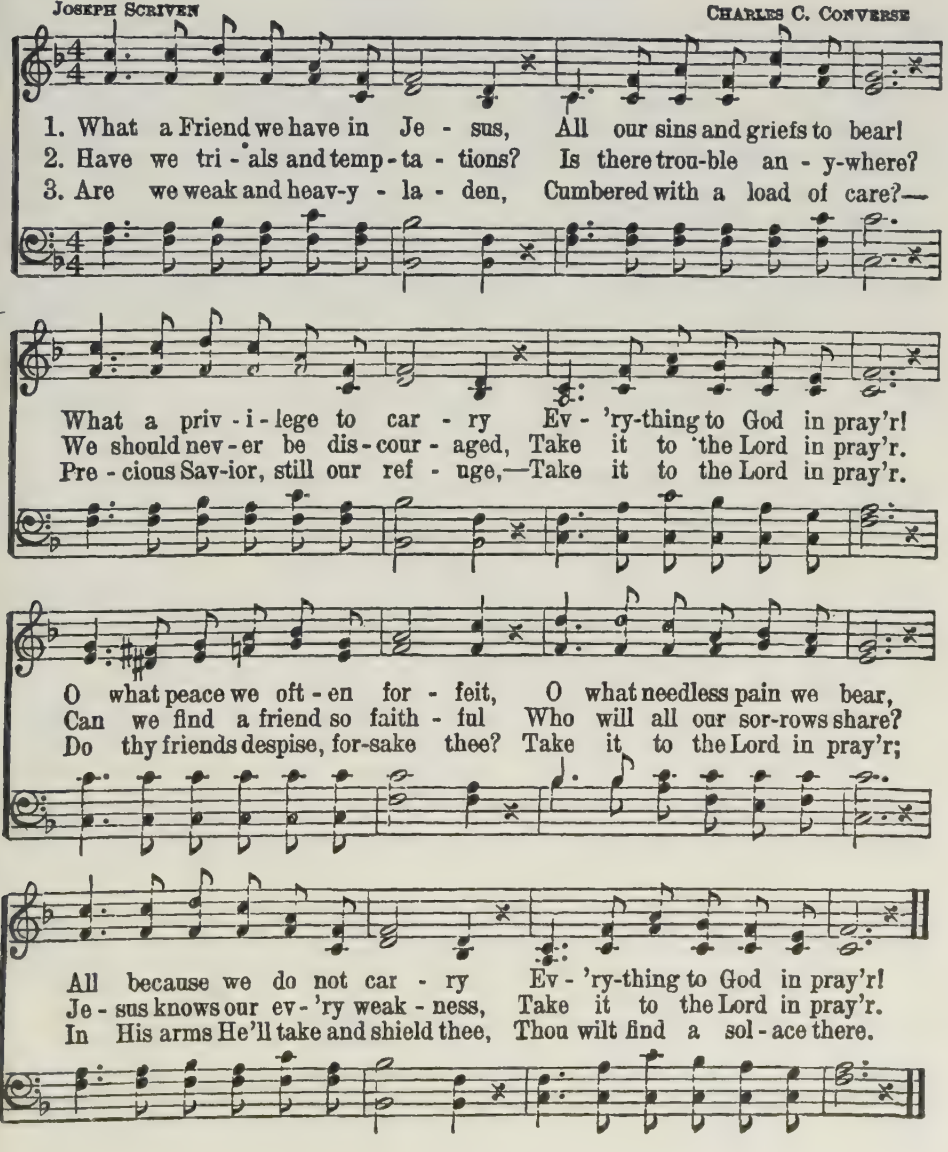

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal-le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

REVIVE US AGAIN



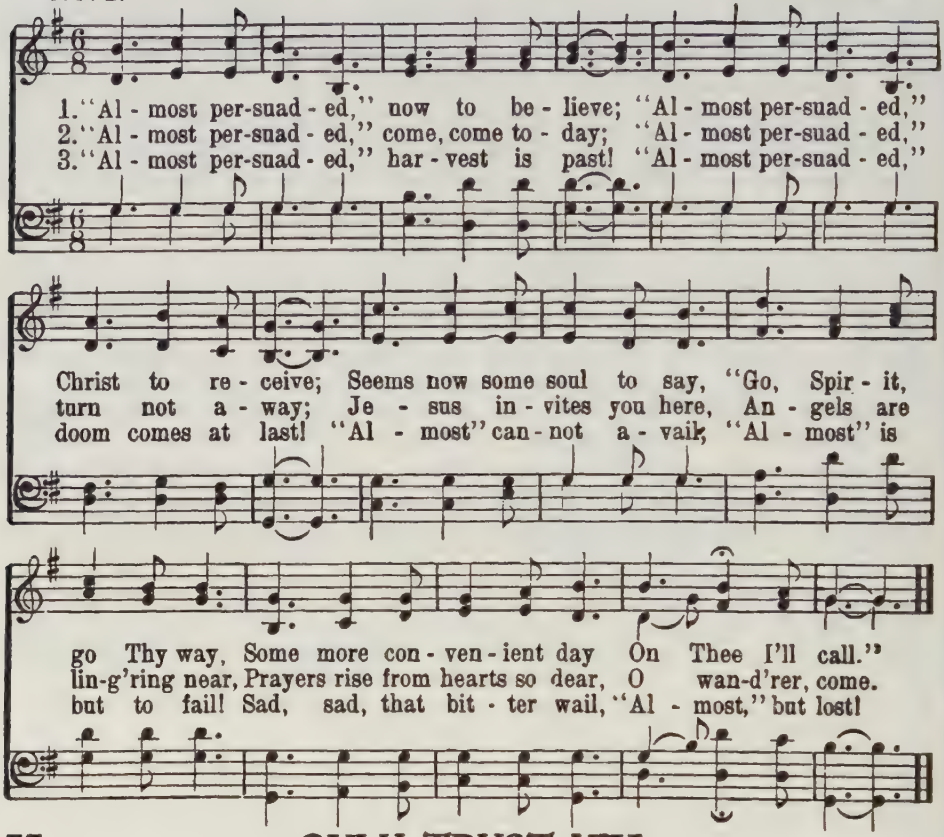
75 WHAT A FRIEND

JOSEPH SCRIVEN — CHARLES C. CONVERSE


1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an-y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cumbered with a load of care?—
What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our ref-uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All because we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

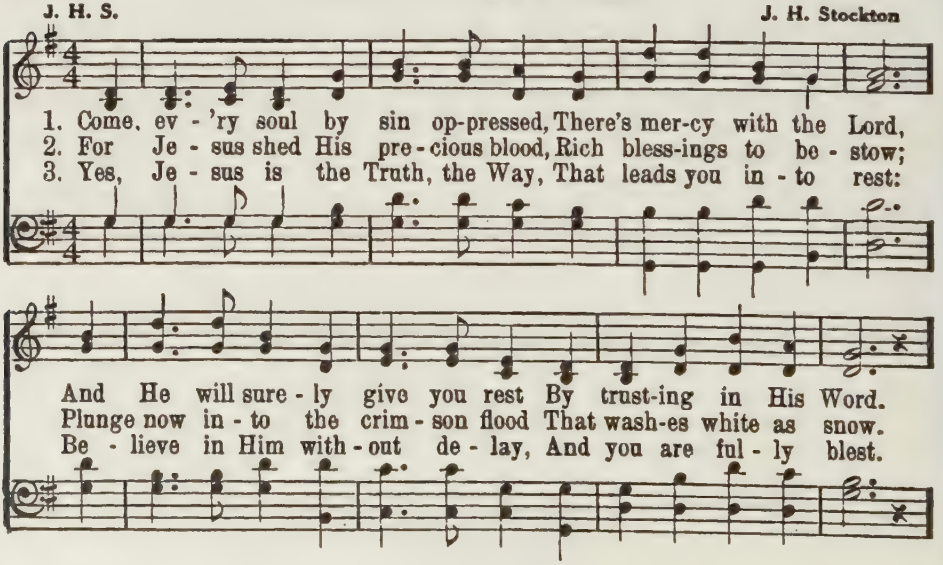
ALMOST PERSUADED

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

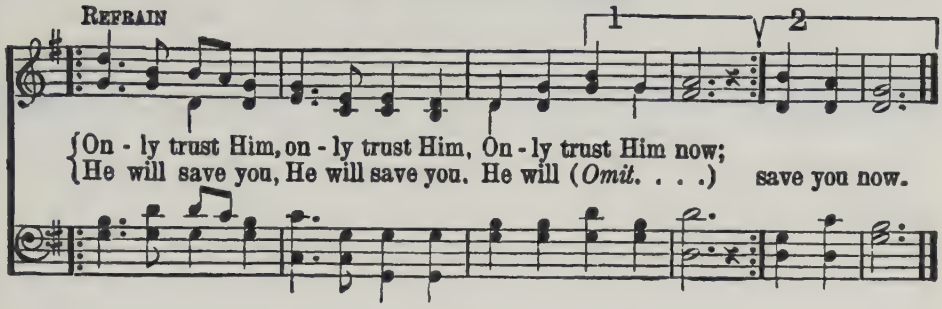

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost!

77 ONLY TRUST HIM

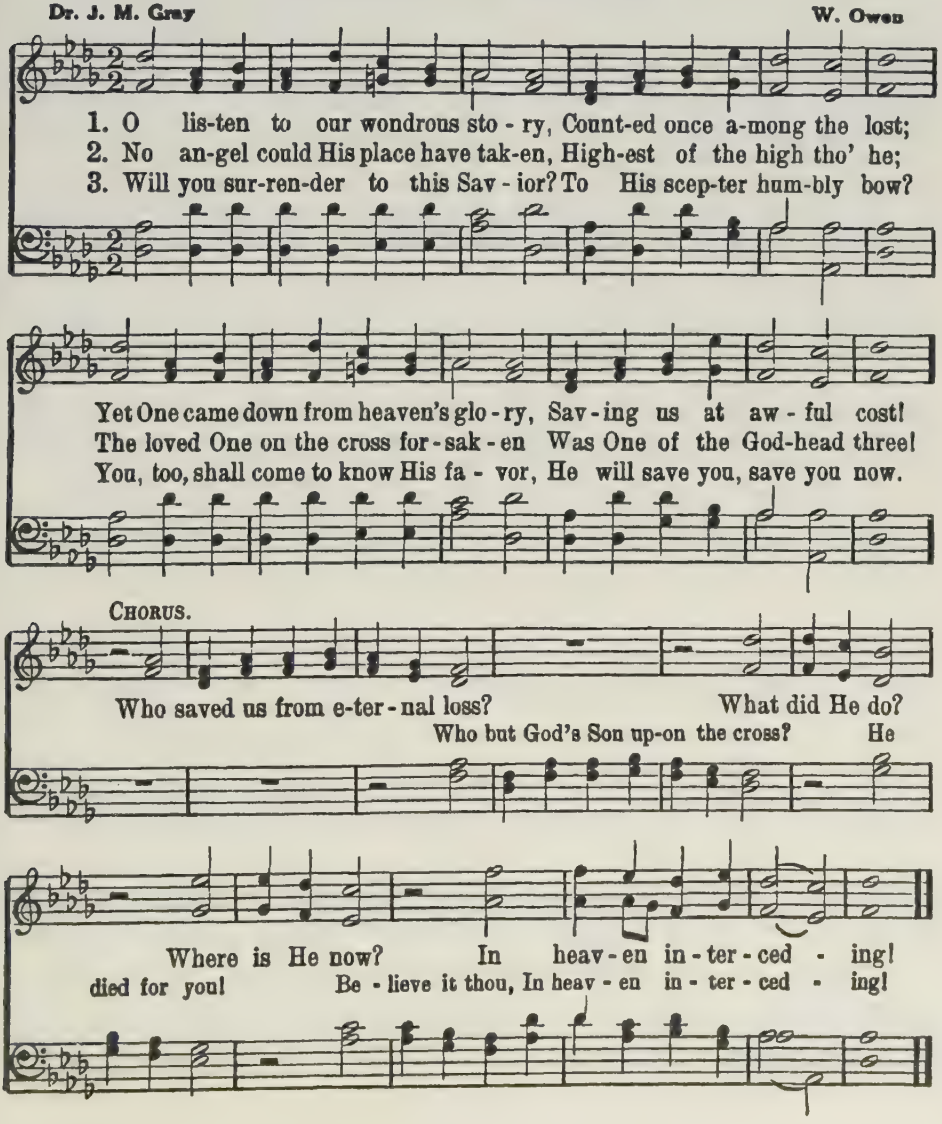
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest:
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His Word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.

ONLY TRUST HIM



78 WHAT DID HE DO


Dr. J. M. Gray
W. Owen
1. O lis-ten to our wondrous sto - ry, Count-ed once a-mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could His place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His scep-ter hum-bly bow?
Yet One came down from heaven's glo - ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was One of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.
Chorus.
Who saved us from e-ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

PENTECOSTAL POWER

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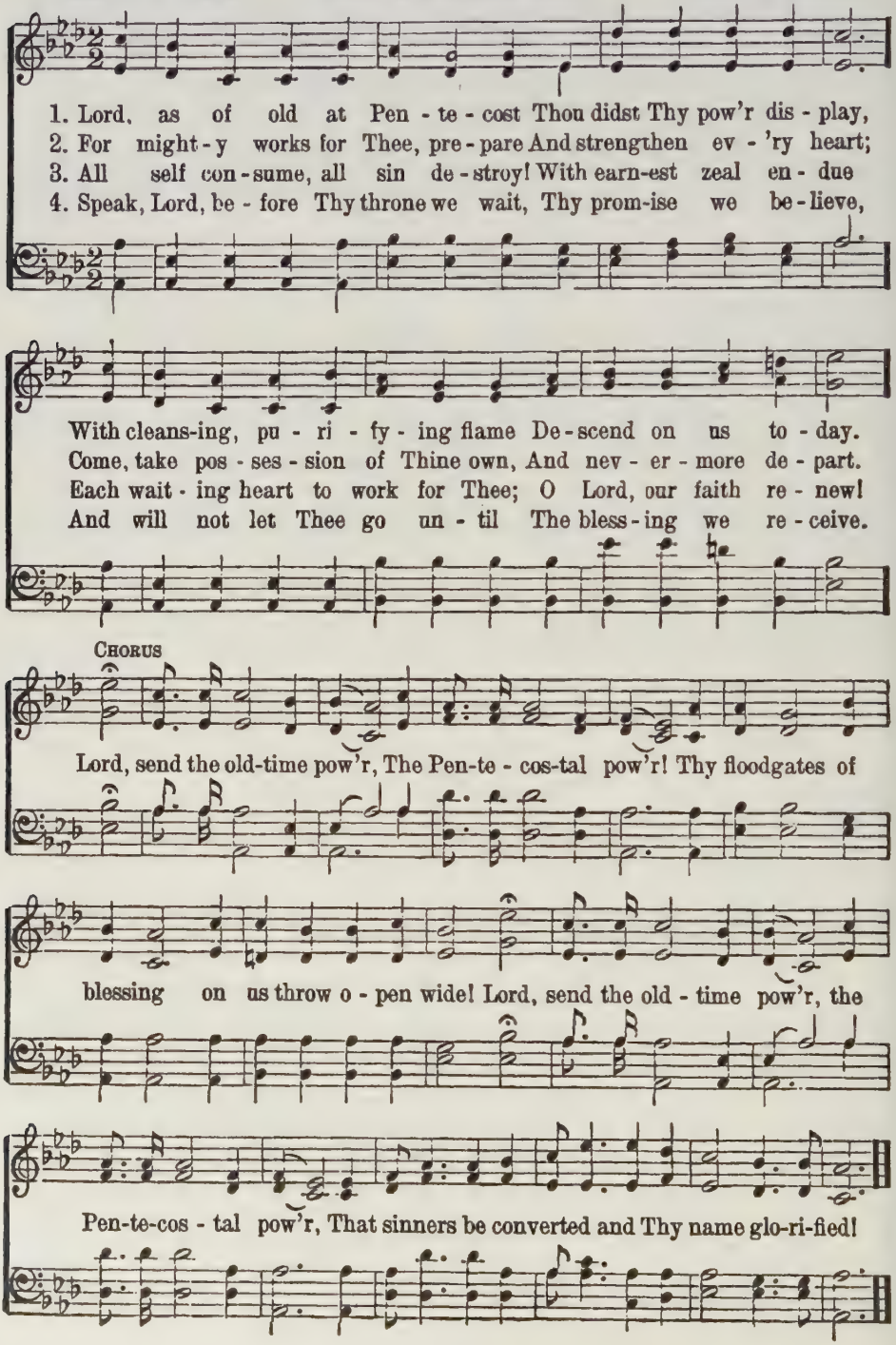
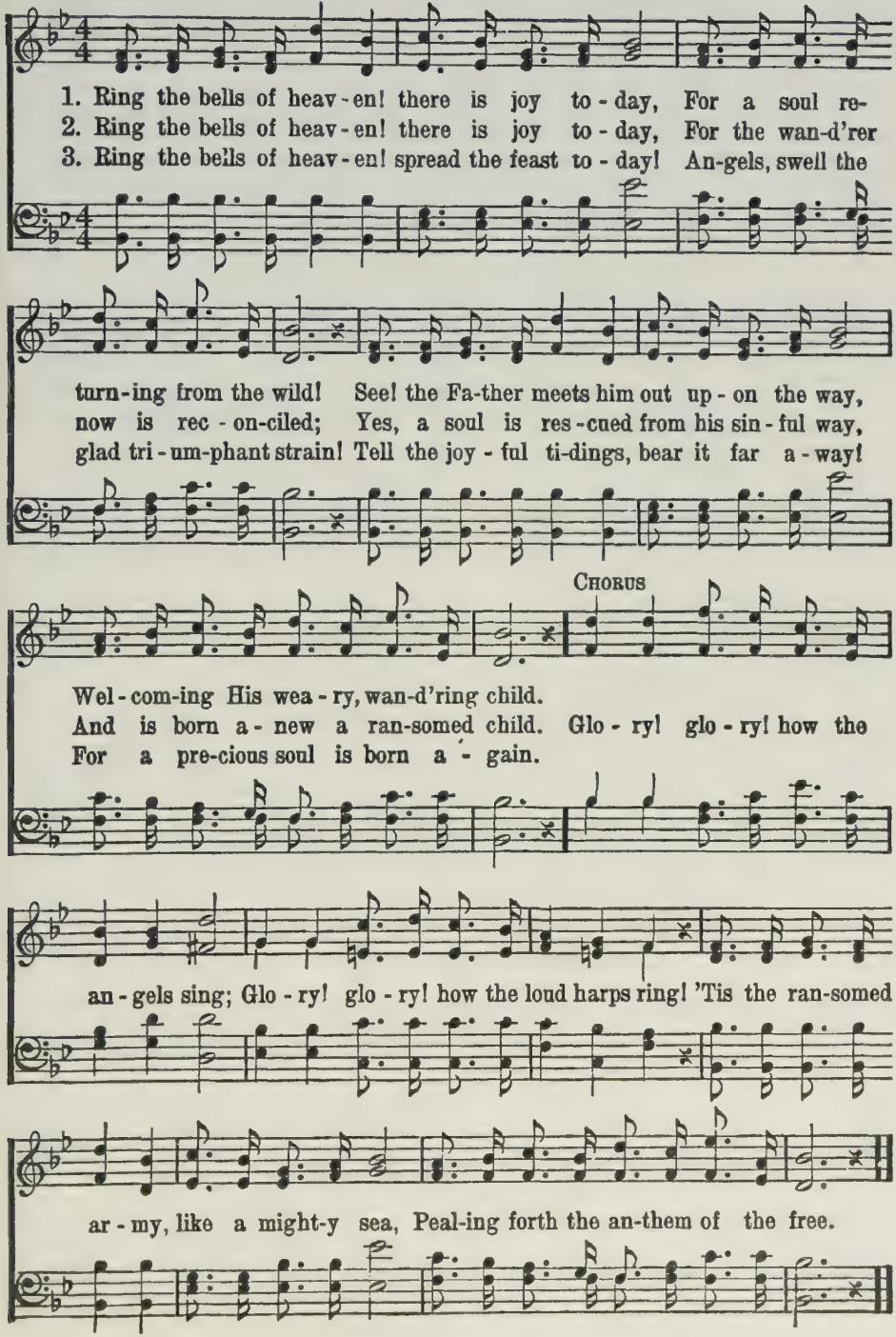
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee, pre - pare And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con - sume, all sin de - stroy! With earn-est zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord, be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,
With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.
CHORUS
Lord, send the old-time pow'r, The Pen-te - cos-tal pow'r! Thy floodgates of
blessing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the
Pen-te-cos - tal pow'r, That sinners be converted and Thy name glo-ri-fied!

RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

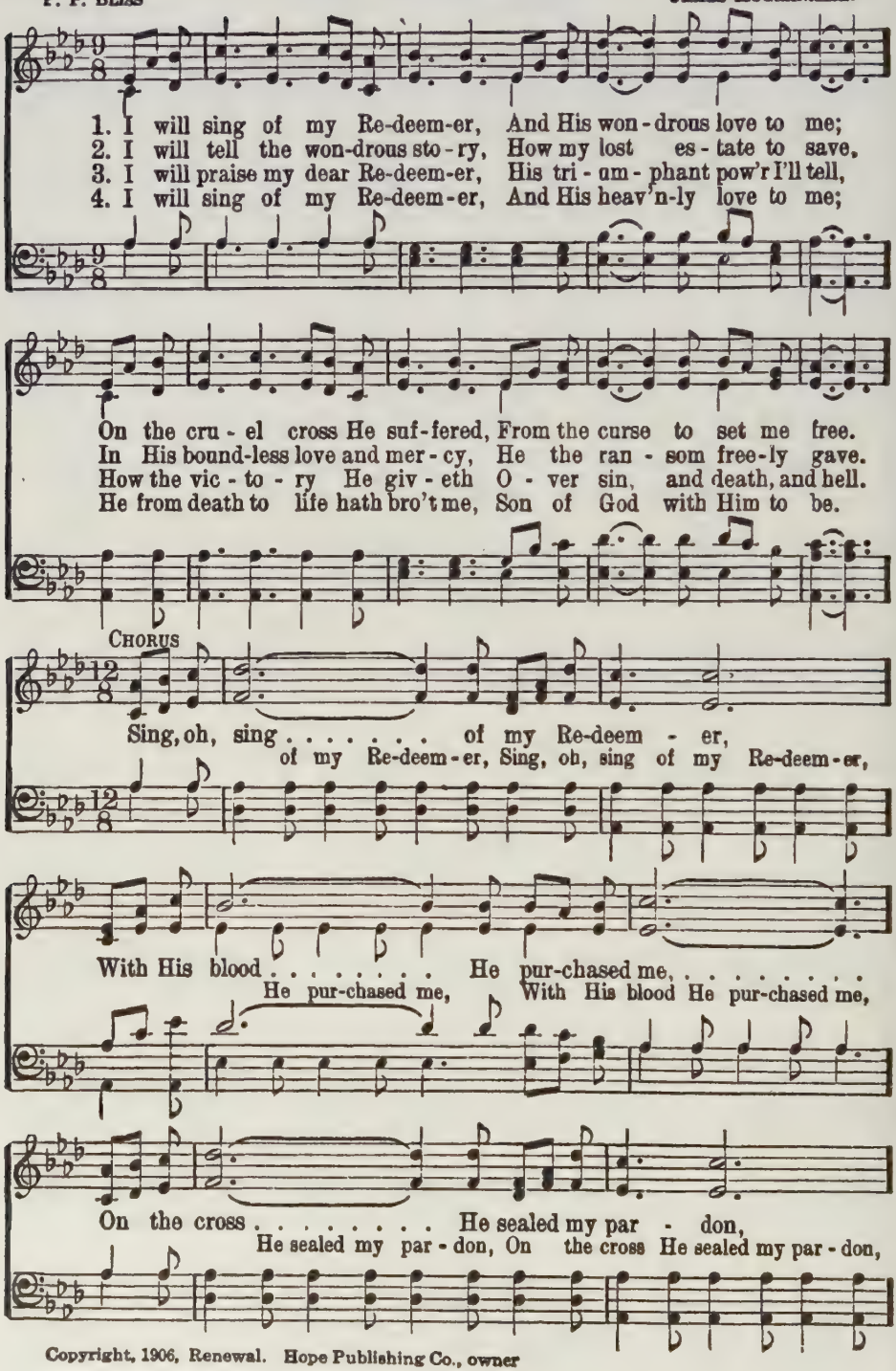
Rev. W. O. Cushing — G. F. Root

Joyfully


1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wan-d'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day! An-gels, swell the
turn-ing from the wild! See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way,
now is rec-on-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way,
glad tri-um-phant strain! Tell the joy-ful ti-dings, bear it far a-way!
Chorus
Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wan-d'ring child.
And is born a-new a ran-somed child. Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the
For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain.
an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring! 'Tis the ran-somed
ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

MY REDEEMER

P. P. BLISS

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;
On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.
CHORUS
Sing, oh, sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er,
of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,
With His blood . . . . . He pur-chased me, ...
He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,
On the cross . . . . . He sealed my par-don,
He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

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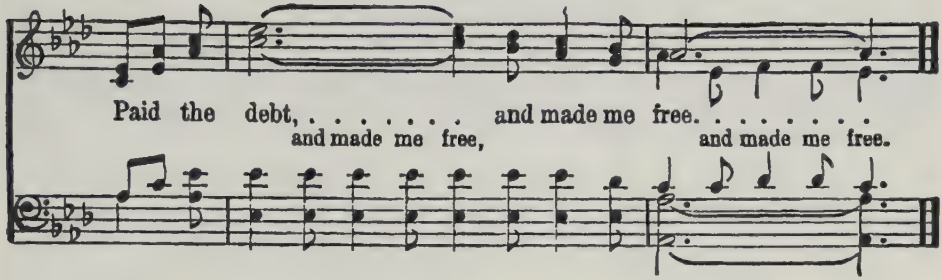
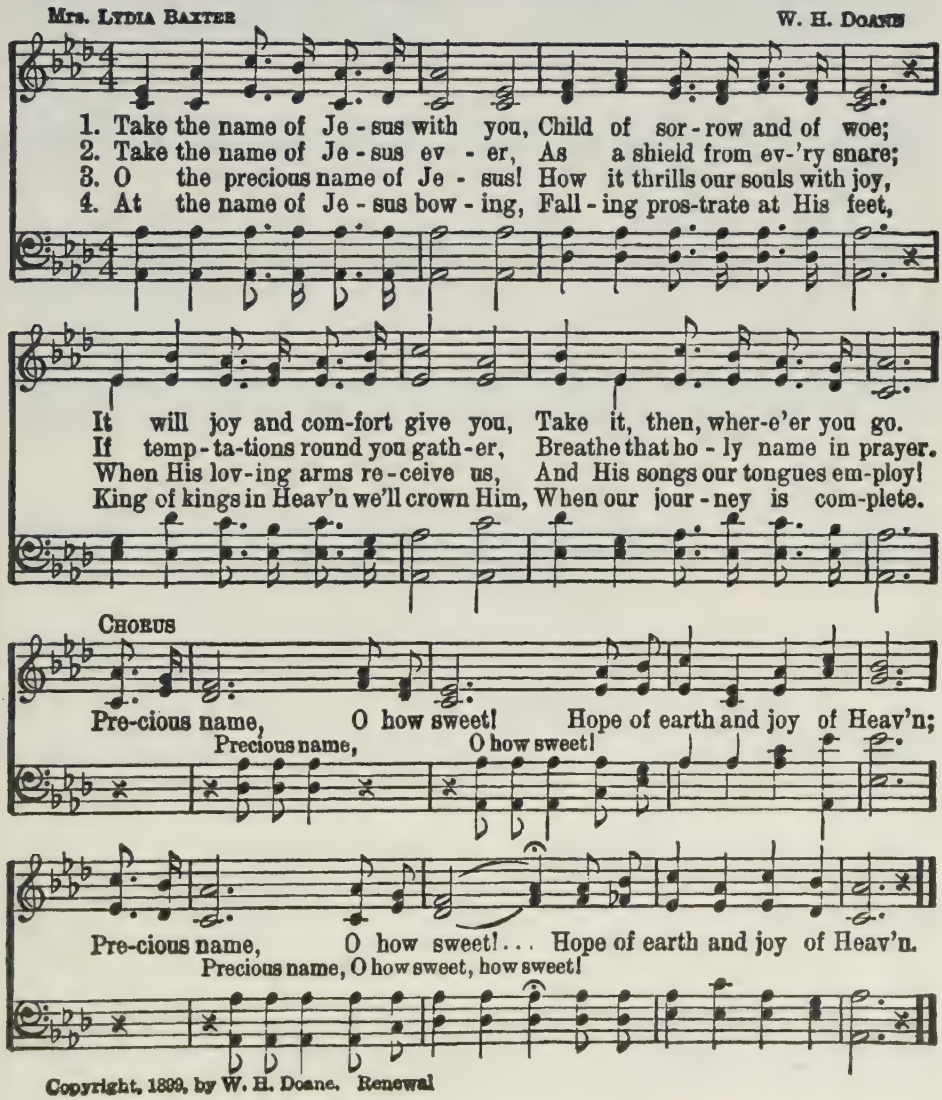
MY REDEEMER



82 TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER W. H. DOANE


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.
CHORUS
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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HIGHER GROUND

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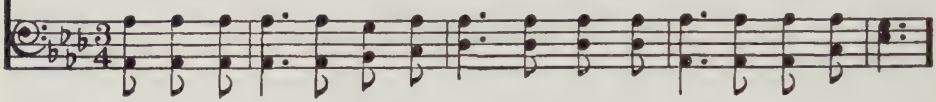
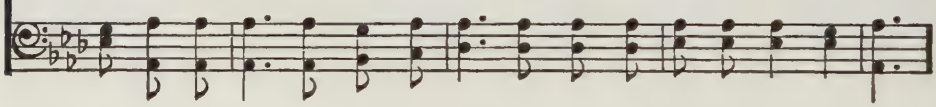
Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Chas. H. Gabriel

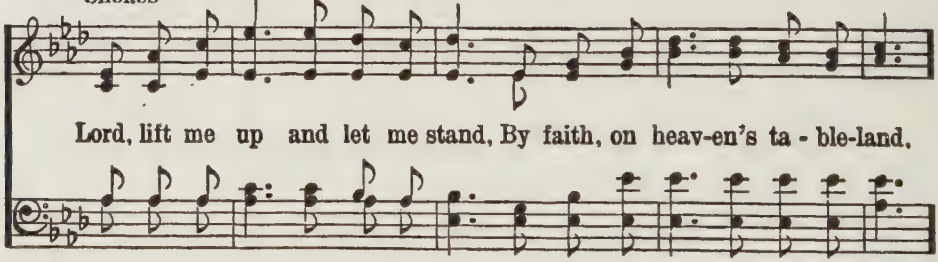
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

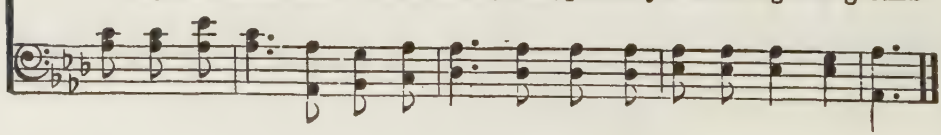


CHORUS



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land,

A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

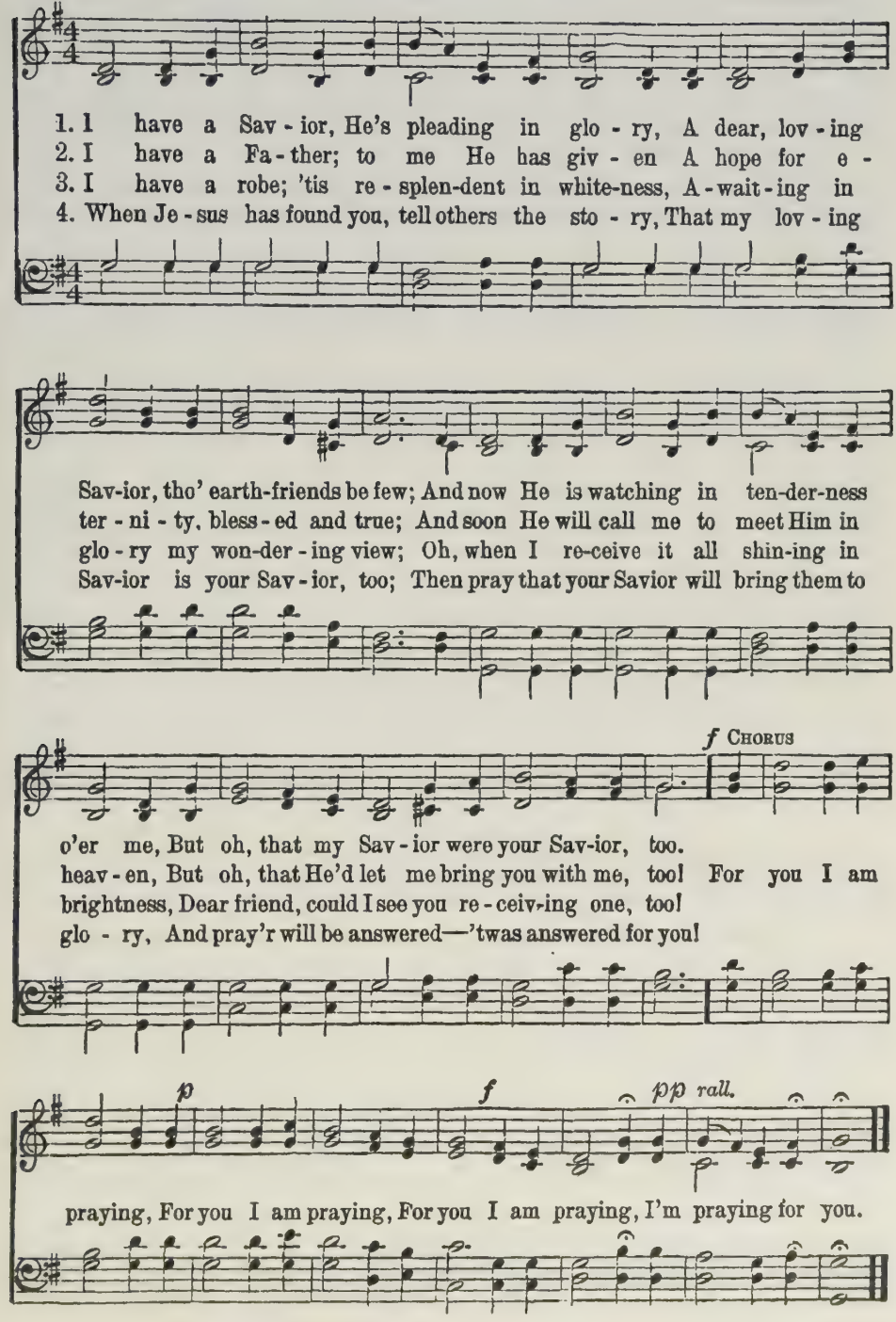


I AM PRAYING FOR YOU

Copyright, 1904, by Ira D. Sankey

S. O'MALEY CLUFF

IRA D. SANKEY


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Sav-ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won-der - ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
Sav-ior is your Sav - ior, too; Then pray that your Savior will bring them to
f CHORUS
o'er me, But oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior, too.
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv-ing one, too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp rall.
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

85 I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

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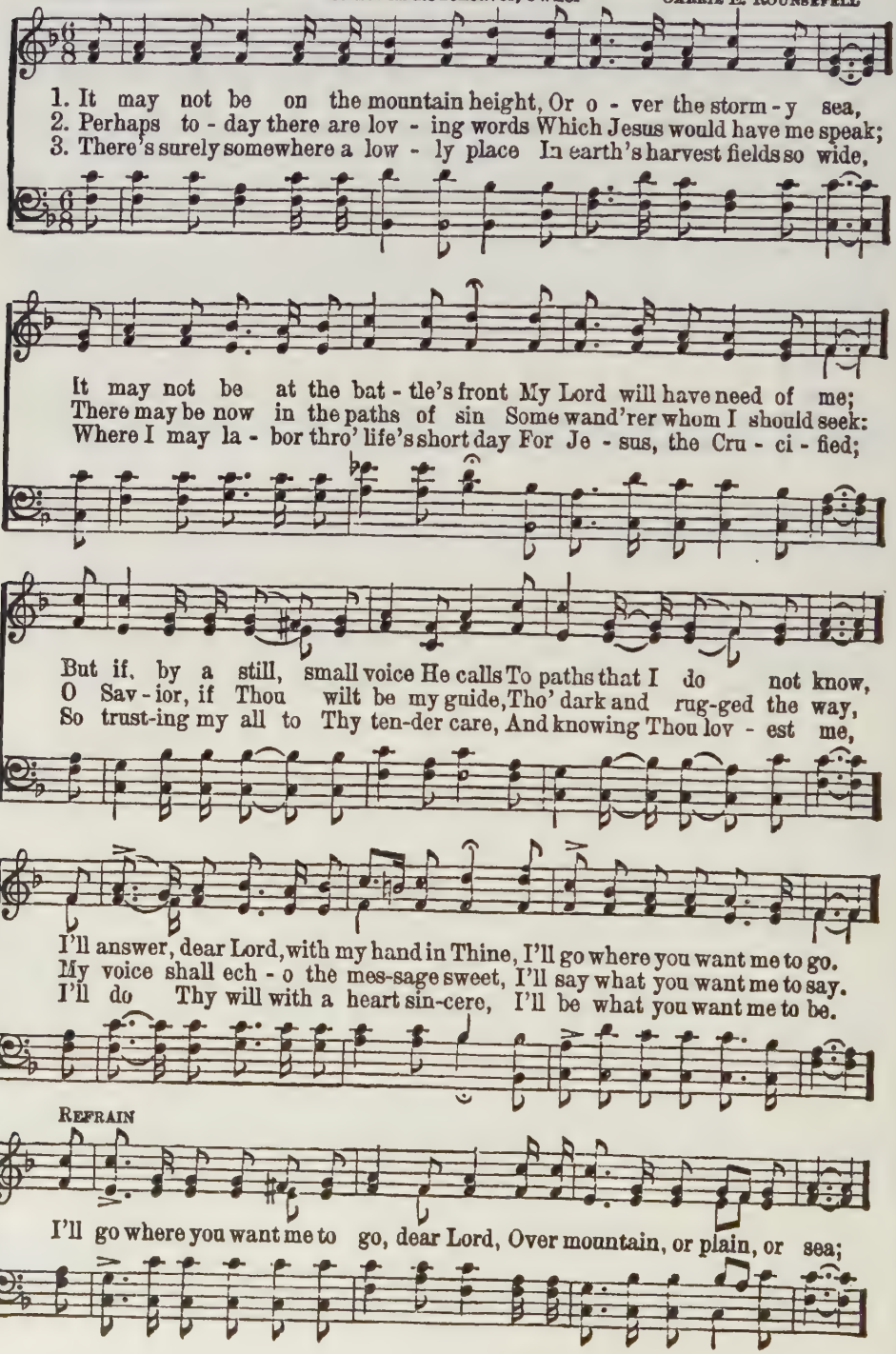
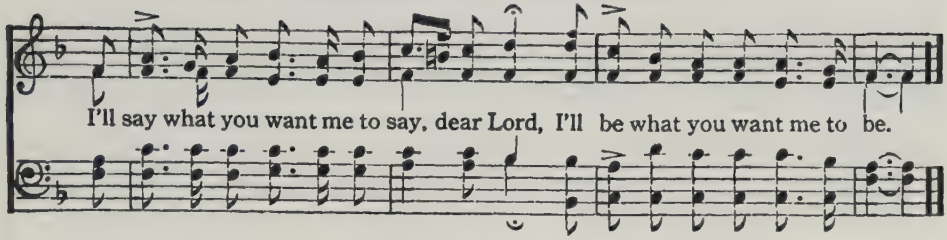
MARY BROWN — CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL


1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea,
2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek:
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;
But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

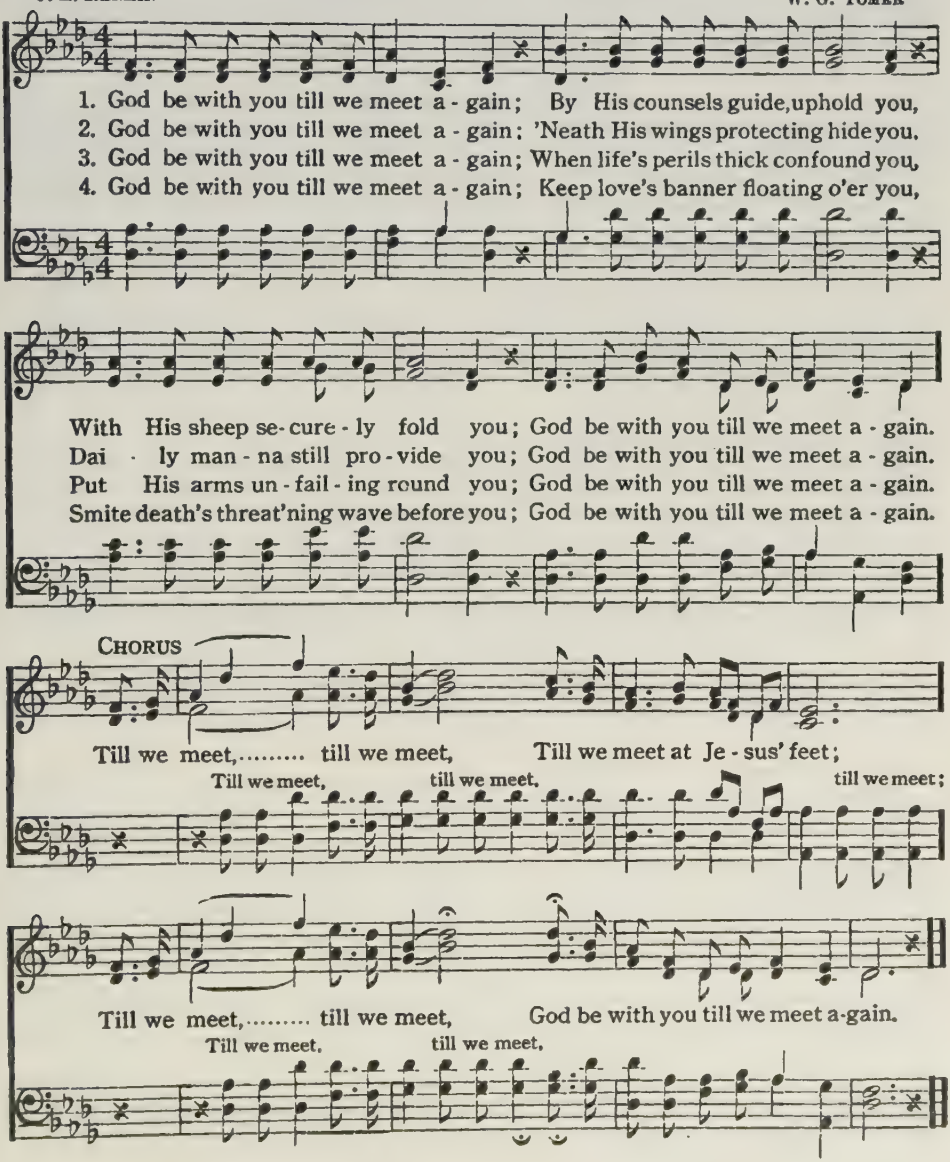
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO



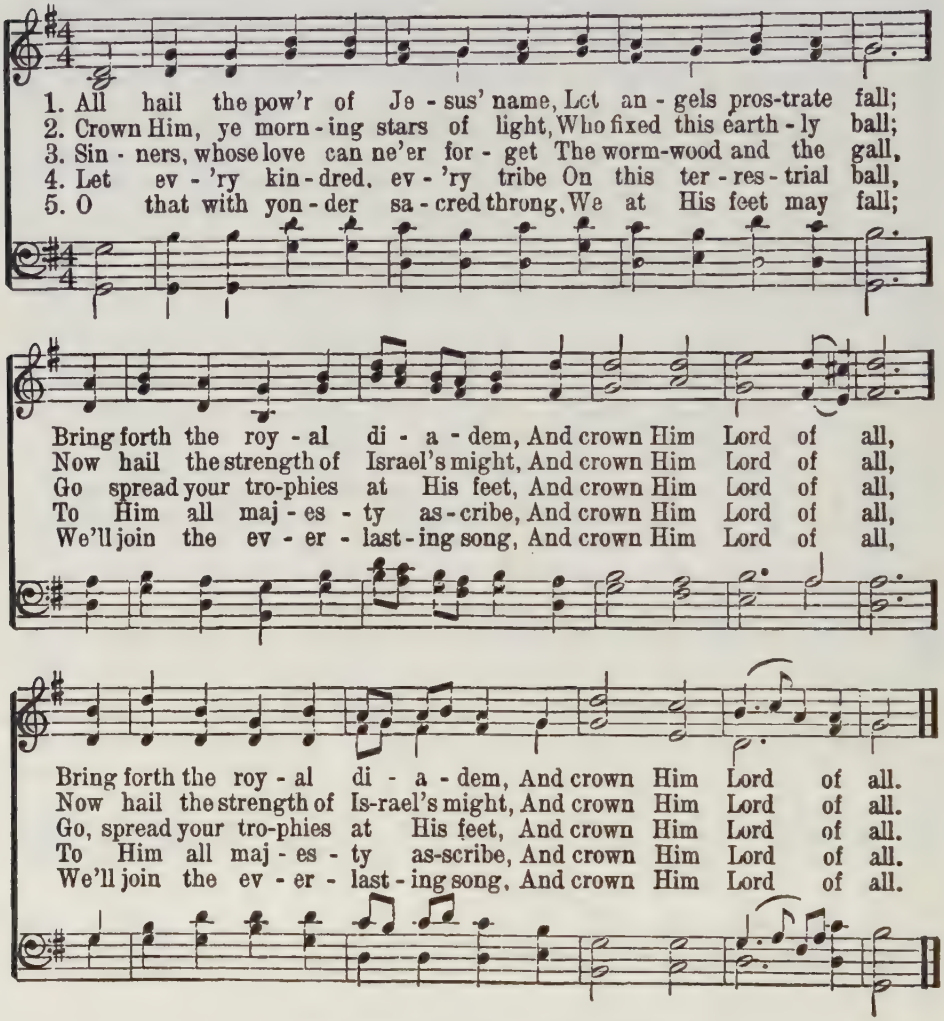
86

GOD BE WITH YOU

J. E. RANKIN

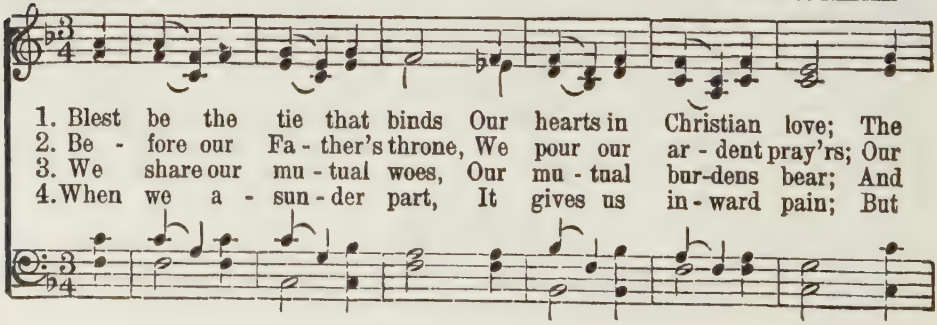
W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings protecting hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
CHORUS
Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet,

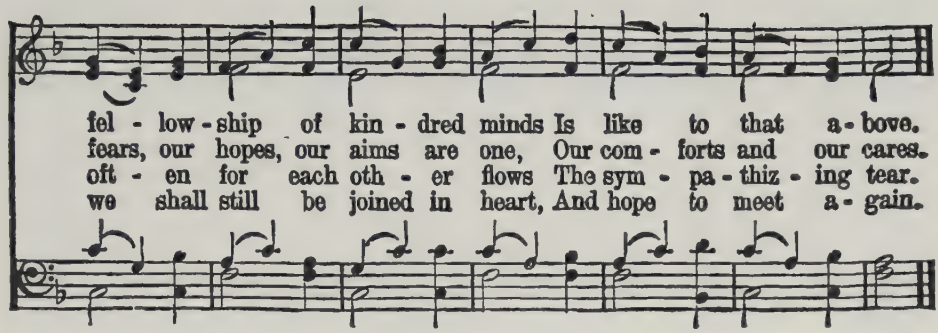
87 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

EDWARD PERRONET — OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

88 BLEST BE THE TIE

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAEGELI


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

BLEST BE THE TIE

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

89 NEAR THE CROSS

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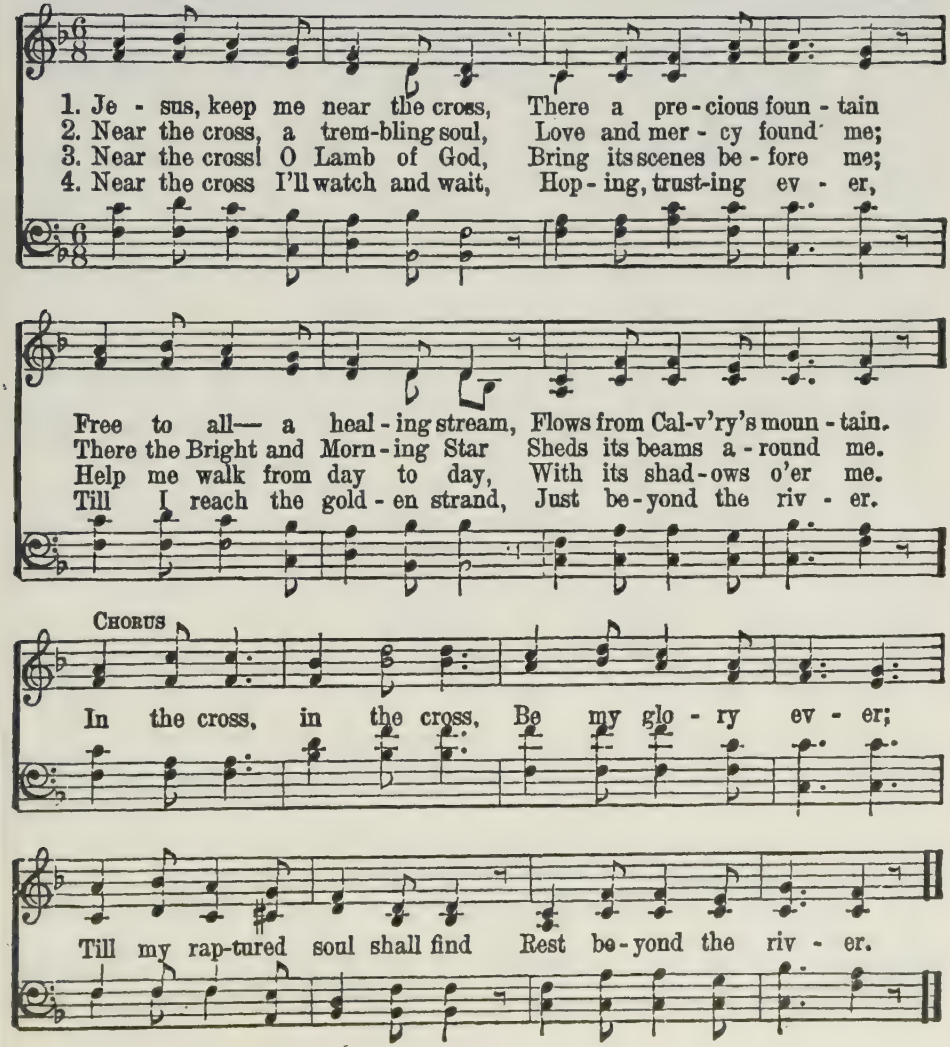
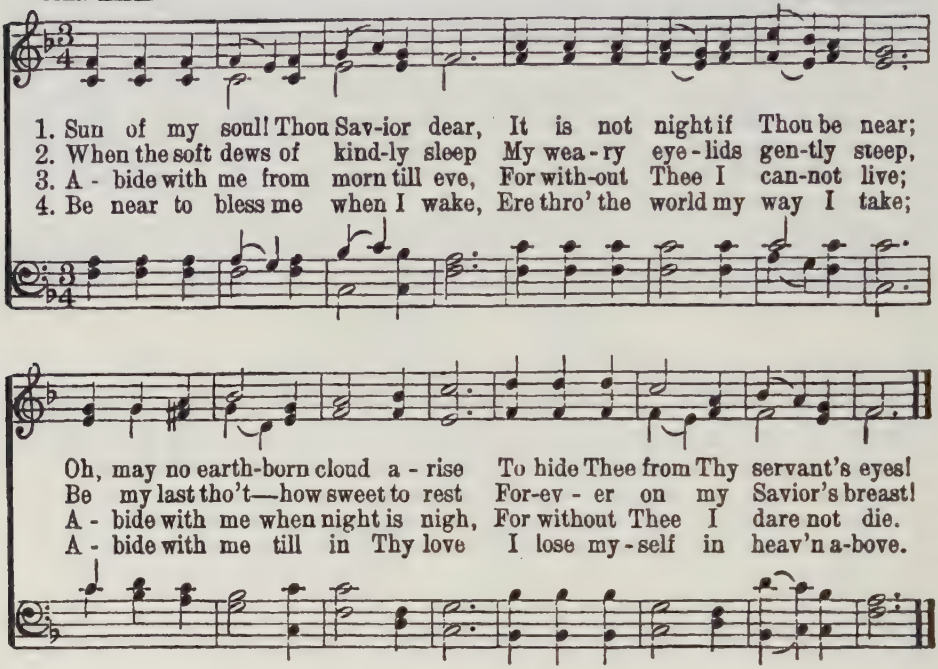
FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
CHORUS
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

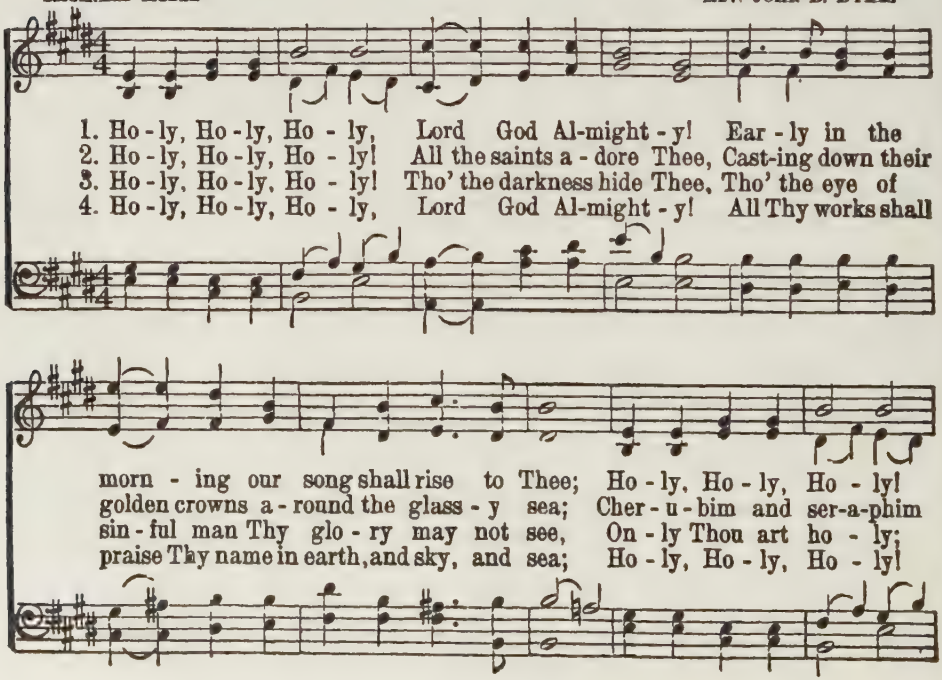
90 SUN OF MY SOUL

JOHN KEBLE — PETER RITTER

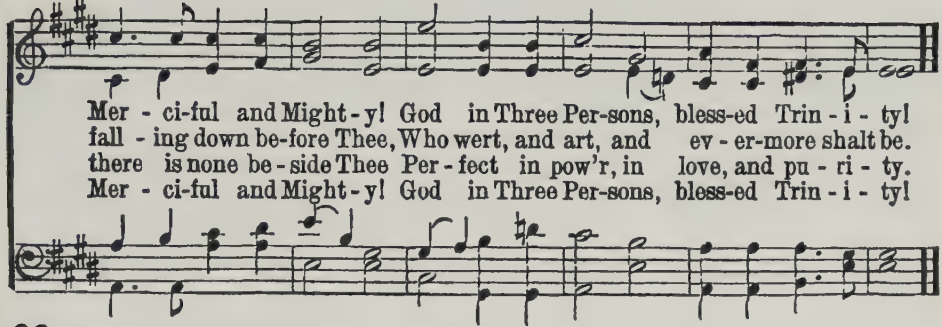

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Savior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.

91 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

REGINALD HEBER — REV. JOHN B. DYKES


1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

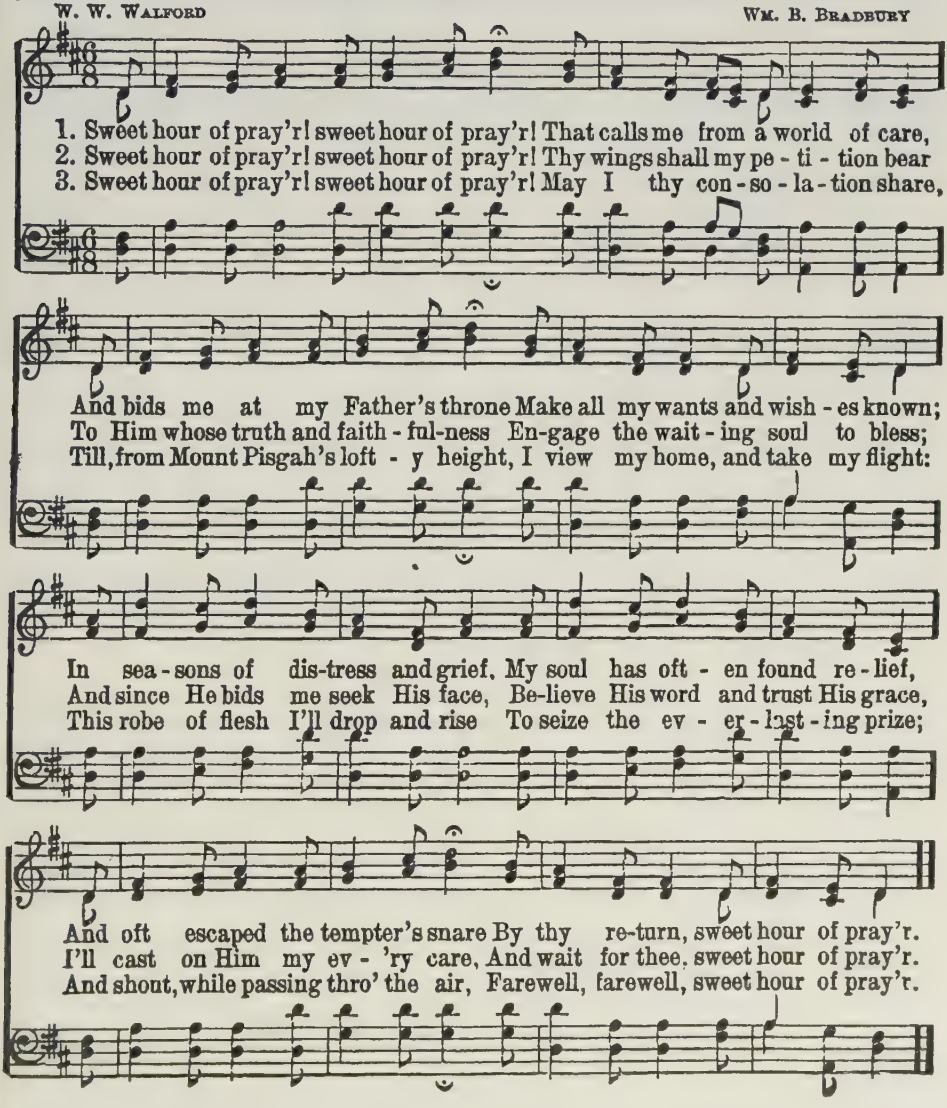
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY


Mer - ci-ful and Might - y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci-ful and Might - y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

92

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

W. W. WALFORD — WM. B. BRADBURY


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

93 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

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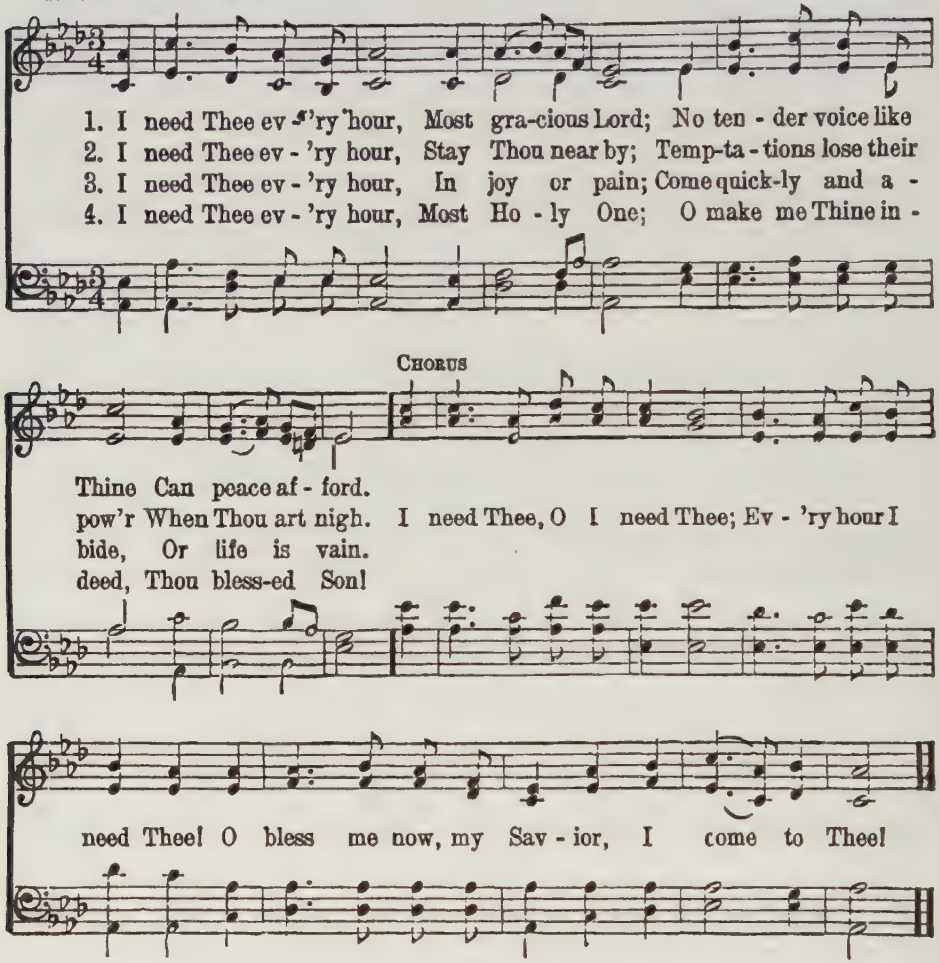
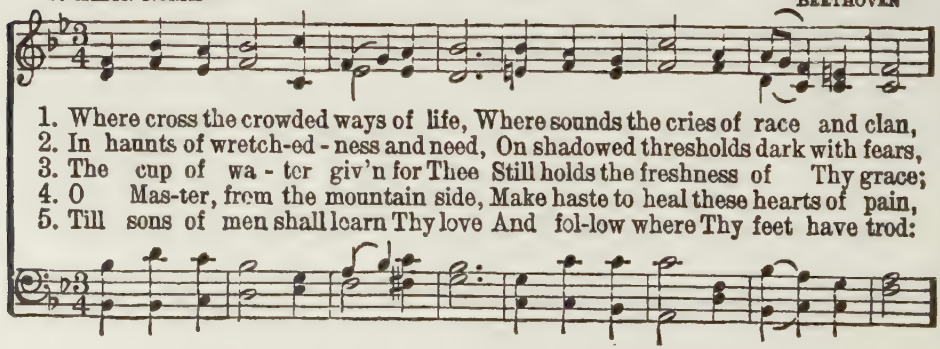
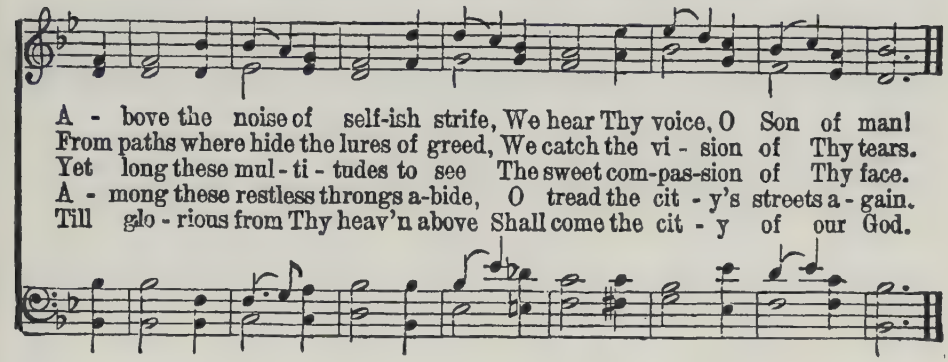
MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS — REV. ROBERT LOWRY

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -
CHORUS
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

94 WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

F. MASON NORTH — BEETHOVEN

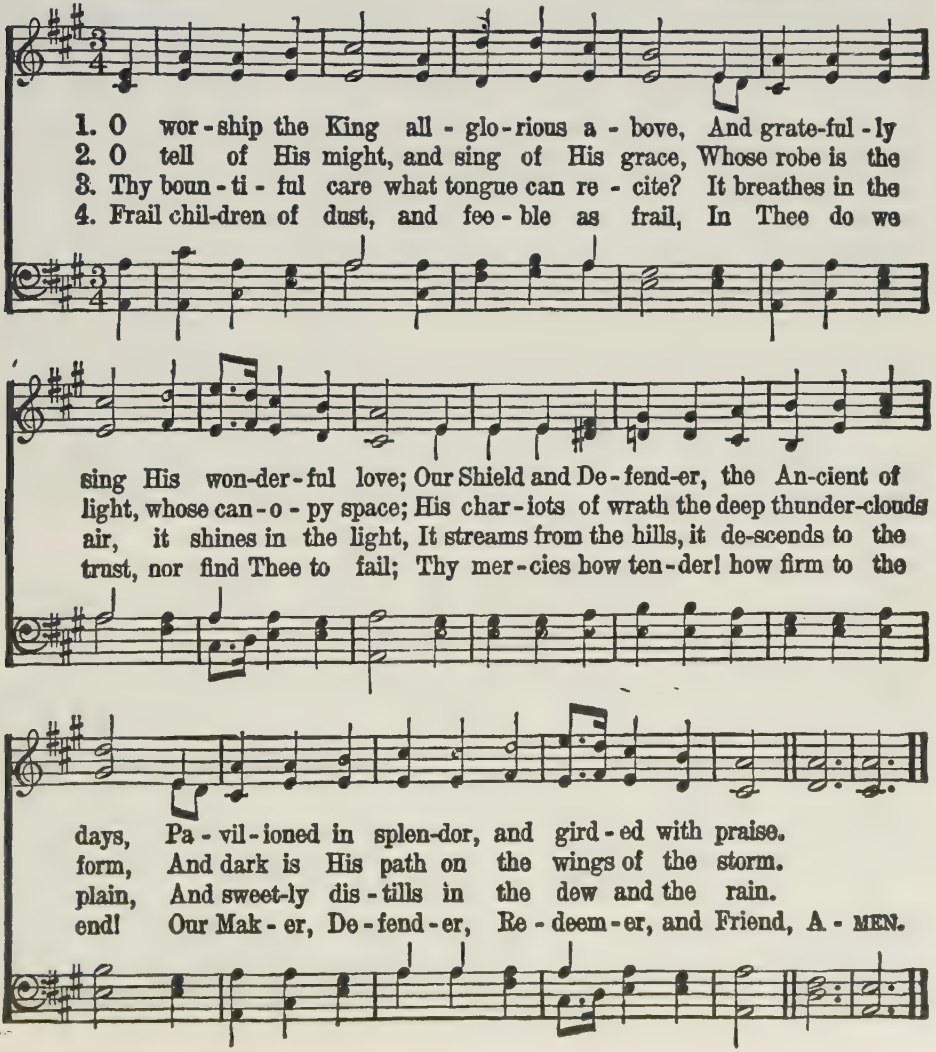

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sounds the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed - ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas-ter, from the mountain side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol-low where Thy feet have trod:

WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

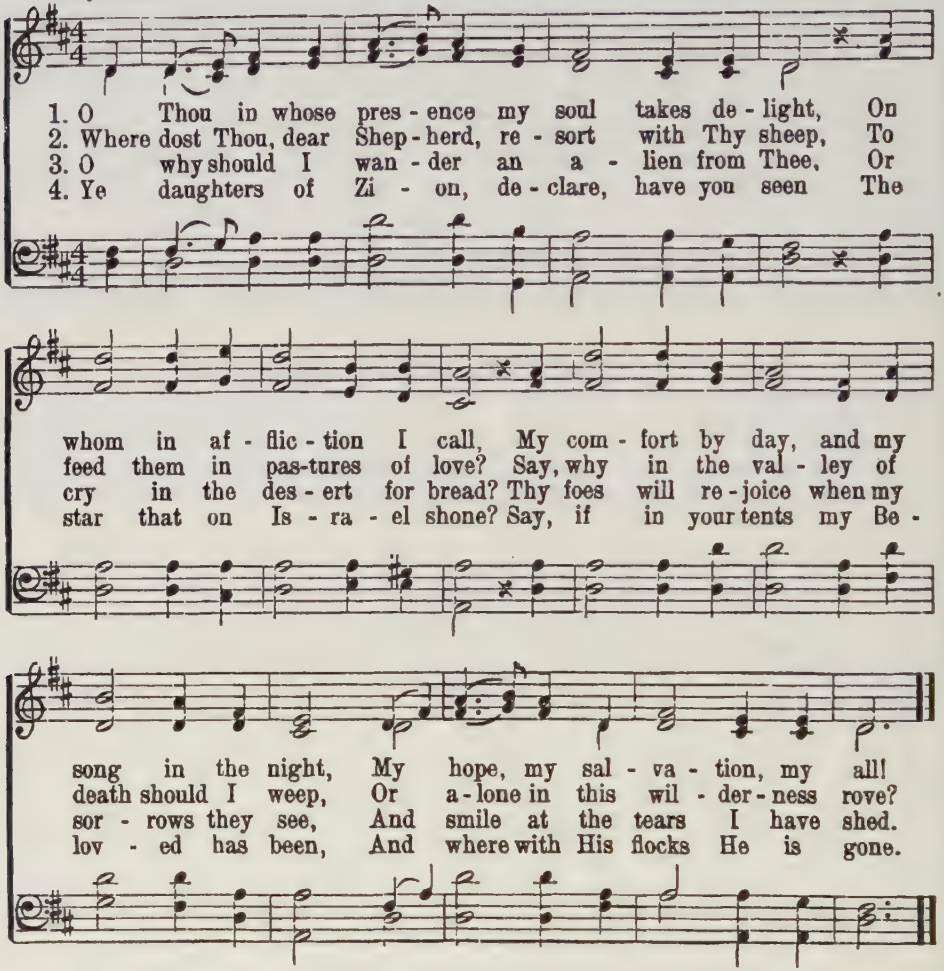

A - bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
A - mong these restless throngs a-bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain.
Till glo - rious from Thy heav'n above Shall come the cit - y of our God.

95 O WORSHIP THE KING

Sir ROBERT GRANT — FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the An-cient of
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten-der! how firm to the
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend, A - MEN.

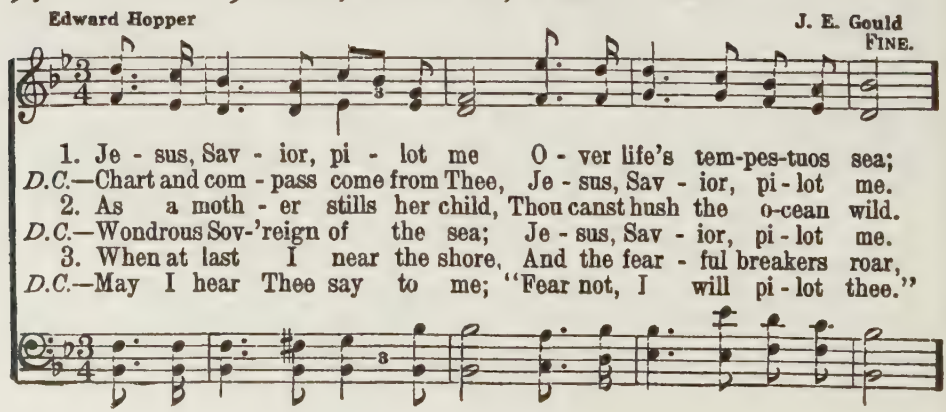
96 O THOU IN WHOSE PRESENCE

Joseph Swain — Freeman Lewis

1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To
3. O why should I wan - der an a - lien from Thee, Or
4. Ye daughters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The
whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day, and my
feed them in pas-tures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of
cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my
star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be -
song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der - ness rove?
sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.

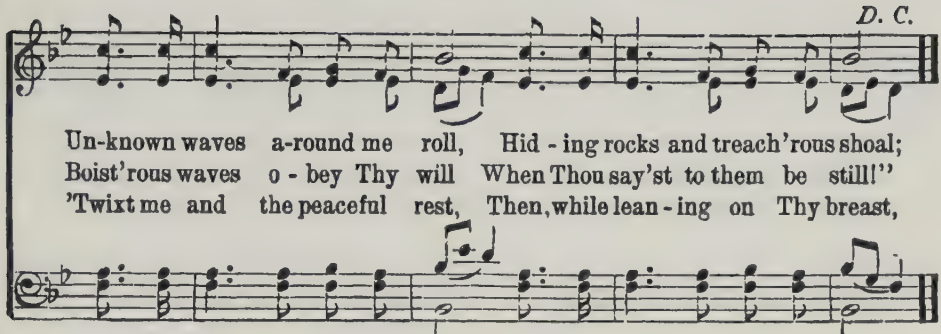
97 JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME

Edward Hopper — J. E. Gould

FINE.

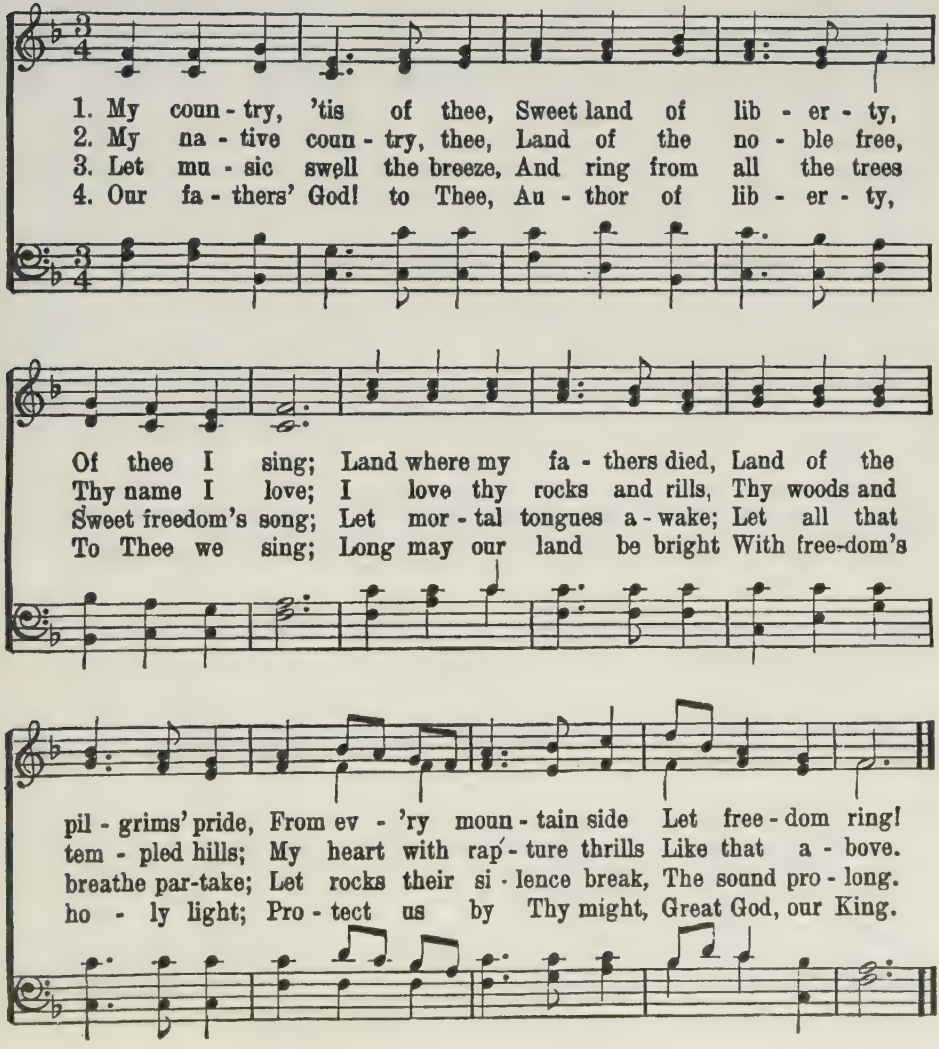

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuos sea;
D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild.
D.C.—Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me; "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME


D. C.
Un-known waves a-round me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

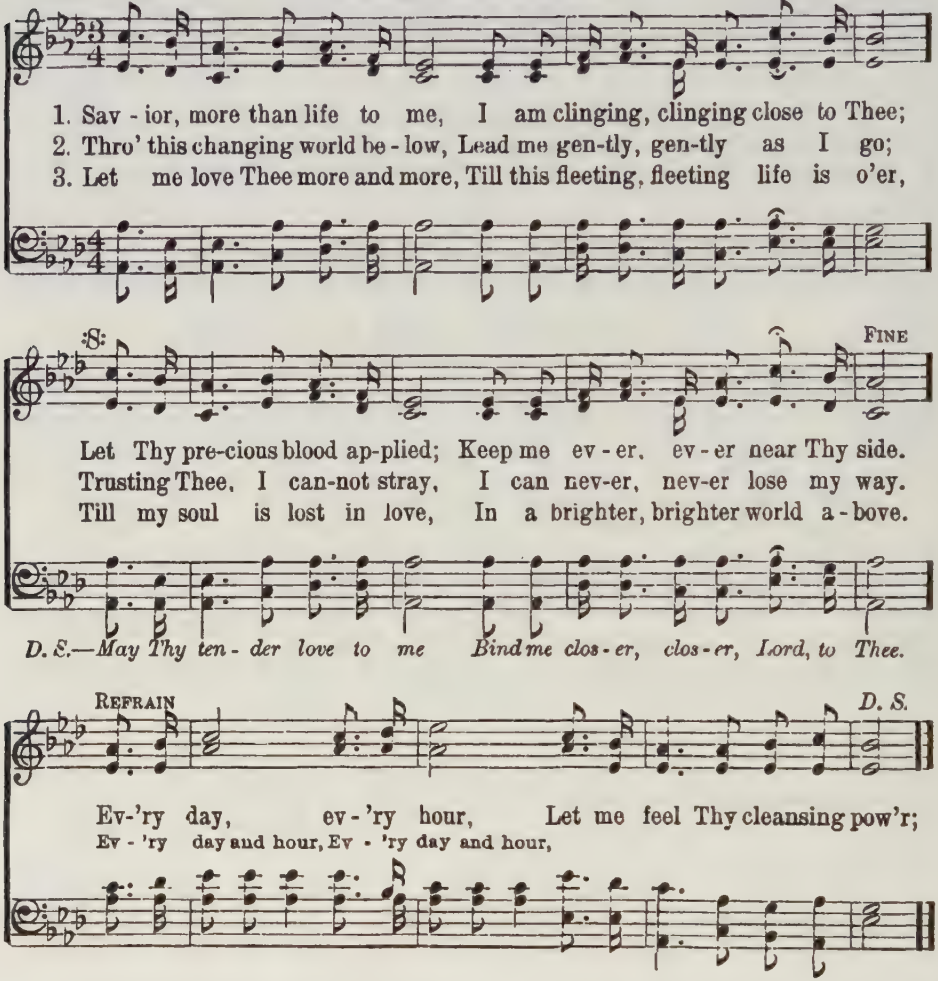
98 MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

Samuel F. Smith — Henry Carey


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

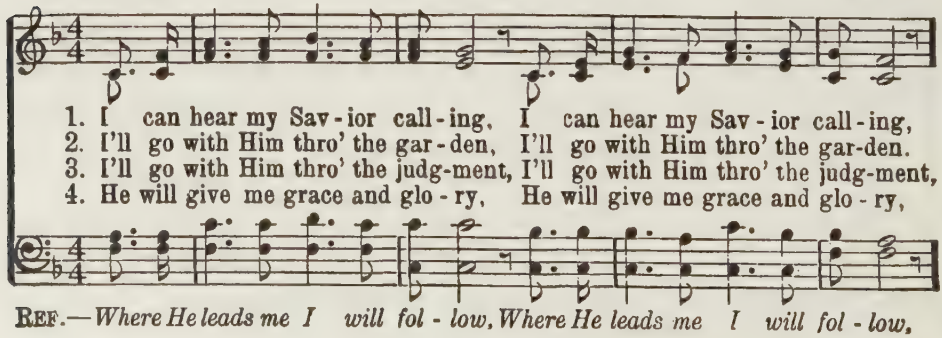
99 SAVIOR, MORE THAN LIFE

FANNY J. CROSBY — COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE — W. H. DOANE

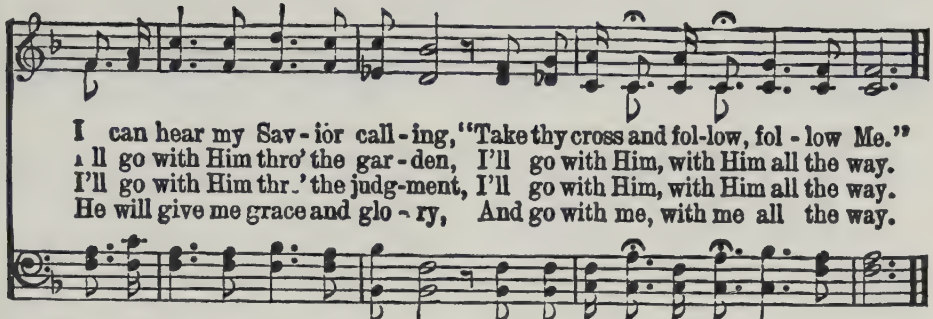

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,
FINE
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied; Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.
D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
REFRAIN
D. S.
Ev-'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, Ev - 'ry day and hour,

100 WHERE HE LEADS ME

E. W. Blandly — COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS USED BY PERMISSION — J. S. Norris

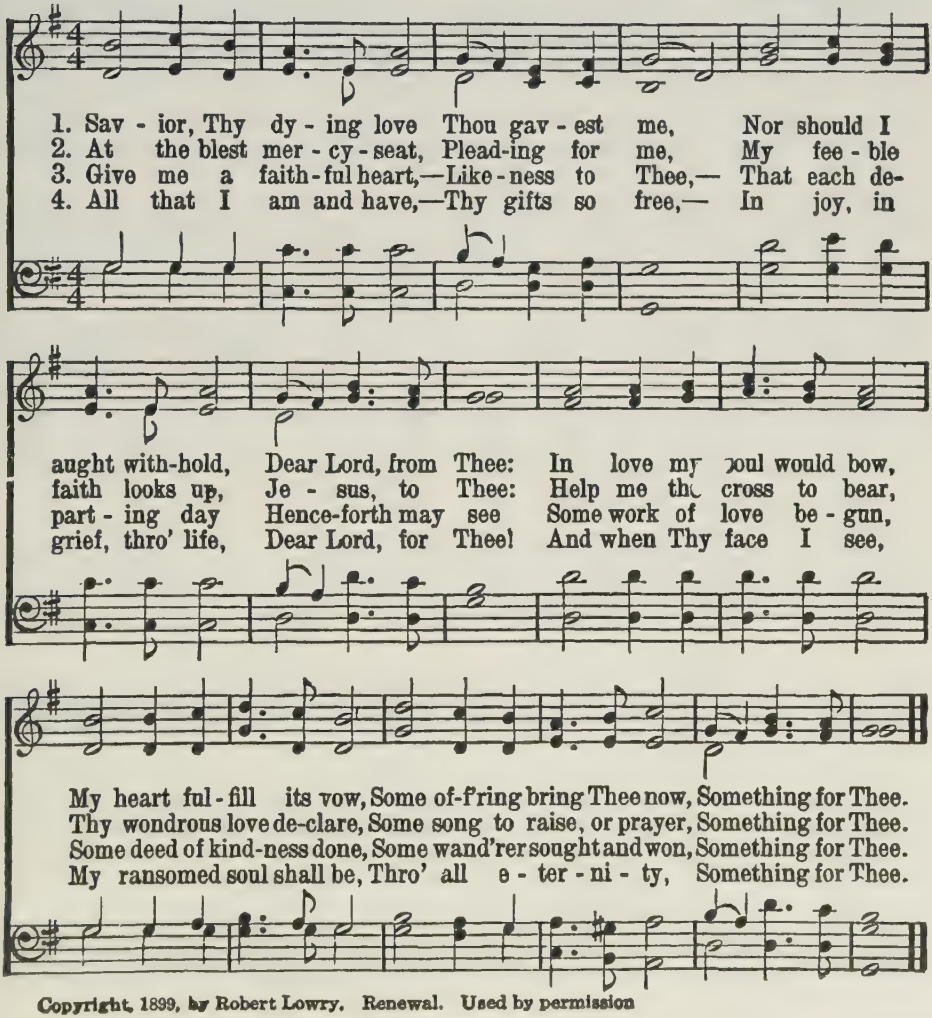

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den.
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
REF.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

WHERE HE LEADS ME


I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

101 SOMETHING FOR JESUS

S. D. PHELPS — ROBERT LOWRY


1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith-ful heart,—Like - ness to Thee,— That each de-
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

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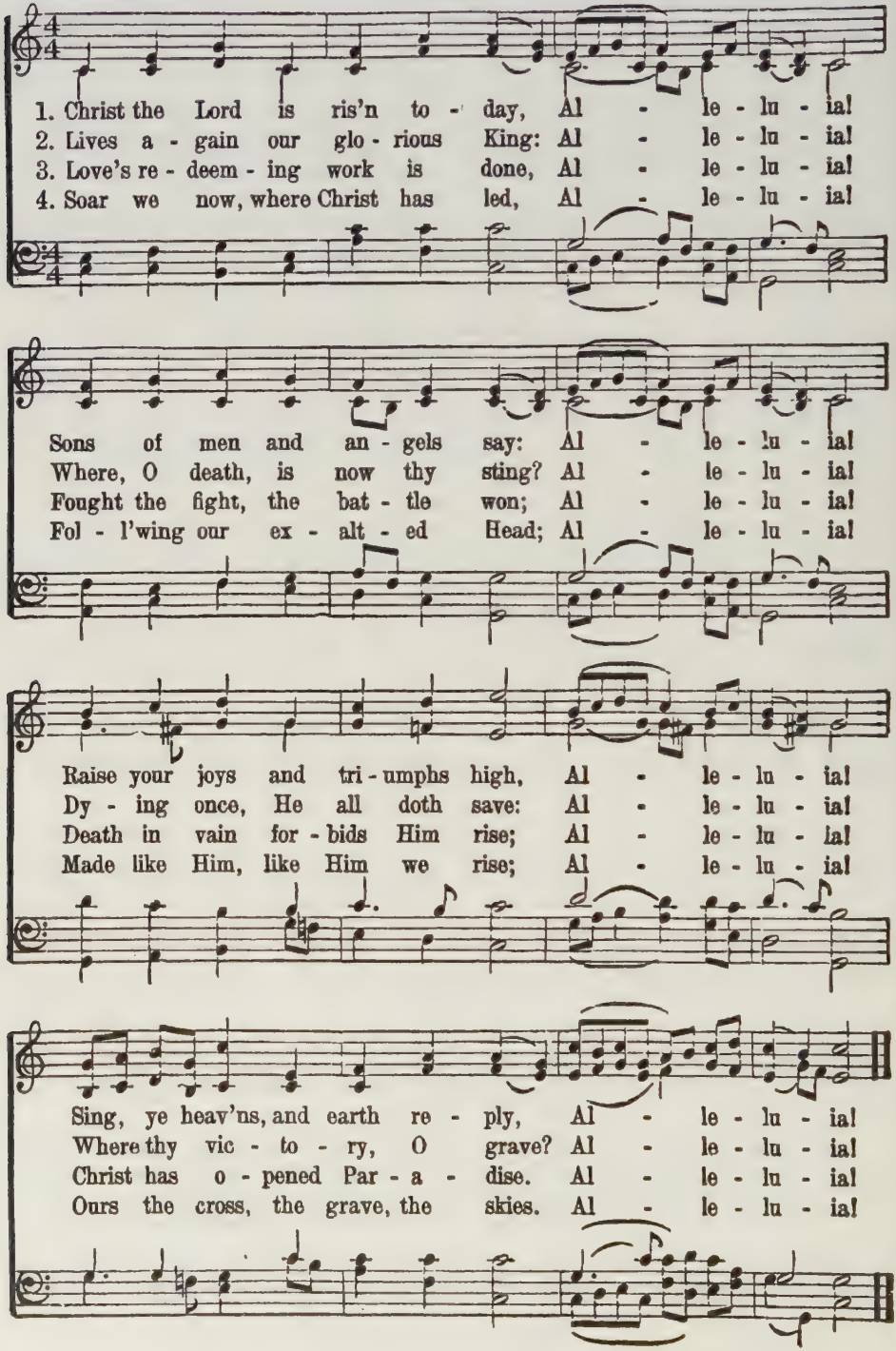
102 CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN TODAY

CHARLES WESLEY WORGAN From LYRA DAVIDICA

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Al - le - lu - ia!
3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
4. Soar we now, where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - le - lu - ia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - le - lu - ia!
Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - le - lu - ia!
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Al - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - le - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - le - lu - ia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

BLESSED ASSURANCE

FANNY J. CROSBY — Used by permission — MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight! Angels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS

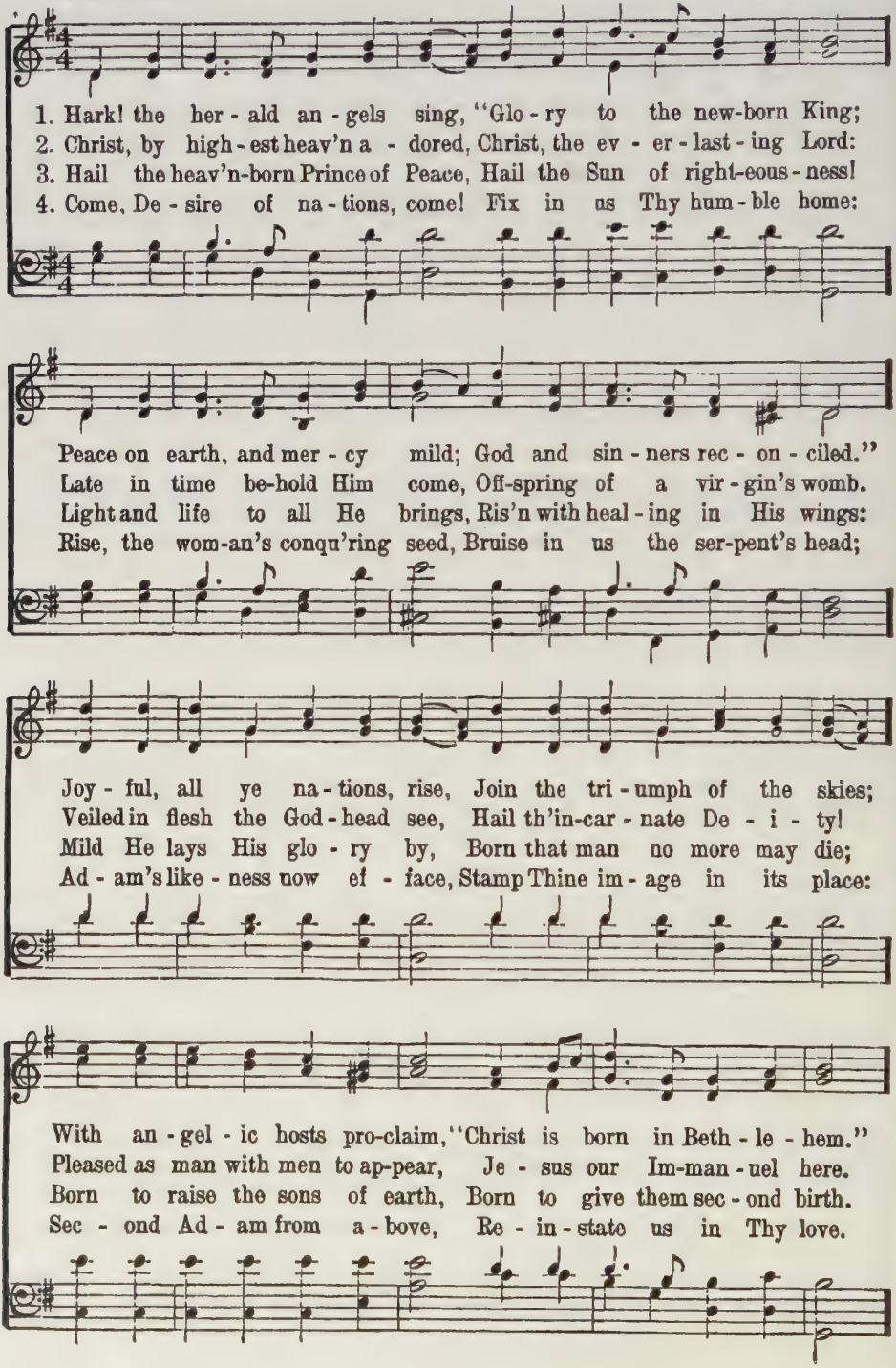
Spir-it, washed in His blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

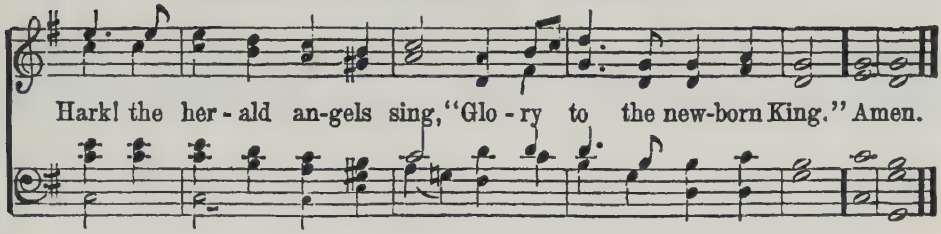
sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

104 HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

CHARLES WESLEY — MENDELSSOHN

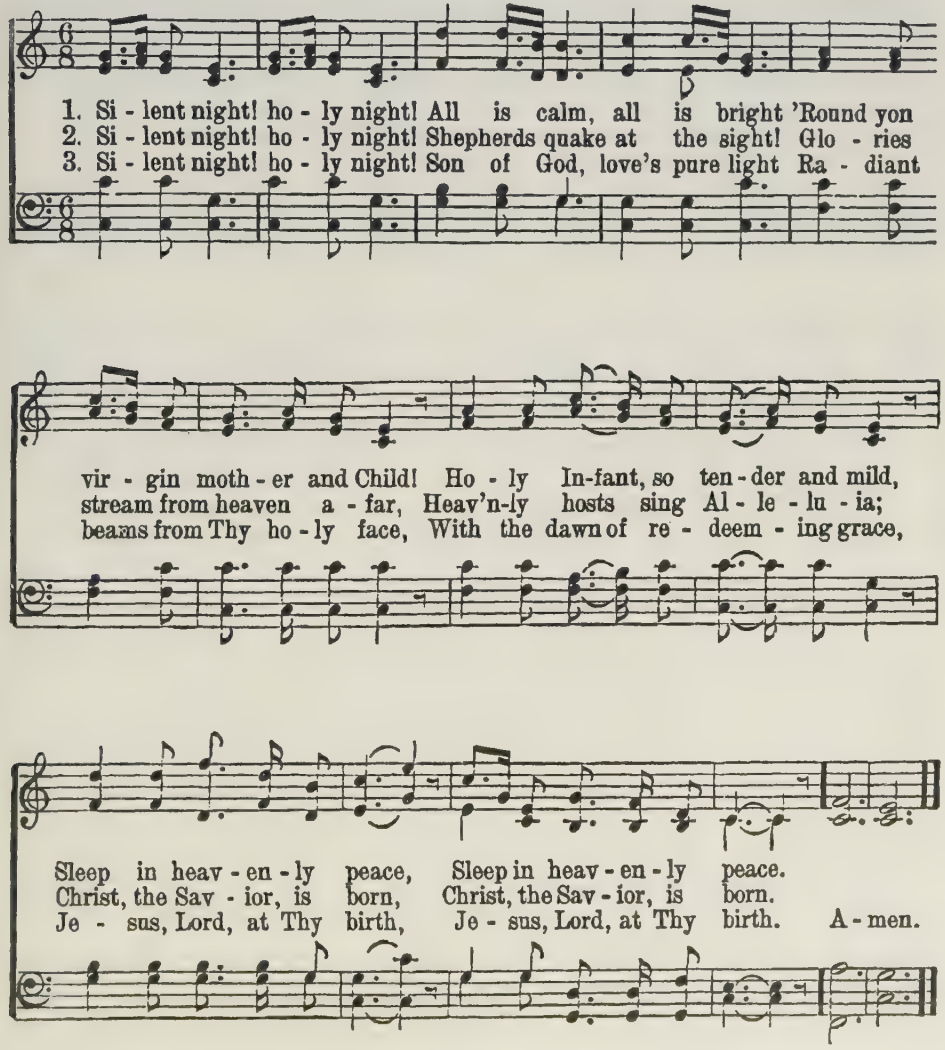

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of right-eous - ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be-hold Him come, Off-spring of a vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's conqu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser-pent's head;
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th'in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im - age in its place:
With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

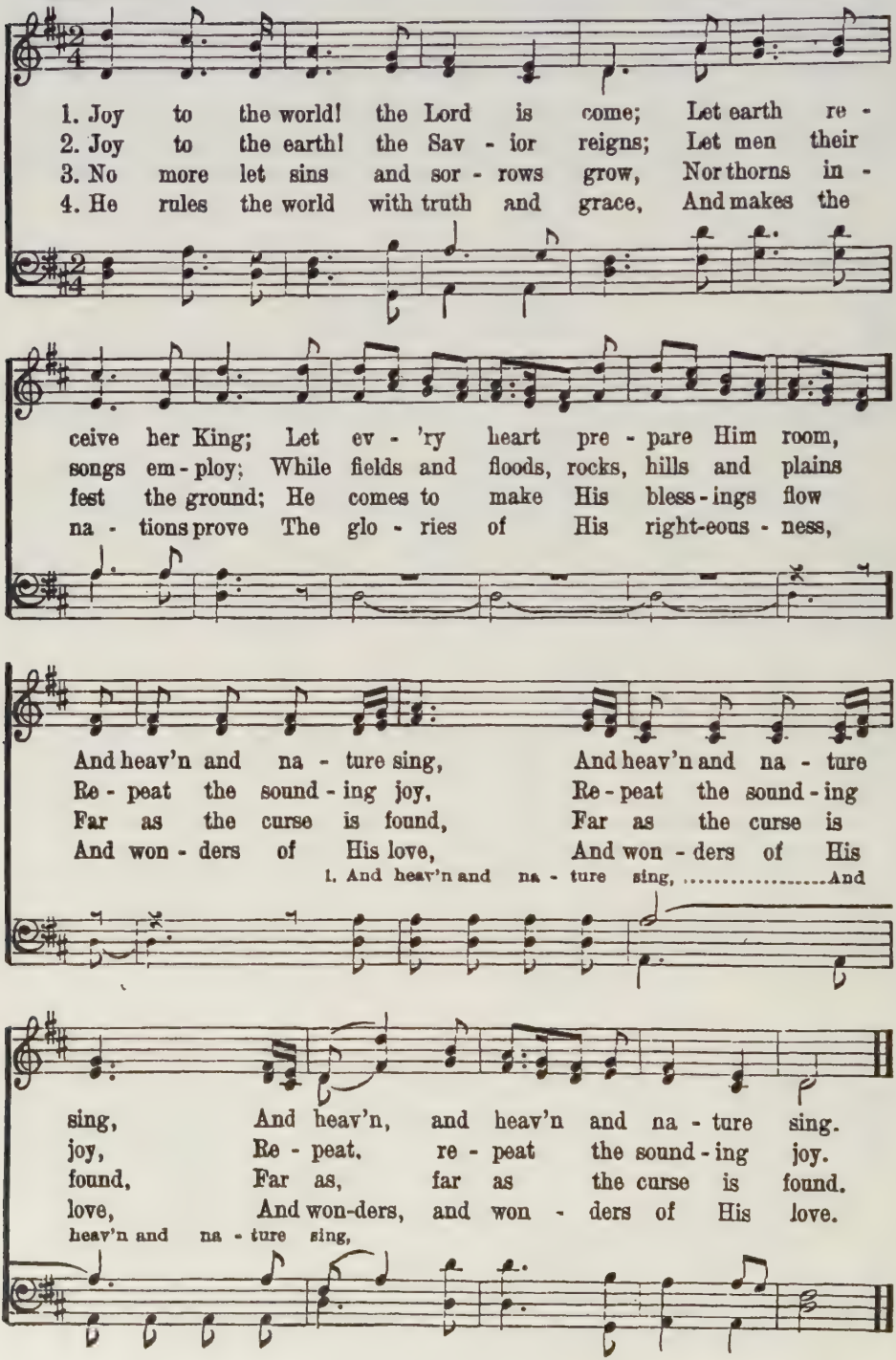


105 SILENT NIGHT

Joseph Mohr — P. M. — Franz Gruber


1. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright 'Round yon
2. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glo - ries
3. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant
vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In-fant, so ten - der and mild,
stream from heaven a - far, Heav'n-ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - ior, is born, Christ, the Sav - ior, is born.
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth. A - men.

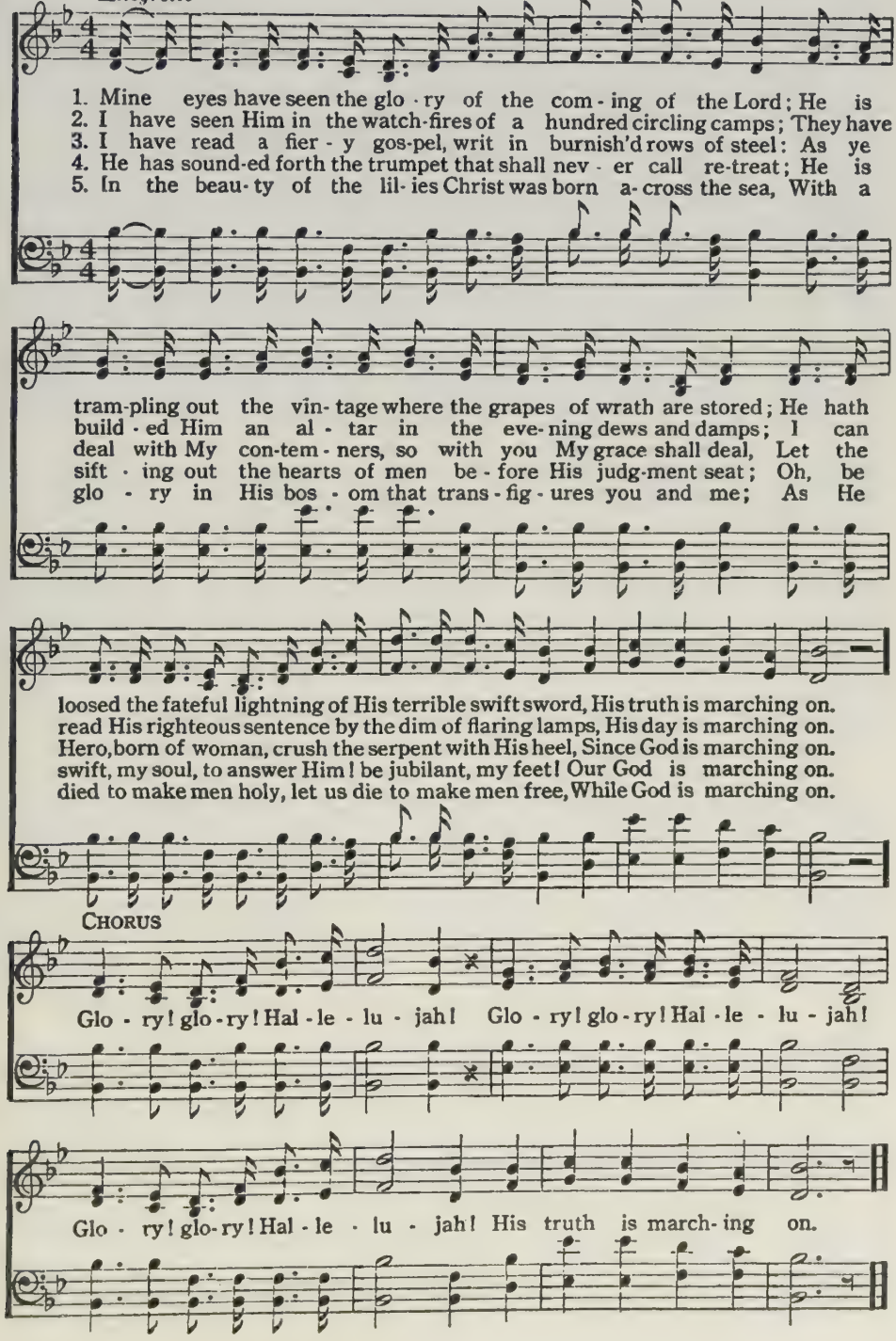
JOY TO THE WORLD!

ISAAC WATTS — GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re -
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in -
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous - ness,
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
1. And heav'n and na - ture sing, ...And
sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love.
heav'n and na - ture sing,

107 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

Air—"John Brown's Body"

Allegretto

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos-pel, writ in burnish'd rows of steel: As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can
deal with My con-tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal, Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim of flaring lamps, His day is marching on.
Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is marching on.
swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.
CHORUS
Glo - ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

108 JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR

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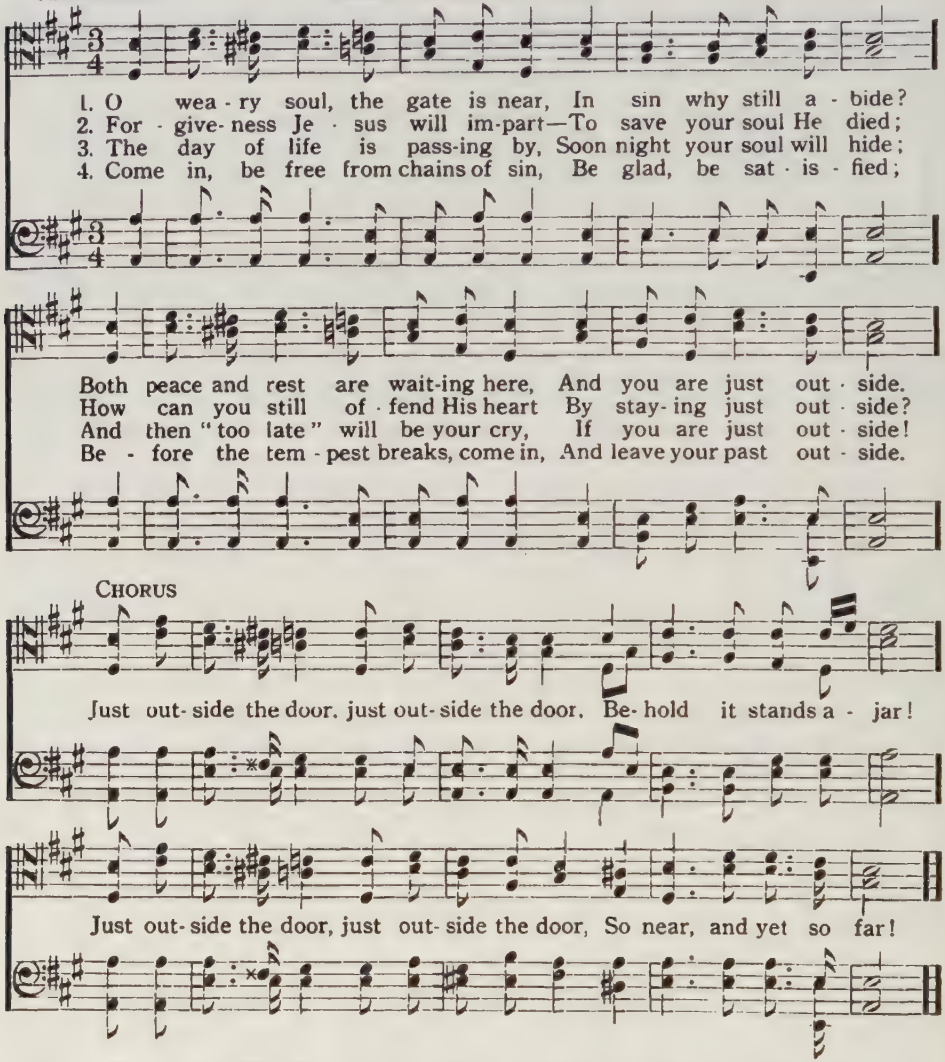
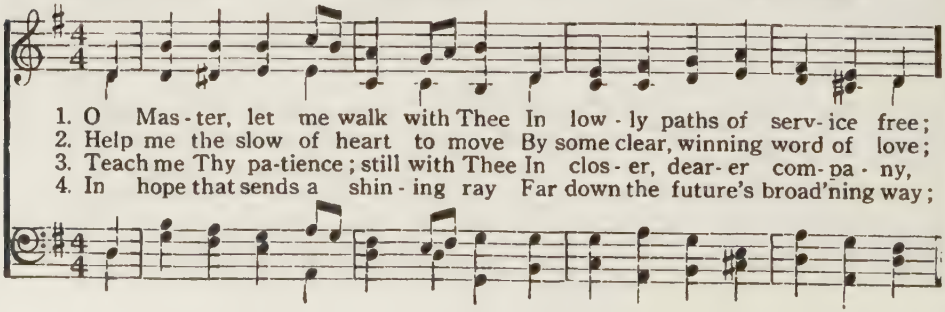
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

JAMES ROWE — B. D ACKLEY

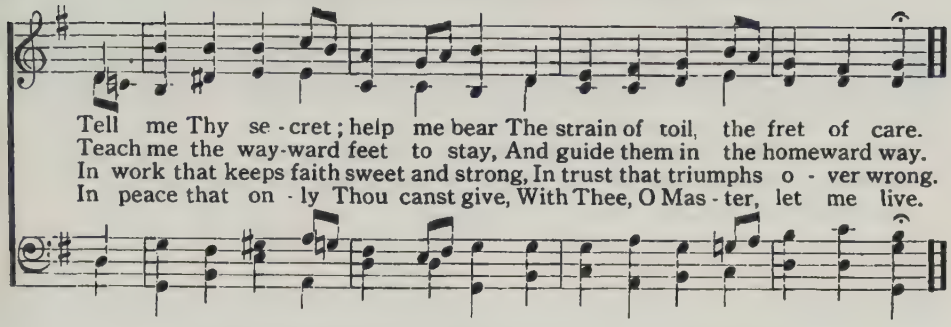

1. O wea - ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a - bide?
2. For - give - ness Je - sus will im-part—To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass-ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat - is - fied;
Both peace and rest are wait-ing here, And you are just out - side.
How can you still of - fend His heart By stay - ing just out - side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out - side!
Be - fore the tem - pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out - side.
CHORUS
Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, Be - hold it stands a - jar!
Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, So near, and yet so far!

109 O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE

WASHINGTON GLADDEN — CANONBURY. L. M. — ROBERT SCHUMANN

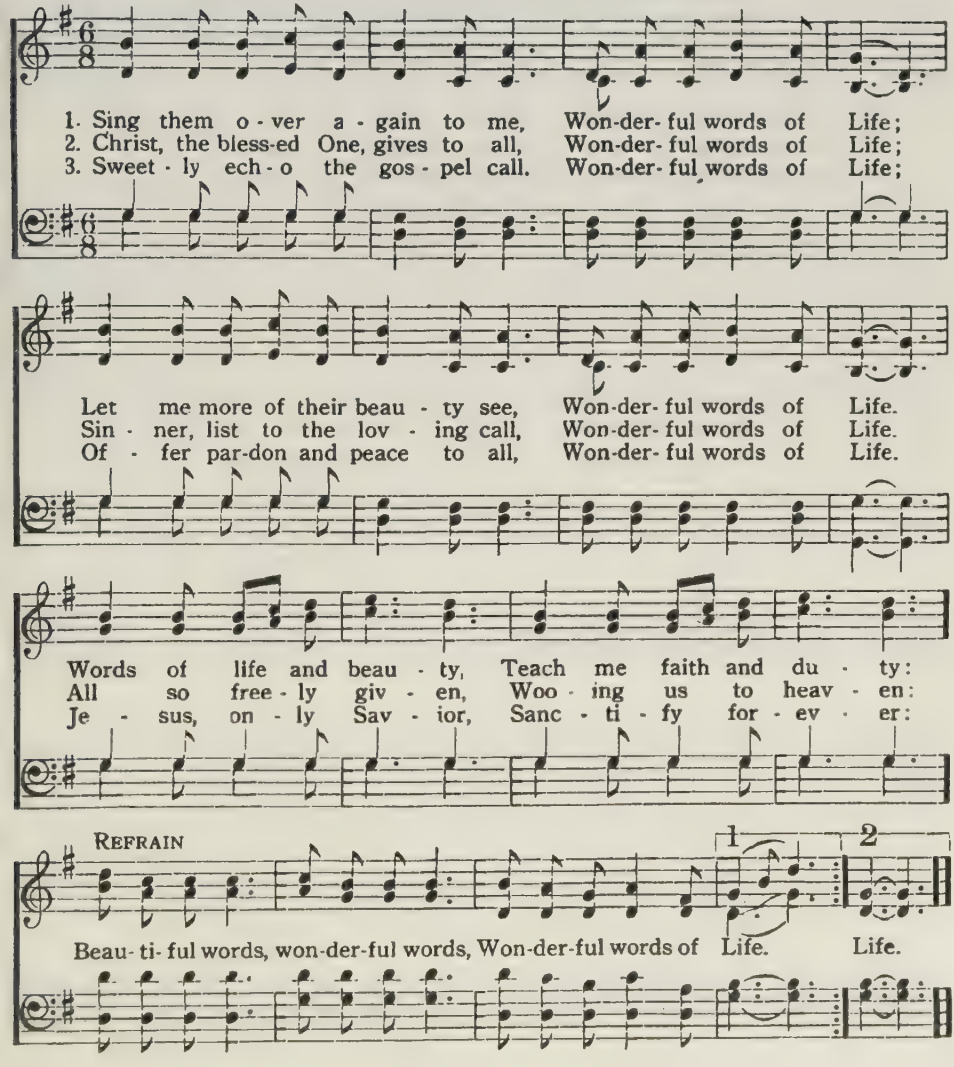

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way;

O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE

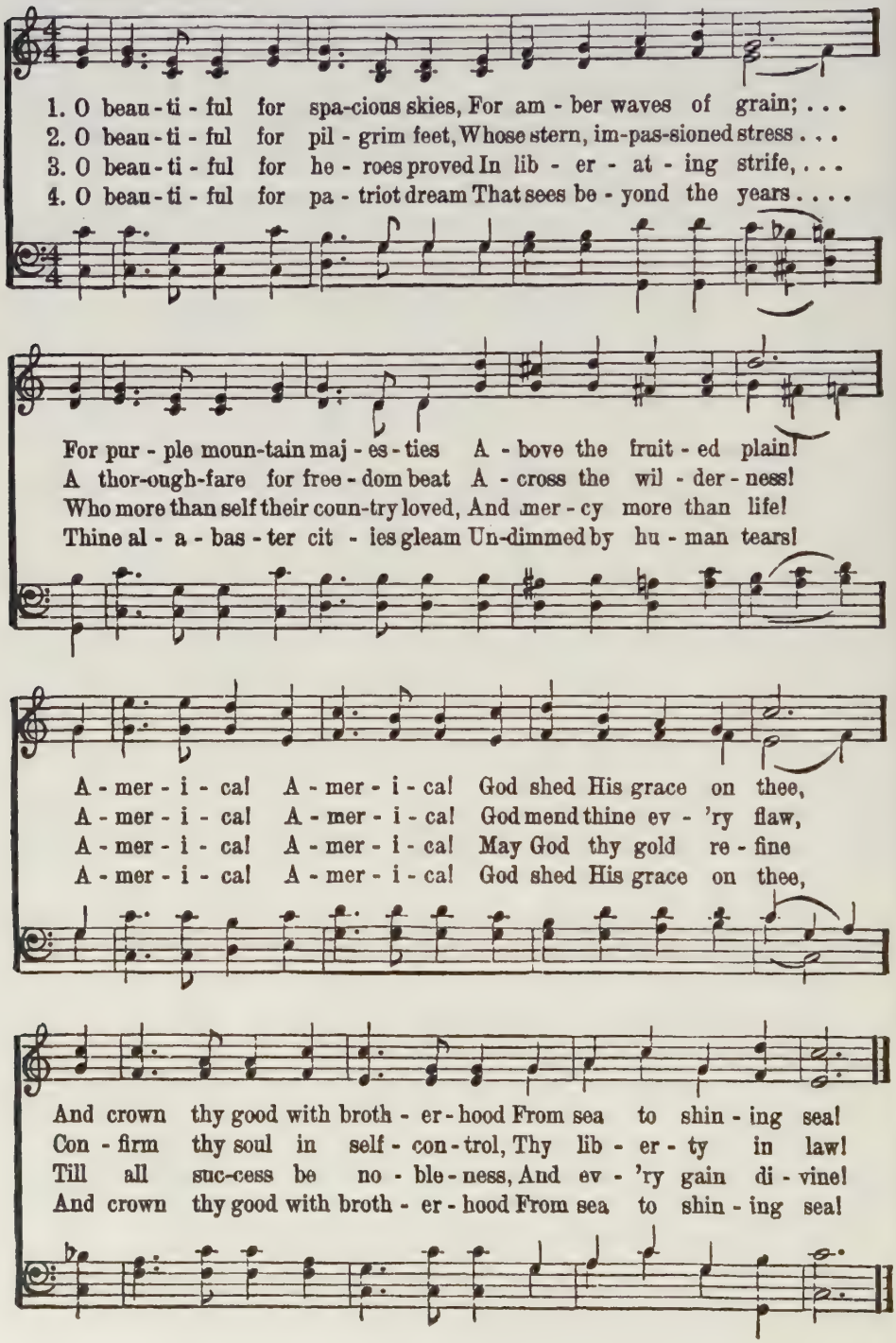

Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong.
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

110 WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE

P. P. B. Copyright, 1917, by The John Church Co. Used by permission P. P. Bliss


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der- ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der- ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call. Won-der- ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der- ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der- ful words of Life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der- ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
REFRAIN
1
2
Beau- ti- ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. Life.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES — SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain; . . .
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress . . .
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife, . . .
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years . . . .
For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

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